Decisive Battles of The World

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Great Battles of History, Vol. II: From Waterloo, AD 1815, to Port Arthur and Mukden, 1905

NAPOLEON'S FLIGHT THROUGH THE STREETS OF LEIPSIC, AFTER THE BATTLE. (*A. Braun.*)

GREAT BATTLES OF HISTORY

Vol. II

7946

FROM WATERLOO, A. D., 1815 TO PORT ARTHUR and MUKDEN, 1905

WITH PLANS OF BATTLEFIELDS,
MAPS AND ENGRAVINGS

By CHARLES KING, Brigadier-General, U. S. A.
Author of "Fort Frayne," "A West Point Parallel," etc.

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D. W. CASKEY, Jr.

INTRODUCTORY.

A new epoch for Europe began at Waterloo. Here culminated the career of the great Napoleon. The long era of turbulence that had played havoc with the map of a continent was followed by a period deeply significant for its rearrangement of the relations of European nations. To the historian, to the romancer, to the artist, this struggle and its results have been and are an increasing well-spring of inspiration. The name is household property in many lands and inspires the imagination more immediately, more effectively than any three syllables extant. The history of what may be called the "most modern times" begins with those June days of 1815, close to a century ago, and hence this volume, beginning its story with the events of those days, is a portrayal of events most nearly of concern to-day. This century contributed a noble array of great military struggles, pregnant of far-reaching results, not only to Europe but to America as well. It is the scope of this volume to lay these in chronological order before the reader. The story of battle on battle is told with historical fidelity, with graphic brilliancy, in the language of a master in the art of war who, from all the wealth of detail, has skilfully chosen the essential facts and has woven these into a narrative of absorbing interest that must necessarily appeal to the lover of the glamour of battle. That author is General Charles King, U. S. A. Himself a graduate of West Point, a soldier of long experience, theoretical and practical in the art of war, he has entered into the very spirit of the great chieftains whose valorous deeds he has recorded.

From Waterloo, the scene of action is moved to the American Continent. The story of the Texan Revolution, of The Alamo, is told effectively and from that, with little change of scene, the author tells in his unrivalled fashion of the spectacular struggles of the Mexican War. Then the famous battles of the American Civil War are spread like a panorama before the reader's eye. When the very names of Malvern Hill, Manassas, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and Five Forks cease to thrill American hearts, the days of the Republic will be numbered. But war has even a deeper meaning since the memorable days of the Spanish-American War. History making followed rapidly in the train of that lamentable event in the harbor of Havana, February 15, 1898—the destruction

of the Maine. Fraught with mighty consequences to America were all of the swift succeeding events of the naval and military campaigns that followed. No American can afford to do less than learn the story by heart. This volume proclaims the heroic deeds of the men who, through heat and grime of battle, swept Spain from the Western Hemisphere and added a new and brilliant chapter to the annals of American valor.

The opening chapters of a vast new volume of military history have been written in the Far East. Japan and Russian have been engaged in a bloodier war than any since our civil strife, with battles exceeding even the memorable conflicts of that period in the numbers engaged and in the ferocity of the combatants. The student of world history must know of Liaoyang, of the Shakhe River, of the siege of Port Arthur. The taking of Russia's "Gibraltar of the East" goes into history as a feat of arms without a peer. Modern times and antiquity have been searched in vain for a parallel. The details of these great conflicts have been woven into this volume of the essence of history and bring the marvelous, fascinating story up to the present.

The volume is profusely illustrated with the masterpieces of a score of famous depicters of martial events. These, with maps of countries, plans of battlefields, equip the reader for intelligent, enjoyable reading.

THE PUBLISHERS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
Battlefield of Waterloo	18
Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington	19
The Return from Elba	26
The Retreat from Moscow	35
Napoleon's Flight Through the Streets of Leipsic, After the Battle	42
Waterloo. The Sunken Road of Ohain	49
Flight of Napoleon After Waterloo	58
The Last Days of Napoleon	62
Sam. Houston	64
The Fall of the Alamo	70
General Santa Anna	72
Castle of Chapultepec	78
The Storming of Chapultepec	79
Balaclava. Charge of the Light Brigade	85
Alexander II., Czar of Russia, 1877	93
Battlefield of Balaclava	101
Battle of Malvern Hill. Lee's Attack	118
Battlefield of Malvern Hill	123
Battlefield of Manassas	152
Battle of Chancellorsville. Jackson's Attack	154
General Robert E. Lee	160
General Thomas J. Jackson	160
Battlefield of Chancellorsville	163
Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg	169
General George G. Meade	175
General George H. Thomas	175
Gettysburg and Adjacent Country	179
The Soldier's Dream	198
General U. S. Grant	207
Battlefield of Nashville	233
Surrender of Lee at Appomattox	235
Field of the Virginia Campaign of 1865	247
General Philip H. Sheridan	270
General William T. Sherman	270
A. Lincoln	275
Charles Louis Napoleon	281
Arms and Accoutrements of the Nineteenth Century	285

Friedrich Ludwig Wilhelm 293
Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern 297
Count Von Moltke 309
Gravelotte. The Charge of the French Curassiers 317
Marshal Macmahon, Duke of Magenta 323
Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia 329
Cossacks on a March 336
Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey 345
Japanese Infantry Attacking a Chinese Position 373
The Japanese at Port Arthur 384
The Assault of San Juan Hill 406
San Juan. Charge of the Regulars 423
Map of Santiago and Vicinity 412
Arms and Ammunition, 1898 415
Uniforms, United States Service 439
General José Toral y Velasquez 449
In the Russian Trenches 452
Russians Recapturing Lost Guns 457
Japanese Troops Caught in Barbed Wire Entanglement 462
A Last Gallant Stand of Russian Gunners 468
Fight in Street of Lin-Shin-Pu 477
Japanese Scaling Fort at Port Arthur 481
Hauling Guns up Captured Hill at Port Arthur 500
Russian Suffering at the Battle of Mukden 521

CONTENTS.

WATERLOO, 1815 A. D.

Napoleon at the zenith of his power in the winter of 1808—Having humbled Austria he resolves to invade Russia, against the advice of all thinking counselors—The retreat from Moscow the story of his downfall—The nations of Europe make common cause against him—The allies win Leipsic—"The Battle of the Nations"—Napoleon an exile in Elba—Europe again thunderstruck—"The Man of Destiny" reappears at the head of the "Old Guard"—England heads the new alliance against him—Description of the various armies put into the field —Anxiety of the allied leaders—Napoleon in Belgium—His plans for crushing the allies—Ill-success of some of them—Ligny and Quatre Bras—Concentrating on Waterloo—A look at the field—Strength of the rival armies—Napoleon eager for battle—Anxiety concerning Grouchy—Disposition of Wellington's forces—The French order of battle —Napoleon's last review—Hougomont invested—The emperor's old tactics —Wellington inquiring for Picton's division—Terrible fighting everywhere—Death of Picton—The French on Mont St. Jean—Brilliant work of the Highlanders and Inniskillings—"Where is Grouchy?"—Ineffectual assault on Hougomont—Blücher appears on the French right at seven P. M.—Last salute of the "Old Guard"—The French army cut to pieces—Fearful losses on both sides—Napoleon a prisoner on St. Helena.....17–62

THE ALAMO, 1836 A. D.

The Texan Revolution—Disheartened leaders—Old Ben Milam—San Antonio de Bexar attacked—Street fighting—Death of Colonel Milam—"The Priest's House"—General Cos capitulates—Humane Terms—The new Republic—Approach of the Mexican Army—San Antonio garrisoned—Travis—Bowie—Crockett—The Alamo—Its defences—Santa Anna reaches San Antonio—The Blood-Red Flag—Travis appeals to Fannin—Travis' letter—Santa Anna invests The Alamo—Skirmishes—Arrival of Captain Smith—Travis' force—A council of war—Assault of The Alamo—Second assault—The third attempt—The Heroes cut down—Deaths of the leaders —No surrender—No retreat—The sacrifice for country—Mexican brutality —The survivors..... 65–72

CHAPULTEPEC, 1847 A. D.

An ancient Aztec city—The capital of the Republic—A garden spot—Actions previous to Vera Cruz—Bombardment of Vera Cruz—Fall of the city—Cerro Gordo—The spoils of two months—Actions after Cerro Gordo—Chapultepec in the way—Description of the Fortress—Barring the road to the capital—The last link—The prelude to the assault—The wild onrush—The Mexican resistance—The broken acclivity—Driving back the enemy—Over the parapet—Planting the colors—The valiant dead—Quitman's assault—Across the meadow—The coveted wall—Hand to hand conflicts—Resistance in vain—The prisoners—Casey wounded—Volunteers vie with Regulars—With colors mingled—The death-strewn gullies—General Pillow on the Mexican strength—Worth at San Cosme—Quitman at Belen

—Santa Anna abandons the city—Childs besieged in Puebla—Lane's operations—Affairs in California and New Mexico—The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo—How American valor was illustrated 73–78

BALACLAVA, 1854 A. D.

"The Charge of the Light Brigade"—The many lessons of this war—Its origin—How England and France came to take a hand in it—The first time in 500 years that they fight side by side—The Crimea invaded—Composition of the English invading force—A look at their leaders—The policy that dictated their selection—Russian cavalry assault—The Turks driven out of their works in great confusion—Pomposity and stupidity of Lord Cardigan—Charge of the "Heavy Brigade"—Blundering of the Russian general—Brilliant individual exploits—Alexander Eliot—Insufferable arrogance of Lord Lucan—Raglan's famous order—Misunderstandings concerning it—Enthusiasm of Captain Nolan—The eyes of five nations on the "Six Hundred"—Darting into death, utterly without support—Captain Nolan the first victim—The Light Brigade forced to turn back—Two-thirds of them killed and wounded—"It was a mad-brained trick"—Efforts in England to shield Lucan and Cardigan—"A peer of England cannot blunder"—Kinglake's conscientious history—Admiring Frenchmen say of the charge: "It is magnificent; but it is not war" 81–116

MALVERN HILL, 1862 A. D.

Federal dash at Mechanicsville—On to Richmond—McClellan's promise—Anxious delays—The patient President—Emory's mud march—Martindale's gallant fight—McClellan's studied annoyances—Seven Pines—Fair Oaks—"Masterful inactivity"—Stuart's raid—Hooker at Oak Grove—Battle of Mechanicsville—McClellan retreats—Gaine's Mills—A Confederate victory—Lee seeks McClellan—McClellan's objective—Malvern Hills—Lee's pursuit—Jackson at bay—Glendale—Longstreet fights McCall—Cooper and Randall lose their guns—McClellan on the *Galena*—The battle fought by his subordinates—Defences of Malvern Hill—McClellan still on the gun-boat—Lee attacks—The Confederates beaten back—Porter repulses Magruder and Huger—Up to the muzzles—The Union line unbroken—Tier upon tier of guns—Lee desperate and reckless—The second attack—The merciless fire—The maelstrom of death—The gun-boats take a hand—Fleeing from the Golgotha—Union forces victorious—Lee's army in confusion—McClellan's losses—The campaign ended—Harrison's Landing—The army disheartened 119–123

MANASSAS, 1862 A. D.

Political events that culminated in war—Accession of Lincoln—Military spirit of the South—First attempts to coerce the seceding States—The movements on Richmond—Halleck and Pope loom up—McClellan obliged to fall back—General Lee marching northward—Stuart in Pope's rear—Stonewall Jackson's audacious move—He captures the Union army's supplies—Pope's great opportunity—Jackson outwits his antagonists—Taliaferro and Ewell pounce

on Gibbon—Jackson's celebrated division finds its match—Disappointment of Pope over Stonewall Jackson's escape—Confusion on the Union side—McDowell's conflicting orders—Longstreet reaches forward to seize the heights that commanded the Northern lines—A desperate crisis—An appalling struggle around Groveton—The Federal army falls back—Generals Kearney and I. I. Stevens killed—The South jubilant—The national fortunes at their lowest ebb.....125–152

CHANCELLORSVILLE, 1863 A. D.

Condition of the Army of the Potomac—General Joseph Hooker—Inactivity—Cavalry raids—Condition of Lee's army—Moseby's raid—Stoneman seeks Fitzhugh Lee—Hooker sends Meade, Howard and Slocum to Chancellorsville—A remarkable march—Sedgwick's feint—Sickles' stealthy march—Disposition of Lee's forces—Early at Fredericksburg—Jackson joins Anderson—Marching on Chancellorsville—Sykes fights McLaws—Jackson and Slocum grapple—Back to Chancellorsville—Councils of war—Lee adopts Jackson's plan—A bold movement—Birney detects Jackson—The twenty-third Georgia—Reinforcements for Sickles—Howard's Corps at supper—Jackson's irresistible charge—The Unionists panic-stricken—The contagion spreads—Jackson checked—Flight of the Eleventh Corps—Sickles in a tight place—Pleasanton to the rescue—The Eighth Pennsylvania—Jackson plans a second attack—Shot by his own men—Hospital at Wilderness Tavern—Jackson's death—Grief of his troops—Reynolds joins Hooker—Stuart's attack—Sickles' bayonets—Hooker wounded—Couch in command—The Confederates occupy Chancellorsville—Sedgwick captures Fredericksburg Heights—Wilcox meets Sedgwick—Salem Church—The tide of battle—Sedgwick falls back—Crosses the Rappahannock—Hooker retreats to Falmouth—Losses.....155–17

GETTYSBURG, 1863 A. D.

Emboldened by success General Lee decides to invade the North—Antietam a fruitless victory to the Union arms—Concert of action among Southern generals, and its lack among those of the North—Bravery and determination of the rank and file of the Union army in spite of repeated defeats and disasters—General Halleck—Lee marches into the North—Hooker considers himself hampered by orders from Washington and resigns—George G. Meade the new commander—The Southern leaders that confronted him—Strength of Lee's army—Sketches of Northern generals—Both armies concentrating at Gettysburg, Pa.—Its location—The battle begins—Death of Reynolds—Hancock arrives at 5 P. M.—End of the First Day's battle with odds against the North—The Second Day—Meade rearranges his army during the night—Lee's plans—Longstreet's attack on Little Round Top, the key of the Union position—Both sides fight like demons—Death of Generals Cross and Zook—End of the Second Day—The odds again slightly in favor of the South—Meade summons a council—The Third Day—Lee's attack on the Union centre—An assault that reminds one of Ney and the Old Guard at Waterloo—Hancock sustains the brunt of this onset—Dauntless bearing of Pickett's

men—Hancock master of the situation—The Virginians annihilated—Meade finally victorious—Lee sullenly withdraws southward next day—Enormous losses on both sides—The fall of Vicksburg, July 4—Hope reviving in the North—The tide turned.....165–204

NASHVILLE, 1864 A. D.

The year 1863 one of disaster for the South—The three rising generals of the North, in the Western armies—Grant, lieutenant-general of the armies of the United States—Previous discord in the Army of the Potomac—A vigorous prosecution of the war determined upon—Grant "on to Richmand," and Sherman "marching to the sea"—General Thomas' important trust—Hood's Napoleonic idea—A glance at the former's situation—The battle of Franklin—Nashville and its fortifications—Impatience with Thomas at headquarters—His masterly strategy—On a level with the tactics of the victors of Leuthen, Austerlitz, and Jena—The great battle begins—"Old Slow Trot" out-generals Hood—The Confederate left turned—Their leader baffled, beaten, and bewildered—End of the first day—Hood's disposition of his forces during the night—Their new position carefully studied by Thomas—Again pounced upon and driven back—A scene of wild enthusiasm in the Union army—Hood thoroughly defeated—Demoralization attending his retreat—His losses—Estimate of Thomas' ability as a soldier—His prominence in the war—His theories of a campaign—One of the noblest figures in American history.....205–233

FIVE FORKS AND LEE'S SURRENDER, 1865 A. D.

The Army of the Potomac in front of Petersburg—Its terrible experience since Gettysburg—Meade's attempted surprise at Mine Run and its failure—Warren unjustly censured—The North sore at heart—Grant and Sheridan called from the West—The former in chief command—His methods—Mortality in the Wilderness—The mine fiasco at Petersburg—Good news from Sherman and Thomas—Sheridan to the front—A glance at the map of the country over which the final struggle took place—Brilliant work of the cavalry—"Let us end this business here"—Grant's army as reorganized for the spring campaign—The final move on Lee—Lincoln's last visit to headquarters—Grant assaults Petersburg—Sheridan on Lee's flanks—Impatience of the former with Warren—The failure to entrap Pickett—Sheridan and Warren contrasted—Continued fighting—Ayres captures a whole brigade—Death of General Winthrop—Pickett's left and centre routed—Warren's decisive charge—His suspension from command the saddest feature of this brilliant day—Five Forks a brilliant tactical battle—One-third of Lee's army destroyed and taken prisoners—"I have ordered an immediate assault along the lines"—Lee fights to the last—Death of A. P. Hill—Flight of Jefferson Davis—Fall of Richmond—Lee retreats fighting fiercely—He hopes to effect a junction with J. E. Johnston at Danville—Grant's and Sheridan's determination—Five successive days and nights of vehement, never-relaxing pursuit

and combat—Lee's heavy losses—Grant asks him to surrender and avoid further bloodshed—Custer destroys Lee's provisions—Sheridan squarely across the Confederate army's track—The white flag hoisted—Meeting of Grant and Lee to arrange the terms of surrender—Striking contrast between the two great leaders—Lee's fortitude gives way—The last of the Army of Northern Virginia—Number of men that surrendered—Johnston surrenders to Sherman—The Rebellion at an end—The assassination of Lincoln changes joy to mourning in the North.....234-277

GRAVELOTTE, 1870 A. D.

Early life and adventures of Charles Louis Napoleon—His unscrupulous methods for securing power—Efforts for the glory and progress of France—His part in the Crimean war and subsequently in Mexico—Intriguing by turns with Austria and Prussia—Perfect military system of the latter—Her splendid cannons and small arms—Needle-gun and Chassepôt compared—Memories of Magenta and Solferino—The Napoleon gun and the *mitrailleuse*—Strength of the French army *on paper*—Vigilance and activity of Prussia—Her condition in 1870—The king and his able ministers—Napoleon's miscalculations—The troubles concerning the Spanish crown afford him a pretext for provoking war with Germany—Previous active preparations of both nations—Difference in the results—War declared by France—"On to Berlin"—The German and French leaders and their commands—The emperor and Louis to the front—The German Crown Prince defeats MacMahon and seizes the key to Alsace—Von Moltke's precise calculations—Bazaine soon shut up in Metz—Resistless advance of Prussia—Gravelotte—Location of the field—The French fearfully outnumbered everywhere, and gradually falling back—Bazaine battered out of Gravelotte and his right enveloped—The heights in front of the town held by the French—Repulse of the Germans—Friedrich Karl's army to the rescue—Final Prussian success—Frightful losses on both sides—Bazaine still shut up in Metz—MacMahon falls back on Sedan—His position immediately attacked by the Germans—Wounded, he turns over the command to General Wimpffen—Napoleon III., despairing and broken-hearted, surrenders himself and the army—Jena avenged—Capitulation of Metz—France's utter humiliation—Her enormous indemnity to Prussia, and loss of territory—Profiting by her sad experience.....278-327

PLEVNA, 1877 A. D.

The Russians and Turks again in conflict—A war that followed closely on that of France and Germany—The causes that led to it—Turkey's discontented provinces—Russia declares war—Turkey's fighting strength—An army splendidly equipped with rifles and artillery, but badly managed—Inferiority of the Russian arms and equipments—A well-disciplined army—The Cossacks—Russian disadvantages—Her activity and Turkey's inertness—A powerful Russian army in Turkey—Their early successes soon lead one army into a trap—First battle of Plevna—The Turks victorious—The second battle of

Plevna, July 30—Strong position of the Turks—Autocratic orders of the Russian commander-in-chief — An immediate attack ordered — Murderous work of the Peabody-Martini rifles of the Turks—First appearance of Skobeleff in the war—Another grievous Russian disaster—The third attack on Plevna—Russia and Roumania on hand with 100,000 men—Osman Pasha's extensive preparations — The Russian plan of attack — The former again victorious—Description of the battle—Skobeleff's brilliant and desperate charge—Causes of this great defeat—Russia now sits down before the gates of Plevna and starves out Osman Pasha—His final surrender—Turkey humbled—The Treaty of Peace as ratified by the Powers.....328–368

PORT ARTHUR, 1894 A. D.

An inevitable collision—Claims of each nation—Corea—A land of contention —War declared—Japan invades China—A Chinese naval station—Strategic importance—Defences of Port Arthur—The town invested—The key of the Position—The first shot—The Chinese reply—A Japanese charge—The flag of the Rising Sun—The Chinese Fly—A counter-attack—General Nishi to the rescue—Hasegawa and the northeast Forts—The Pine Tree Hill Forts —The forts taken—The Japanese break cover—Swarms of riflemen—A hail of bullets—The Japanese fleet—Port Arthur in the hands of the Japanese —The Hakuaisha—Japanese hospitals—The massacre—Stories of eye-witnesses—Piteous deaths—Japan disgraced—Retaliation for Chinese atrocities—Peace negotiations—Li Hung Chang attacked by a fanatic—The Treaty 369–389

SANTIAGO, 1898 A. D.

anding of the Marines—The Army of Invasion—Theodore Roosevelt—The Armada—The Landing—The Rough Riders—First Encounter—The Land Crab—Wire Barricades—The Regulars—Journalistic Clamor—Barbed wire entanglements—The flower of the army—A Happy-go-lucky Advance —The Cuban Contingent—Points of Vantage—Walls of obstinate growth—La Guasimas—A herculean climb—The Army Fighting on—Springfield vs. Mauser—El Caney—The Thirteenth Regulars—The gatlings grind out death—Chaffee at El Caney—Capron's merciless guns—Haskell and the Seventeenth—A Tooth and Nail Conflict—Exhausted Surgeons—El Pozo—Mapping the Way—Through dense chapparal—A glimpse of Santiago—Uncanny forms of nature—The Red Cross Samaritans—Unwilling Witnesses—The Tenth Cavalry—How it Feels to be Hit—The Color-Sergeant's Story—Under the Balloon—Bullets tears seams in the hot air —The Hill and the Fence—The Hospital Corps—Death in torrents—Kent and Sumner—Hawkins' Tranquillity—Forcing the wire networks—"Not War, but Magnificent"—The Death-dealing Hill of San Juan—The Two Captains—Charge of the Regulars—The downpour of Mausers—Story of the Ants—"How's the Sixteenth?"—Human Ammunition—Sharpshooters —Trudging to Siboney—Medical Attendance—General Toral—Shafter's Demand—The Capitulation—The Two Armies 390–450

LIAOYANG, 1904, A. D.

Japanese advance from three directions against fortified city—Russian outposts driven in—Japanese make desperate frontal attack—Battle rages on line twenty miles long—Russian trenches piled high with dead after hand to hand struggles—Japanese shells reach city, setting storehouses on fire—General Kuroki begins wide turning movement—Crosses Taitse River, advances to cut off Russian retreat—Kuropatkin flanked, compelled to evacuate city—Begins retreat—Japanese pursue—Fifty miles of rear guard fighting—Armies exhausted, cease firing—Kuropatkin establishes headquarters at Mukden—Japanese entrench at Yentai. 453-471

SHAKHE RIVER, 1904, A. D.

Kuropatkin declares army ready to assume offensive—Begins advance southward—Wins initial victories—Japanese concentrate at Yentai—Deadly struggle rages over front thirty-five miles long—Russian centre pierced—Kuropatkin compelled to fall back—Flanks defeated, to prevent turning movement, Russians begin retreat—Fight every step of way—Ten days of continuous struggle waged—Armies exhausted—Battle ends with armies facing each other along the Shakhe—The Russian retreat of ten miles leaves thousands of dead. Armies in winter quarters—Trenches so near, voices of soldiers of each army heard in other's lines. 473-481

SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR, MAY 5, 1904, JAN. 2, 1905

Japan's navy makes initial attack, crippling fleet in harbor—Begins blockade, investing fortress from sea—Battle of Yalu and beginning of land investment—Investment complete, with occupation of Dalny, May 30, 1904—Attacks on Northern and Western forts—Fort Kuropatkin taken—Besiegers at foot of 203-Metre Hill—Long months of sapping and mining—Assaults on outer works of Northern forts—203-Metre Hill captured—Russian fleet destroyed by artillery fire—Rehlungshan fort shattered by mine, stormed and captured—Adjoining forts fall—General Stoessel offers to surrender—The terms agreed on—Japan's flag flies over the fortress—Length of siege 242 days—Captor, General Nogi. 485-507

MUKDEN.

The greatest battle of history—Rout and disaster for Russia—The ancient city of Mukden—The tombs of the Manchus—A flourishing mart—Prelude to the great battle—Gripenberg fails and quits army—The battle begins—The struggle on the east front—The battle at the center—Battle culminates on the west—Village by village taken—Russian artillery impotent—When the crushing blow fell—A cloud in the west—Kuropatkin ignores danger—Center positions abandoned—Japanese ingenuity marvelous—Retreat a carnival of slaughter—Oyama's prophecy fulfilled. 509-533

WATERLOO.

1815.

THE winter of 1808 found Napoleon at the very zenith of his power and dominion; but now came the downward course of his star of destiny. He had again humbled Austria after winning the great battle of Wagram, but, when he resolved upon the invasion of Russia against the advice of all thinking counselors, he became a spendthrift of his every resource; and the terrible story of the retreat from Moscow is the story of his downfall. Europe then made common cause against the monarch who persisted in his course of providing the thrones of weakened and conquered nations with occupants of his own blood or selection. The battles of Lützen, Bautzen and Dresden followed in 1813, wherein the emperor kept his marvellous supremacy, but was greatly crippled by the severity of the fighting. Finally the turning-point came. The allies won the battle of Leipsic—"The Battle of the Nations," as it was called—late in October, 1813, and in the following spring were received with acclamations in Paris; and Napoleon in May, 1814, became an exile—virtually a prisoner—in Elba.

Ten months thereafter, Europe was thunderstruck by the news that Napoleon Buonaparte had escaped, had landed in France, and that the army rallied about him as of old, bore him on to Paris and reseated him on the throne, from which the Bourbon King, Louis XVIII., had fled in terror.

It so happened that the delegates of the leading states in Europe were then in congress at Vienna to devise measures to

BATTLE-FIELD OF WATERLOO, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE CONTENDING FORCES AT 6 P. M., JUNE 18, 1815.

secure peace and public safety throughout the continent, and to put an end to the bloody wars that had ravaged it for a century; and here, to their amaze, they were confronted by the tidings that the great disturber of the peace of Christendom, the Corsican emperor whom they believed crushed and disarmed, was once again at the head of "The Old Guard," and that France, whose volatile people but a year agone had declared themselves "done with Napoleon," and had greeted the allied entry into Paris with cheers, was now with resounding acclamations welcoming back "The Man of Destiny."

"To arms!" was the vote. The cry echoed over Europe, and, by May, 500,000 men were marching on the frontiers of France. It was resolved to treat with Napoleon no longer. He must be annihilated.

Of all his enemies England was now the most active. Parliament voted not only men and money for her own army and navy, but immense sums for the support of other armies on the continent. All the leading nations were leagued against Napoleon, but England was the treasurer. This time, too, her troops were sent across the channel, appeared in force in Belgium, for the line of the Netherlands was sure to be, as of old, the scene of desperate fighting; and here, south of Brussels, the combined forces of England, Hanover, Brunswick and Nassau were hurriedly gathered, and Arthur, Duke of Wellington, whose brilliant achievements in Spain had filled the British nation with high hopes of success, was placed at the head.

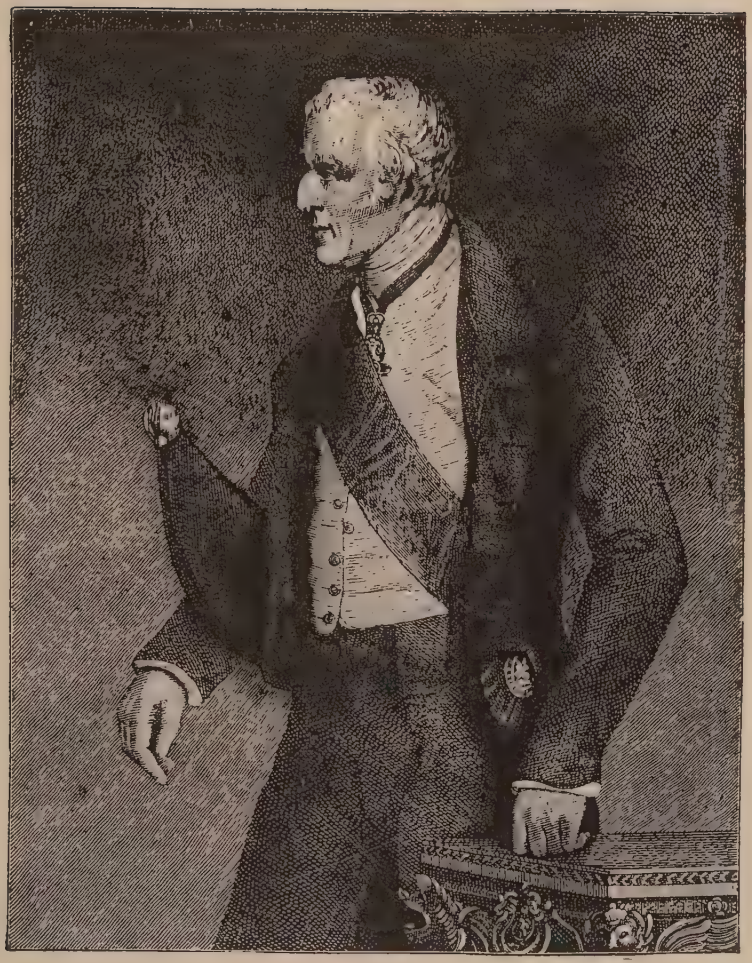
Hastening to join him, and with an army fully as strong, there came from Prussia the bitterest foeman the emperor had in Europe, "the debauched old dragoon" as he had called him—*now* Field-Marshal Prince Blücher von Wahlstadt. The fierce old "Red Hussar," intemperate, illiterate, ignorant of strategy, but making up in fiery zeal and courage for lack of "book-soldier" ability, had been so vast an aid to the allies in 1814, so prominent in the campaign, that he was received in England with honors equal to those bestowed on the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia and Austria. He was loaded with military decorations, and, absurd as it may seem, the learned University of

Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. Even Blücher had to laugh at so scholastic a farce as that; but here he was again, our dragoon doctor of laws, seventy-three years old, but as hard a rider as ever, and fiercely happy to have one more chance at throttling the conqueror who had so humbled him and his people.

Wellington and Blücher were in front of Brussels in May, but the agreement made was, that no movement should be attempted across the border into France until the armies of the other nations should reach the front. The Prussians speedily moved an army of over 100,000 men under Count Kleist von Nollendorf to the banks of the Rhine. The Austrians under Schwartzenburg were marching into the Black Forest and appearing between Basle and Manheim with an army of nearly 100,000. The Bavarians were to aid them with some 70,000, and, largest yet, under Count Barclay de Tolly, a Russian army of 167,000 men was already pushing through Germany.

Now if all these troops were allowed to unite, the combined force would be too great for the hurriedly reassembled army of Napoleon. All soldiers who had studied his methods felt sure that he would resort to his old tactics; that he would attack and strive to beat them in detail. No one was more certain of this than England's Iron Duke. He felt confident that Napoleon would dash upon him and Blücher, and his heart was full of anxiety. If Napoleon could win a signal victory over them, and march in to Brussels, all Belgium would declare for him, and thousands, still holding aloof in France, would flock to his standard. He could then turn sharply on Count Kleist and Schwartzenburg—no question as to the result of *that* assault—and then be in perfect readiness to crush the army of Russia. Then he could dictate a peace—indeed, he would virtually be the dictator of Europe. Everything, therefore, depended on the first battle.

Just as Wellington expected, on he came. On the 15th of June, with the Grand Army at his back, Napoleon marched to Charleroi with 120,000 men and struck the river Sambre forty miles south of Brussels, found the English occupying the road



SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

to the north, pushed them up towards Brussels with his left wing, while with the main body he pounced upon old Blücher at Ligny on the 16th and drove him back on Wavre, so that Wellington's men, who had made a gallant stand against Ney at Quatre Bras, were compelled to fall back a few miles farther to a position about twelve miles south of Brussels that had previously attracted the eye of Wellington; and thither on the 17th, skirmishing all the way, Napoleon followed him. All had not prospered with Napoleon up to this point. He had planned to throw himself on Blücher with 75,000 men, while Ney, after occupying Quatre Bras, five miles to the west, and seizing the roads so as to prevent the English from reinforcing Blücher, was to come upon the Prussian rear, and, between them, the destruction of the army would be complete. But for once Ney failed his great leader. Instead of seizing the village of Quatre Bras at dawn on the 16th, Ney let the British get there first and then "stand him off" all day. Consequently the bloody battle of Ligny was not the success Napoleon had hoped for. After a very severe combat against superior numbers he had compelled old Blücher to retreat in great disorder. Blücher himself was crushed to earth by his wounded horse and barely escaped capture; but when the rout finally began there was no Ney in rear to capture and disarm the fugitives, and, to Napoleon's chagrin, the beaten army got away towards Wavre, which lies some fifteen miles southeast of Brussels, and not more than eight miles east of the position to which Wellington withdrew his men on the 17th.

Ligny had cost the French 6,800 killed and wounded—far more than the emperor could spare—and the Prussian loss of 25,000 men killed, wounded and prisoners, and twenty-one guns, did not compensate Napoleon for the failure of his plans. The best thing he could do was to send a strong force to follow Blücher and his demoralized army and prevent their reassembling in time to aid Wellington. This duty was intrusted to Marshal Grouchy with 35,000 men, and so, reduced severely by his losses at Ligny and Quatre Bras, and this great detachment under Grouchy, the emperor was compelled to confront Welling-

ton, when he well knew that his crown, his whole future and that of Europe were the stakes of the battle, and he had only 70,000 men to fight with.

But time was everything. To beat Wellington, and to beat him instantly, was his only hope. Ill luck had pursued him since he crossed the Sambre. He had planned to throw his whole army on Blücher and destroy him on the 16th, then to turn his whole force on Wellington and crush him on the 17th. He could have done it—easily, for his army was stronger than either one of their divided forces, but now on the evening of the 17th Blücher was rallying at Wavre. Wellington was confronting him across this broad and unfamiliar valley, and he, who depended so much on his guns and cavalry, was now dismally certain that he would not be able to use them on the morning of the morrow—it was raining in torrents and the ground was a quagmire.

All this was hard to bear, but Napoleon was hopeful and determined. If Grouchy would only hold Blücher at Wavre, even though he could not hope to use his guns and horsemen until late in the day, Napoleon believed that he could thrash the British before the setting of another sun. Then on to Brussels!

First let us take a look at the lay of the land, then we can better understand the great scene there enacted. It is the same country over which Marlborough and Prince Eugene fought and marched a century previous. Englishmen knew it well; Frenchmen even better. Hardly an acre of its surface has escaped its libation of human blood, for Belgium was the battle-field of Europe time and again. Brussels, its beautiful capital, lies in the centre of a rolling, well-watered, well-wooded tract. Here, there and everywhere are smiling little towns and villages; every stream is dotted with home-like hamlets; and in the days of 1815 many a stately old chateau, many a walled and fortified city remained to remind the traveller of the battles and sieges of the previous century.

West of Brussels, not forty miles away, lay Oudenarde; east, not twenty-five, the field of Ramilies; west of south, perhaps

fifty, Valenciennes and Bavay, where Malplaquet was fought. The whole region was densely populated, mainly by a thriving and industrious class, and, far and near, the gently undulating surface was cut up into farms and homesteads, while running in every direction, and connecting the large cities, were broad, well-kept highways, shaded with poplars on the sides and often paved in the middle.

The main road from Brussels to the cities on the Sambre is the one of most interest to us. Quitting the capital at the south by the Namur gate, it runs very nearly due south for about ten miles, then forks. The east fork leads through Genappe to Quatre Bras, where you turn southeastward if going to Namur, or keep on due south if bound for Charleroi. The west fork strikes off through Nivelles to Mons, Bavay and Maubeuge. A broad highway crosses eastward from Nivelles to Namur, intersecting the east fork at Quatre Bras and so giving the little village its name—Four Arms. Now, after leaving Brussels by this first road, the traveller passes for several miles through a dense wood, the forest of Soignies, at the southern skirt of which there nestles a little Belgian village, Waterloo. Passing through this village one follows the highway out upon an open plateau and comes upon another hamlet just at the great fork of the high-road. It is the hamlet and this is the plateau of Mont St. Jean. Follow the east road a few hundred yards and you come to the edge of the plateau, running east and west, and see before you a mile-wide depression or valley into which the two roads dip and rise to the opposite crest. It looks not unlike the hollow between two long-rolling ocean waves. It looks to-day very little as it did in 1815. It had so changed with its new growth of trees or its loss of old landmarks only a few years after the great campaign of the Netherlands that the Duke of Wellington, gazing upon it in disappointment and some indignation, exclaimed: "Why, d—n it all! they've spoiled my battle-field." For that shallow valley is the field of Napoleon's last battle, and England *cum* Prussia's greatest victory—the far-famed field of Waterloo.

To see it as it was in 1815, let us take our stand here at the

very edge of the plateau, facing south, just where the road to Charleroi begins its downward dip into the low valley. The edge of the plateau is sharply defined like the ridge of the ocean wave to which we have compared it; for, looking back and around us, we see that the ground slopes downward to the north as well as to the south, so that the ridge at the edge forms, for some distance to the right and left, a natural breast-work. Perhaps it was this feature that attracted the eye of the Iron Duke, for certain it is, that infantry, crouching along the northern face of that ridge, will be fully protected from all but a steeply plunging fire from the south; and, as for guns and cavalry, the plateau of Mont St. Jean presents, in many places, admirable positions well up to the front, where cavalry can be formed in readiness for attack, or where batteries can be grouped until needed in action, and they cannot be seen from across the valley.

Crossing the Charleroi road at right angles, our ridge runs nearly east and west; but about a third of a mile to the east it begins to rise into a mound, and about quarter of a mile to the west it begins very gently to curve away toward the south and make quite a sweep in that direction; and all along this ridge, from the west to the mound to the east, there runs a country dirt-road, partly on the crest, partly behind it, and occasionally between sloping banks. This cross-road starts out from where the ridge intersects the Nivelles highway, off to the south of west of our stand-point, and, passing behind the mound to the east, strikes off across an open plateau to the northeastward. It leads to Wavre by way of the village of Ohain.

Back of us, and to the right and left, the ridge and the plateau are open, with occasional small groves and patches of trees; southward all is smooth, open turf except at three points and on the highway. Down the slope, hugging the roadside on the west and not more than 200 yards from us, begins a little farm enclosure, with rude stone walls and hedges. Its garden is on the side nearest us; then come the farm buildings; beyond them an orchard. It is the farm of La Haye Sainte.

Off to our right front, as we gaze across the vale, is a far larger farm enclosure, half a mile from the Charleroi highway at its

THE RETURN FROM ELBA. (*C. Delort.*)

nearest point and occupying an irregular square, each of whose sides must be at least a quarter of a mile in length. Its northern half is taken up by stone buildings in a flattened, hollow square, by a prim, old-fashioned Flemish garden, and by a large orchard. South of the buildings is quite a thick wood; east of the wood, two open fields, hedged in and forming the southeastern quarter of the enclosure. The garden is bounded on the south by a brick wall, high and thick; yet, so thick are the hedge and the apple-trees below it, you cannot see it until when within a few yards. A fine drive, lined by stately elms, leads northwestward into the Nivelles high-road. The buildings consist of a substantial dwelling surmounted by a tower, offices, stables, cow-houses, and a quaint little chapel surrounding a paved court, in the middle of which is a well with a high wooden structure over it—a dove-cote, and the dove-cote is full of its cooing, fluttering occupants, and the court with poultry. This is the chateau of Hougomont.

Down to our left, a good three-quarters mile east of La Haye Sainte, the smooth slope is cut up by some hedges; then come one or two winding paths and roads leading up to the plateau; then two little hamlets with their farm enclosures: the nearest one is Papelotte; the farthest, La Haye. Be careful not to confound it with La Haye Sainte. These enclosures are well shaded; beyond them, over a mile from the Charleroi road, are more farm enclosures and several patches of woods.

Now directly south of us, almost a mile away and on the opposite slope, is another little farm and roadside inn—La Belle Alliance, they call it; still farther back beyond it a ridge like our own, with a little mite of a village at the top on the highway, and a much larger village, with church and stone walls, nearly a mile to the east of that road. The little village is Rossomme; the big one, Planchenoit, and the rising ground about them is dignified of late years by the name of the Heights of Rossomme.

Such is the field of Waterloo as we look at it from the English side; and here, on the damp, rainy, misty morning of June 18th, 1815, two hostile armies are arrayed to settle the fate of Europe. The army drawn up on the plateau of Mont St. Jean

is that of Wellington. The army on the opposite slope, just under Rossomme heights, is that of Napoleon. At this moment, according to official reports, Wellington has actually in position and ready for battle, exclusive of sick, wounded or otherwise incapacitated, the following force: infantry, 49,608; cavalry, 12,408; artillery, 5,645. Grand total, 67,661 men and 156 guns.

With this force he has to fight, unaided until Blücher can reach him, the following Frenchmen: infantry, 48,950; cavalry, 15,765; artillery, 7,232. Grand total, 71,947 men and 246 guns.

Napoleon's men are all French, and reliable veterans as a rule. Wellington's Hanoverians and Brunswickers are not up to the British mark, and the Belgians are shaky; so that, both in numbers and in "personnel," the emperor has the best of it. But Wellington has the advantage in position, and late in the day he, as the world knows, was heavily reinforced by Blücher, who brought to the field: infantry, 41,283; cavalry, 8,858; artillery, 1,803. Total, 51,944 men and 104 guns. So that, before evening, Napoleon had had to face and fight 119,000 men and 260 guns.

These are the figures given us by Captain Siborne, of the British army, whose maps, plans, model and history of Waterloo were a life-study with him, and who shows no disposition to under-rate British numbers and over-rate those of the French. Possibly he might have neglected to weed out Napoleon's "ineffectives," and to have been over-careful about those of the allies, for other historians give Wellington a fighting force of 75,000; but, as we shall presently see, some of these did *not* fight. Captain Siborne may have declined to count them in for that reason.

As has been said, it rained in torrents all the evening and most of the night of the 17th. The morning of the 18th broke, lowering and dismal. The clouds were lifted from the sodden earth, but hung threateningly over the field all day long. None the less, England and her allies, France and her devoted soldiers sprang to arms at early dawn, and, deserting their bivouac fires around which the men had grouped through the wet and cheerless night, they occupied themselves for hours in cleaning and drying their arms and clothing. Outposts and sentinels who, during the night,

had crouched within speaking distance of one another, were drawn in; long skirmish lines, some of infantry, some of troopers, appeared in their stead, but not until after nine o'clock did the formation of the battle-lines begin. Wellington was in no hurry. He would have been glad to wait another day, when Blücher could surely be with him. Knowing him to be badly whipped at Ligny and to have fallen back to Wavre in disorder, Wellington was very anxious; but, on the evening of the 17th, his anxiety was much lightened by the reception of Blücher's reply to his appeal for support. It was characteristic of the fierce old war-dog: "I shall not come with two corps only, but with my whole army; upon this understanding, however, that should the French not attack us on the 18th, we shall attack them on the 19th."

Napoleon, on the contrary, was eager to begin. Time was everything; but his guns sank to the hubs in the spongy ground; his chargers floundered up to the hocks in the mud. He had to wait a while. Anxiously he scanned the opposite crests, and ever and anon swept the eastern horizon with his glass. By this time he must have known that Blücher's retreat had been northward towards Wavre, and he was to blame for not having pushed Grouchy in his track the night of the 16th instead of waiting until late on the morning of the 17th. Blücher had therefore had time to rally and reform. Now *could* Grouchy with 35,000 hold him? If not, *would* Grouchy have sense enough to get between him and Napoleon, and so fall back fighting on his chief? If Desaix had lived and were there; if Davout had only been in Grouchy's place, or Masséna, or the lion-hearted Lannes; or even had Ney been sent—Ney who had blundered at Quatre Bras—the emperor would have felt assured; but Grouchy was not one of the old array of fighting marshals, and, in his haste or carelessness, Napoleon's orders to Grouchy were not all they should have been to cover the case. They were brief and explicit, but not entirely practicable: "Pursue the Prussians; complete their defeat by attacking as soon as you come up with them, and never let them out of your sight." But, according to Siborne, Grouchy had but 32,000; Blucher must have had nearly

90,000 around Wavre. It was quite an easy thing to say, attack and rout an army three times as big as your own, but, difficult to do it. Failing in that, however, it still lay in Grouchy's power to keep between Blücher and Napoleon, and so render it, for the time being at least, impossible for him to interfere while the French were pounding the English and Hanoverians to pieces at Waterloo.

Grouchy did neither.

At ten o'clock on this lowering June morning, with a grand outburst of martial music, with every military pomp and ceremony, the army of Napoleon moved forward into position and deployed its lines along the slopes to the right and left of La Belle Alliance. Wellington's army, in silence that was striking in its great contrast, moved into the positions assigned the various corps, and then ensued the momentous pause before the struggle.

Standing here at the top of the slope and close to the Charleroi road, let us take a good look at the opposing armies before the fight begins. We will want to get away soon enough. The first thing that strikes the eye is the double curve of the long red lines of the British infantry. To our right they are straight for only quarter of a mile, then they curve outwards towards the French and extend well down towards Hougomont. To our left they are nearly straight towards the mound back of Papelotte, then they curve backwards towards the plateau. Their right is heavily backed up by strong reserves on the wooded slopes towards the farms of Merbe Braine. Their left is open and "out in the air." Far in front of the right, down in the "swale," as our plainsmen would call it, is that great enclosure of Hougomont, and though from here we can see little of them, it is bristling with British bayonets. The garden walls are pierced with loop-holes; the gates and doorways barricaded. The chateau, the farm buildings, the garden and orchard are crammed with the foot guardsmen of England. Coldstreams and Scots Fusiliers under Colonel Macdonell in the buildings, grenadiers under Lord Saltoun in the orchard, and the light infantry of Hanover and Nassau in the wood.

Far off to our right, beyond Hougomont and across the Nivelles road, are a few battalions of red infantry supporting the skirmishers that spread out over the slopes to the south and west. These are the light troops of Lord Hill's Second corps, and among them are the Welsh Fusiliers, the Twenty-third regiment of the line, which guards the Nivelles road, while the Fourteenth and Fifty-first are farther out to the west, where a few squadrons of horse can also be seen.

Back of Hougomont is posted a strong brigade of foot guards. The plateau to the rear being heavily held by what appears to be an entire division of infantry, partly English, from their scarlet uniforms, partly Hanoverians. They are the three brigades of Adam and Du Platt (British) and Halkett (Hanoverian), and they number nearly 9,000 men, and are all posted to the west of the Nivelles road, where Sir Henry Clinton is charged with the command. Between us and the Nivelles road, beginning over at the right, are the guards of Byng and Maitland in the front line, and then in order the brigades of Halkett, Kielmansegge and Ompteda. They cover the front between the roads, and there are some splendid troops over where the Guards and Halkett's men are posted.

In rear of them, and drawn up in closed columns of squadrons, are brigades of hussars and light dragoons—the English light cavalry well forward, the Dutch, Belgians and Brunswickers pretty well back. Far off to the right rear is in reserve the infantry and cavalry of the Brunswick corps. Its gallant chief was killed at Quatre Bras, dying as did his gallant predecessor at Auerstädt.

Immediately behind Ompteda's footmen, with their left resting upon the Charleroi road, is a cavalry brigade, we need to turn about and take a good look at. Drawn up in line are four superb regiments, all in glittering helmets—three in scarlet coats, one in blue. They are the "Household Heavies" of Lord Somerset. The First and Second Life, the Royal Horse Guards (blue) and the First (King's Own) Dragoon Guards. These, with the threatening batteries, pushed well forward to the crest, and the long thin line of skirmishers half way down

the slope from La Haye Sainte to the northern corner of Hougomont, are all the troops of the right wing. Now look to the left.

First there is the skirmish line well out to the front and extending over to Papelotte, where it is lost in the hedges. Then south of the Ohain cross-road is Bylandt's brigade of Dutch-Belgians in one long line. Then similarly deployed, but behind the road, the long line of Best's Hanoverians, while La Haye and Papelotte are held by the troops of the Prince of Saxe-Weimar. These are all of Perponcher's division.

Supporting them, posted with intervals in readiness to spring forward and deploy, is a famous British division under a famous leader, General Sir Thomas Picton, commander of the "fighting division" of the Peninsular war. Two of his brigades, Kempt's and Pack's, are here close behind us. In Kempt's brigade are the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, known the world over, the Twenty-eighth of the line, immortalized in later years by Elizabeth Thompson's superb painting of the British squares at Quatre Bras. In Pack's brigade are two regiments of Highlanders; the Black Watch (Forty-second) and the Ninety-second, and two old and tried line corps, the First Royal Scots and the Forty-fourth. This is a division to be proud of.

To their rear, nearly aligned with the Household cavalry, is another famous command: Ponsonby's heavies, the "Union Brigade"—a regiment each of English, Scotch and Irish heavy dragoons, the Royals, the Scots' Greys, and the Inniskillings. Far off to the left are the light cavalry brigades of Vandeleur and Vivian, and these, with their batteries, complete the left wing.

Down in front of us, the little farm of La Haye Sainte is held by Major Baring with 400 light infantry; and now, while from Rossomme only the very front of the allied lines can be seen, Wellington, from his position, has this great advantage—the entire army of Napoleon is displayed to view. In point of military appearance, it is far more homogeneous—far more united and serviceable-looking than that of the allies. It will take but few words to describe it. With its batteries in front, in two long lines of infantry, D'Erlon's First corps stretches from La Belle

Alliance to a point just south of Papelotte, covered on the east by its cavalry; four divisions are in line there, all in sombre dress of dark blue. Behind them we see two long lines of glittering cuirassiers—Milhaud's division. Behind them, still farther up the slope, are the light cavalry of the imperial guard, also in two long lines: the lancers, in their high, broad-topped Polish shakos and gay scarlet tunics; the chasseurs, in a gorgeous hussar costume of green and gold. These fellows are the beaux and dandies of the French army—trim, jaunty, light riders on nimble horses, and their general, Lefebvre Desnouettes, is as proud of them as ever was Murat, who is struggling for his own crown in Italy. Two hundred yards behind La Belle Alliance there is an abrupt rise in the ground to a height a trifle above the level of our position here. The road cuts through part of it, but rises steeply, too, and on that height, east of the road, with their horse-batteries on the flanks, are the cavalry brigades of Domont and Subervie. All this is comprised in the right wing of the French.

Resting on the little inn and enclosure of La Belle Alliance, and thence sweeping way round in a long curve with its concavity towards us, is the infantry of the left wing—Reille's Second corps. It is formed in two lines like the right wing, but not quite as trimly and compactly, for one of its divisions, Gérard's, was badly cut up at Ligny and has been left there. Bachelu's division is nearest our front; Foy's is on its left; while Prince Jerome Bonaparte's, a large one, encircles, you may say, the southern front of Hougomont. Stretching across the Nivelles road are the fifteen squadrons of the cavalry of the Second corps. In rear of the divisions of Foy and Jerome is Kellerman's superb corps of heavy dragoons and cuirassiers; back of them, Guyot's heavy division of the imperial guard cavalry, so that the left wing is formed precisely like the right. The French order of battle is beautifully symmetrical and soldier-like.

In reserve, massed in columns of battalions along the west side of the Charleroi road, is the infantry of the Sixth corps, its batteries on its left and on the heights of Rossomme behind them. Half on the east, half on the west side of the highway

is the grand reserve of the imperial guard, its batteries on its flanks. The guard is drawn up in six lines, four regiments in each, and in the absence of Marshal Mortier, left sick at Beaumont, the guard is led by General Drouot; while two of its divisions, the old guard and the middle guard, are commanded by those grand soldiers whom we learned to know at Austerlitz and Auerstädt—Generals Friant and Morand. The young guard is led by General Duhesme.

Marshal Ney had only joined Napoleon three days before, and he now commands the whole front line—that of the First and Second corps. Vandamme's Third corps, Gérard's Fourth corps and the Sixth cavalry corps are away with Grouchy, besides divisions or brigades of the corps now in line.

It is impossible to describe the admiration with which old campaigners along the crest of Mont St. Jean had watched the splendid formation of the French line of battle. It is only 1,400 yards from where we stand, to their centre. All is clear; every movement is in full view, and now, as though to add to the spirit and brilliancy of the scene, saluted by drooping colors and flashing arms, followed by a glittering staff, the emperor canters along his lines, going their entire length that all may see and be seen by him. Cheer upon cheer rends the air, and in the British lines hundreds push forward to catch a glimpse of the never-to-be-forgotten sight. It is Napoleon's last review of the grand army. Some gunners eagerly ask permission to train their pieces and open fire on the imperial group, but it is promptly denied. Afterwards, indeed, when a battery commander rides to Lord Wellington and says that, though now in the heat of battle, he can distinctly recognize the emperor and staff, and asks permission to shell the party, the duke sternly replies, "No. It is not the business of commanders to be firing on one another."

Satisfied, apparently, with his survey, Napoleon rides back up the slopes, reins in near the guard facing north, gets his glass in readiness and looks calmly around. It is a little after eleven o'clock. It has cleared somewhat; is now close and murky. Instinctively every one feels that now the shock is coming, and, sure enough, it comes. All eyes are eager to see the first move

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW. (*C. Delort*)

of this great master of the war-game, and it is a true one. It is aimed at Hougomont.

Look! From the right of Prince Jerome's division a column of infantry pushes out towards the wood south of the chateau; a bugle sounds a stirring peal, and instantly the leading companies spring lightly forward, spreading out in skirmish order. Half a dozen little jets of bluish smoke pop from the wood corner, and faint sounds as of pistol-shots are reaching our ears just as the half-dozen jets are swallowed up in a sudden cloud, and the crash of a distant volley is borne on the breeze. These excitable Nassauers have opened the ball with a vengeance. Four or five black objects, advancing with the skirmish line, drop. The others come jauntily ahead, and presently each one is crowned with a little puff of smoke of his own. The "tirailleurs" have opened fire. A second line comes dancing out to the support of the first; the popping becomes a rattle. The supporting battalions begin crowding out to the front, and in columns of companies are pressing towards the wood.

Suddenly there is a rapid movement of gunners in the light battery right out here in front of Kielmansegge's men, and Captain Cleve's voice is heard in sharp command. Sponge-staves and rammers whirl rapidly in air one instant, the gunners spring quickly back; then, with a thundering roar, the right gun belches out a volume of smoke and fire. Something goes whirring and smoking across the valley and bursts with a puff just over the nearest battalion; a half-suppressed cheer breaks along the ridge, the other guns boom forth in quick succession, the batteries of Cooke's division, farther to the right, follow suit, and the great battle of Waterloo has begun.

Now the French guns of the Second corps take up the chorus. From La Belle Alliance to the Nivelles road every battery bursts into flame, and, as though that were not enough, here come Kellerman's horse-batteries down from the second line to crowd in on the first. Gentlemen, the emperor means to follow his old tactics—a crushing fire of artillery and then an advance. The shells are now flying over our heads, tearing up the earth along Mont St. Jean. "Lie down," is the stern, quiet order of

the officers, and the footmen hug the ground. The horsemen wheel about where exposed, and move farther back; only the gunners are on foot and at work at this moment; the intervals between the reports, that at first could be counted, have now become indistinguishable. One vast and continuous peal of thunder is booming over the startled valley and stunning the ear far back as Brussels. A dense cloud of smoke rises along the parallel crests; but staff officers pressing to the front, see what they hate to have to tell—the light troops of Hanover and Nassau scurrying back out of the wood of Hougomont followed by the fire of the skirmishers of France. It will never do to let those fellows have the wood. Lord Wellington himself spurs to the front and orders Major Bull with his howitzer battery to shell them out, and in a minute the old forest is filled with stifling smoke and whirring fragments of iron, while—look again—at the same instant a thin red line springs forward from the hedge, and Saltoun's guardsmen dash through the open fields and drive into the French with a cheer that can be heard back here at La Haye Sainte; British bayonets do their work, and back go Jerome's tirailleurs. Jerome and Foy order forward their lines to support the attack, and the assault on Hougomont becomes a battle in itself. The chateau, the buildings, the entire enclosure are wrapped now in smoke and flame, while along the Nivelles road to the west, the batteries and advanced troops are hotly engaged. Foy and Jerome are able to quickly concentrate such a mass of fire on these daring guardsmen, that in turn they are forced back, and slowly and doggedly, and with heavy loss, they retire from tree to tree, and are received within the sheltering walls of the garden. Others, closely pursued, succeed in getting into the stone court-yard, and here begins a most heroic and determined hand-to-hand fight that lasts throughout the battle. No matter what may be going on elsewhere, Hougomont, from first to last, is the centre of a terrific combat, and, from first to last, England holds her own.

Finding that the chateau is obstinately held, and being pressed for time, the emperor now sends word to Ney, to pre-

pare for the grand attack already planned. It is his purpose to hurl the whole right wing upon the plateau between La Haye Sainte and Papelotte, to drive the Anglo-allied lines back from the crest, sweep them round upon the Brussels road, and off to the northwest. In this way he will effectually cut it off from Blücher, drive part of it into the forest of Soignies, the rest out across the open fields. He has hit on the true move in every way; it is the very thing. The British right is strongly held with guards, guns and heavy infantry in advance, another division of foot in support on the plateau. Hougomont, a breaker in front; Sir Henry Clinton and the reserves at Merbe Braine, a rock in rear. The right is too strong; the left is strangely weak. Wellington has only two divisions of foot, flanked by two brigades of light horse, and the "Union Brigade" in rear. Papelotte in front is nowhere near as strong a point as Hougomont. Nassauers are nowhere near as firm as Britons. The chances are indeed in Napoleon's favor, and Ney is to lead. Yet there is a point to be considered. One of his first questions that memorable morning, after surveying the line with his glass, was: "Where is that division of Picton's?" Battered as it had been at Quatre Bras, it had been too much for his best fighter, Ney, and he did well to ask where it was now to be found. Picton is here, just where that grand attack will come.

Now there is a quick movement back of La Belle Alliance. Down come those squadrons we saw massed on the little height, and away they go off toward the village of Frischermont, beyond Papelotte. What does that mean? an entire division follows. The emperor's anxious glances towards the eastern horizon have at last fallen on some objects that appear to be troops close under a patch of woods five miles away. "Ride thither, Domont, see who they are; if Grouchy's people, call them in; if Blücher's, stand them off. Follow and back him up, Subervie." Anxious as they all are, there are other things requiring immediate attention. Soult, after a long inspection through his field-glass, pronounces the objects infantry in motion, "probably Grouchy." Napoleon hopes so, and turns his attention to Ney's grand move.

First, with cracking whips and ringing bugle-calls, ten admirably handled batteries come trotting forward, and with spirited and dashing array move boldly out on the broad valley in front of D'Erlon's corps. There is a well-defined ridge midway between his lines and ours, and parallel with them, and on that ridge, in less than five minutes seventy-four guns have swung into battery, and the guns on our left, joining in the grand uproar, have chosen them for their targets, and are hurling shot and shell at them as they open fire. Bylandt's long line of infantry, here in front of the Ohain road, looks anything but pleased at that sight, and with grave features General Picton watches their evident uneasiness. Then, from the French left, comes a beautiful sight. Roussel's entire division of Kellerman's cavalry corps marches over, crossing in front of the emperor, and wheels again into line just behind D'Erlon, whose four divisions have "ployed" into charging columns and have begun their advance. In beautiful order they come forward until the heads of columns reach that gun-crested ridge, and then they halt. Ney sends word to Napoleon that he is ready. Soult, just sending off a despatch to Grouchy, looks at his watch and notes that it is half-past one.

The French right has now approached to within 800 yards of the plateau. Aides-de-camp come spurring out from the emperor. One rides to General Reille, who gallops to his right division and gives some order. Others fly out across the valley to Ney, who signals to D'Erlon. Instantly the First corps flashes its arms and colors up in air, and with one simultaneous impulse the heads of columns advance, pass between the guns, and out to the front. Then "tirailleurs" come springing out at the run, a long, lively skirmish-line spreads across their front, and in four grand divisions 18,000 French infantry move steadily forward to the assault of Mont St. Jean. Once clear of the batteries they increase their fronts, and with waving banners and nodding plumes, cheering enthusiastically, D'Erlon's corps marches up the slope.

Durutte's division on the east is presently assailed by a sharp musketry fire from the hedges of Papelotte and La Haye;

Donzelot's division nearest the high-road begins to suffer from the orchard of La Haye Sainte; Durutte sends a brigade at Papelotte, Donzelot one at La Haye Sainte. The rest of the corps comes on unbroken between them, and now, over their heads, the French guns open fire, and our crest is ripped and ploughed and torn with shot and shell, while the superb discipline of Picton's men is sorely tested; for a few minutes the British linesmen are compelled to stand and take the brunt of that artillery-fire without hitting back. Then comes a blessed relief. Bylandt's Dutch-Belgians, as we have seen, had been given the post of honor in the front line here to our left. Now as the dense masses of D'Erlon come sweeping up the slope, and the skirmishers are running back away from them, there comes the moment when the brigade must rise and prepare to receive the enemy.

The first thing is to get them to rise. That is effected after some vehement language. The next is to get them to receive the enemy: that is not effected at all. No sooner do the Dutch-Belgians get on their feet and catch sight of D'Erlon's skirmishers preparing to open fire, than with unanimous impulse and alacrity they take to their heels, and, despite the jeers and curses of Picton's battalions, they go driving to the rear, where the cavalry bring them up standing by dint of much hard swearing and lavish promises to cut them down, and so, cowering and worthless, they are huddled there until the battle is over, of no further use to anybody.

And now brave Picton calls on his men. He has only about 3,000 to oppose to four times as many, but hold that point of the plateau he must, or he will die trying it. Splendidly the thin red lines spring forward at his voice, Kempt and Pack deploy their battalions well forward on the crest abandoned by Bylandt, and now they open a crashing fire upon the advancing columns. These are so close that the French guns can no longer play on the crest, and as their thunder dies away, the ringing cheers of the Frenchmen are heard in their stead, and the throbbing roll of their drums. "Forward! forward!" "Vive l'Empereur!" are the cries as the deep columns steadily

near the crest. They are within an hundred yards, now and then "halt" rings out, and the colonels can be heard shouting the orders to deploy into line on the leading battalions. Oh, glorious opportunity for Picton! He is with Kempt's brigade at the moment. "Fire!" he shouts, and then as the crashing volley answers, and before the smoke has cleared away, his voice again rings exultantly along the line, "Charge! Charge! Hurrah!" and with the half-savage cry of the Highlanders, and the deep-throated cheer of the British, Kempt's men dash in with the bayonet, Picton with them.

Accustomed to carry all before them, amazed at this daring dash by so small a force, the French advance recoils, falls back on the rear regiments; great confusion ensues for a few moments, in the midst of which Picton's gallant men with butt and bayonet hammer and prod at all who stand, and soon, strange as it may seem, send the heavy column reeling down the slope; and just as Picton in soldierly delight is applauding and cheering them on, his sword is seen to drop—his hand to seek his temple, and before his officers can reach him, the hero of the Peninsula, "Fighting Picton," reels and topples from his saddle, shot dead by a musket-ball. Terribly wounded at Quartre Bras two days before, he had concealed it that he might take part in the greater combat, and Waterloo is the hero's closing battle.

Even his death, however, cannot break the spirit of that brigade of Kempt. The Twenty-eighth and Seventy-ninth suffer severely, but hold the ground they have won; but where is Pack and his still more distinguished command? Pack's brigade has three Scotch regiments—the First "Royal Scots," the Forty-second (Black Watch) and Ninety-second Highlanders—and the strong Forty-fourth British to complete his line. When Kempt charged, Pack had not advanced. There were two heavy columns advancing upon him, the French divisions of Alix and Marcognet, and holding his men in readiness, Pack waited until the heads of their columns had burst through the Hanoverian battery on the crest, had crossed the road to Wavre, and halted to form on the northern edge; then, while they were in the confusion caused by the deep cut through which that cross-road here runs,

he gave the order to fire, and the volleys of Scotland swept down hundreds of the men who had fought at Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Wagram and Leipsic, only to meet their soldier's death here on the heights of Waterloo. Quickly, Alix and Marcognet hurried on their rear regiments, and cheering like mad the French divisions swarmed over the crest, over the Ohain road, and burst with their deadly volleys full in upon the British left, piercing the wing, and gaining firm foothold on the plateau. Watching eagerly from the Rossomme heights, Napoleon snapped shut his telescope with an eager light in his eyes. The Eagles of France, the glorious tricolor, waved on Mont St. Jean. He could see them through the battle-smoke. Now *hold* it! D'Erlon. Hold it, Ney, and all will be well. That magnificent advance is a success then, for on the right Durutte has carried Papelotte and La Haye.

Along the highway Donzelot has enveloped La Haye Sainte, and now Roussel's glittering cuirassiers cross the high-road, wheel to the north and come at thundering gallop up the slope. The batteries at the crest blaze at them with shell and grape as they come, but, though many a gap is torn through the charging ranks, there is no slacking of their speed. With the long, black, horse-hair plumes streaming in the wind, with flashing sabres uplifted they gain the crest just to the west of the high-road, sweep through the batteries on the ridge, over it they go, and then, in full sight of the red-clad squares, they come suddenly upon that low-lying cross-road—"the sunken road of Ohain" it is called by Victor Hugo—the half-hidden, unpaved country highway to Wavre from the Nivelles road back of Hougomont. It throws them into some disorder, but hundreds plunge in, scramble up on the other side—hundreds cross with no difficulty whatever—but their way is stopped; and just as they are reforming under fire on the northern side, there comes a loud tan-ta-ra of cavalry trumpets, a thunder of massive hoofs, and with superb burst of speed and a thrilling British cheer, the guardsmen, the gallants of England, Lord Somerset's magnificent household brigade, charge home upon the head of the French division, and the cuirassiers are overturned and borne back in the rush. Some gallop down

the slopes toward Bachelu's division; others, closely pursued by the Second Life-Guard, speed away across the highway. Skirmishers and light troops, throwing themselves flat to escape the rush, and then rallying among the lines of Donzelot and Alix, they turn upon their pursuers. Almost at the same instant that the household heavies sweep forward in their first splendid charge, the "Union Brigade" of Ponsonby comes tearing to the front, heading squarely for the cheering lines of Alix and Marcognet. The Scots Greys are on their left, nearest the lines of Pack's Highlanders as they ride up at thundering gallop, and as the two corps recognize one another, there goes up a glorious cry—"Scotland forever!" and the wild skirl of the bag-pipes salutes the dashing horsemen. Pack can stand it no longer. "Forward, lads. *In* with them!" and the Highland bayonets leap to the front, and now Royals, Inniskillings, Scots and Highlanders—all are bursting on the lines of France, and the tricolor and the eagles are swept away. "Those terrible gray horses," mutters the emperor, as he gazes in disquiet at this new and unlooked-for tragedy. In vain the Frenchmen strive to resist the shock. Not looking for cavalry attack, there had been no time to form squares; and, despite devoted heroism on part of officers and men, the divisions that so proudly won the heights so short a while ago are now being driven backward down the slopes.

Desperate fighting, hand-to-hand combats are seen on every side. It is here that Shaw, the giant pugilist and swordsman of the Second Life-Guard, after sabring several antagonists to death, is shot dead by the bullet of a cavalry carbine. (Fiction has stretched him dead way over at Hougomont—killed by a little drummer-boy. Fact reserves him to die with his regiment on the other side of the field, shot by a full-fledged cuirassier.) Sergeant Ewart, of the Scots Greys, captures the prized eagle of the French Forty-fifth—"the Invincibles." Captain Clark, of the Royals, cuts down the standard-bearer of the 105th and secures the Empress Maria Louisa's standard. The Inniskillings, whose charge was impeded by infantry forming line, reached the Wavre road after the Royals and Greys had crossed it. Furious at being left behind, the Paddies could hardly wait to form line be-

WATERLOO. THE SUNKEN ROAD OF OHAIN. (Berkeley.)

fore again rushing to the charge. The lines of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth regiments of France were just in front of them as they swept across the road. Somebody in civilian's dress, sitting there on horseback, called out, "Now's your time!" and with a savage yell the Irish squadrons whirled in on the foe, and D'Erlon's centre is gone. The somebody in plain clothes turns out to be the Duke of Richmond. He has no earthly business there, but, being in Brussels, he rides out to the front with all an Englishman's love for seeing a square fight; and, ignoring all possibility of having his own head knocked off, he is delightedly watching the progress of the battle.

Picton's little division, aided by the prompt and powerful onset, has checked D'Erlon's advance and turned the grand assault on the British left into a rout. With dismay Napoleon beholds that admirable First corps streaming back down the slopes, beaten; and now worse yet, a prisoner, a Prussian hussar, is sent in from the distant right by General Domont, who says that Blücher's men are swarming in those woods, and Domont confirms it. Where then is Grouchy?

But now comes an unlooked-for chance for revenge. Superb fighters as they are, English cavalry leaders often lack common sense, and from being too brave personally, the noble Lord Uxbridge comes within an ace of sacrificing the heavy brigades. He had given general instructions to the leaders of the light horse, Grant, Vivian, Vandeleur and Dornberg, to support and follow up the moves of the "heavies," but the light brigades were far to the flanks or rear, and when the Household and the Unions made their glorious charge, Lord Uxbridge found himself unable to resist the longing to lead them, and so placed himself at the head of the "Second Life," was presently swallowed up in the battle and unable to see what was going on except immediately around him. It is all very well for a brigade commander to charge at the head of his brigade; but for the chief of cavalry of an entire army to unite his fortunes with those of some one command and let the rest of the field take care of itself is all wrong. Vivian and Vandeleur *did* hasten to their right when they saw the charge of the Scots Greys, and did do some superb charging of

their own; but too late. The seven regiments of heavies burst through everything in front of them, pursued the cuirassiers down the slopes, had a mad race to see which should first reach the main lines of the French; the "First Life" tore through Bachelu's intervals; the Second got frightfully tangled up with the retreating cuirassiers; the Royals dashed on and over the rallying infantry, and the Greys and Inniskillings, backing one another up in any daring or devilment as of old, had rushed in among the batteries on the ridge, and, every man for himself, were furiously riding to and fro, hacking gunners, stabbing horses, cutting traces, but utterly forgetting their formation. In vain, Lord Uxbridge shouted himself hoarse and sounded his trumpets in the effort to halt and reform his heavies. He had started them on their wild charge; but nothing could stop them short of the very centre of the French. Some of them rode up to the muzzles of the guns far to the rear in reserve, and then, horses and men utterly blown and exhausted, attempted to ride back. The whole field of battle from La Belle Alliance eastward was covered with squads and sections or disordered groups of English horsemen confusedly intermingled, and now the fresh cavalry of the French right and the second lines spur down in serried ranks upon them. Lancers, chasseurs, cuirassiers charge and hem them in, and before Vivian or Vandeleur can begin to reach them the havoc is fearful; the rash valor of the British "heavies" meets with its own retribution. The gallant leader of the Union brigade, Sir William Ponsonby, is surrounded and thrust to death with lances. His brave namesake, Colonel Fred. Ponsonby, charging to the rescue with the Twelfth light dragoons, is lanced, sabred and left for dead on the field. Colonel Hay, of the Sixteenth light dragoons, is desperately wounded. Colonel Hamilton, Scots Greys, is last seen alive riding squarely into the French reserves at Rossomme. Colonel Fuller, King's Dragoon guards, is killed almost at the emperor's feet, back of La Belle Alliance; and the grand charge of Lord Uxbridge and his cavalry which began in triumph ends in disaster; but not until the French assault on Mont St. Jean is utterly defeated. D'Erlon's corps has lost 3,000 men, forty guns and two eagles, the sacred emblems of the empire.

So ends the second phase of Waterloo. "Hard pounding, gentlemen," says the Duke of Wellington to his staff. "Let us see who can pound the longest." It is nearly three o'clock and nobody's battle yet. Both Napoleon and Wellington are looking eagerly eastward now.

At three o'clock a desperate attempt is made to carry Hougomont by assault. For five hours that terrible fight has been going on within the walls, and still the little brigade of guardsmen, cruelly thinned by this time, holds its post. Byng manages to get in some reinforcements, and then from over on the open plain, Bachelu's division of the French Second corps attacks on the east side, while Jerome Buonaparte encloses the walls on south and west; but Bachelu's men have to move out under the fire of the guns on the crest. Cleves' and Bull's howitzers and light guns deluge them with grape, and no mortal can stand it. Bachelu is put to rout, and Napoleon sees the second attack frustrated. Then he tries setting fire to the buildings: "all is fair in war;" but though flame and smoke blister the hands and faces of the defenders, and add to the terrible thirst and torture of the wounded, it is useless; those guardsmen won't even be burned out.

Four o'clock has come. The British left has stood firm against D'Erlon's assault. Hougomont is still blazing defiance. Napoleon resolves on trying a massive cavalry attack upon the allied right centre. First he orders up all his guns, and for twenty minutes the most tremendous cannonade these veterans have ever heard, stuns their ears and shakes the very earth. Two hundred and fifty guns in the confined fronts, between Hougomont and La Haye Sainte, are firing as rapidly as they can be handled. On the plateau the English and Germans lie prone upon the ground, all except the gunners, who ply their work with tireless energy. Then, under cover of this fire, Milhaud's division of cuirassiers, and Lefebvre-Desnouette's gallantly attired light horse of the guard, move over in front of Reille's corps. In deep charging columns they yet cover the open ground from the Charleroi road to the farm enclosure, and now with ringing trumpet-call they take the trot and sweep steadily up the slopes; the French

guns cease firing; the British infantry spring to their feet and form squares; the gunners depress their muzzles and redouble the rapidity of their fire. The duke himself gallops to the batteries. "Give them grape until they are right on you, then run for the squares," he says, and the guns blaze and bellow their answer. Milhaud's advance is glorious. He has reached the slope now and quickened the pace to the gallop. The roar as of a mighty storm is heard as the earth resounds under the blows of forty thousand iron hoofs, and nearer, nearer, they come till "Charge!" is the cry, and "in they burst and on they rush," through and over the batteries, into and over that sunken road, where many are hurled to earth and crushed and beaten to death, and then they sweep down upon the steadfast squares. Those kneeling Saxons are solid as Hougomont; the lines of bristling steel neither bend nor break; the volleys flash in the very faces of the raging troopers, tumbling them to earth, driving them to cover, and then Somerset comes charging with the heavies, and Milhaud and Desnouette, discomfited, ride back as best they can. "Ney, it *must* be done!" is Napoleon's emphatic order, and once more the grand cuirassiers form. This time Kellerman's whole corps rides out to join. Guyot's heavy division is added. It is all the chivalry of France that sweeps to the front. It is tossed with lavish hand upon the guns of the foe. Call in every horseman. Pack that ground with cuirassier and dragoon. Cover every yard of it with mounted men, then, like huge, massive, gigantic phalanx, push them in. It *must* prevail. It must sweep these squares from off the plain. If not—

This is the emperor's supreme effort—the grand cavalry attack of Waterloo; and this, like its preface, is heralded by a tremendous cannonade. Well may England tremble, whether she does or not, for war has seen nothing like this. In one compact mass, that covers the whole field west of the high road, the cavalry of France advances to the charge.

It mounts the slope, it closes in its gaps and rents, it bursts into headlong rush as it crowns the height; it thunders through the batteries and over the prostrate wretches in that death-trap of a road; it dashes on those calmly kneeling squares; it swerves

before their flashing steel; it crowds, and bursts, and huddles through between their posts, but it never breaks one. Its charge is thrown away. The cavalry corps of France is broken up into hundreds of squadrons or detachments, drifting back under the concentrated fire of the British guns. After half an hour's wild riding, charging and shouting on the plateau, they are driven back, leaving the linesmen as firm as when they came.

Six o'clock; and now, what next? Look eastward: out beyond Papelotte and La Haye; out beyond Frischermont, and what see we there? Domont's and Subervie's squadrons slowly falling back before long lines of dark-clad horsemen. Bülow's corps of Prussians is driving in the slender defence of the French right. Behind comes line after line, squadron after squadron bursting forth from the sheltering woods. Blücher has come, true to his promise; and Wellington, who an hour ago almost despairingly prayed, "Oh, for night or Blücher," now sees victory in his grasp. Ney has made one great assault of skirmishers; has forced forward in dispersed order the divisions of Donzelot and Alix upon La Haye Sainte, and at last succeeded in wresting it from its little garrison. He has crowned the heights and opened a galling fire on the British battalions still in squares, that resisted the attacks of the last remnants of the French cavalry. All the field west of the high-road is disorder and confusion, but now the squares wheel forward into line, and, rejoiced to once more take the offensive, the British infantry come cheering forward, driving at the French "tirailleurs" with the bayonet. Mont St. Jean at last is clear of living foes, and Napoleon, attacked in force on his right by fresh and vigorous enemies, repulsed everywhere in front, finds that he is reduced to the last hope—his grand, his hitherto unconquerable guard.

Grouchy has failed him, for here is Blücher with, apparently, his whole command. Grouchy, instead of keeping well over to his own left, and thus being ever ready to interpose between the Prussians and his emperor, has blindly followed on the trail of their retreat, has failed to catch them until this very morning, and by that time the vehement energy and zeal of raging old Marshal "Vorwaerts" have enabled him to rally and restore confi-

dence to his men, to face them westward, to march in three close columns through the woods from Wavre towards Waterloo. One division is left to delay and play with Grouchy, and so, instead of being cut off, as Napoleon had ordered and intended, the Prussian army itself cuts off. Grouchy is separated from Napoleon in this his supreme hour of need.

At half-past six Lobau's corps, over near Planchenoit, facing east, is sternly striving to hold back the overpowering numbers of the rapidly arriving Prussians. The relics of the French right are faced to the east to fight on the defensive. The Old and Middle Guard of the emperor march down from Rossomme to the height just back of Belle Alliance, and Napoleon looks upon them with eyes that have lost all their light and hope and fire, but none of their set purpose. Duhesme, with the Young Guard, has gone to Planchenoit to hold it to the last. Here are only the veterans; here are Drouot, Friant and Morand.

There is one hope left. Worn out with their long day of severe and desperate fighting, the British infantry, that have so obstinately defied his cuirassiers, are now in no condition to withstand his guards. If the guard can gain the plateau they must sweep it; and, with that done, he can rally all his guns and cavalry, he can still burst through between Wellington and Blücher, and, holding the latter, can drive the former back on Brussels, then turn on the Prussian and crush him with the dawn. It is a desperate hope, but desperate is his need.

Things are no less desperate in the English lines. They have superbly defended their position through the livelong day, but they are fearfully reduced in numbers. The casualties of battle have reduced regiments to mere squads. The heavy brigades can only muster two squadrons, but they have not lost a gun nor an inch of ground on the plateau. Still—*can* they stand one more charge?

It is seven o'clock. The sun, that all day long has been obscured by the dense clouds o'erhead, is sinking low towards the murky west and beginning to burst through as though to have one last look at the fearful scene before dropping below the horizon. Napoleon has sent for Ney; all the cavalry that can

be rallied, all the guns, all the infantry are urged to face once more toward that smoke-crowned plateau, and follow and support the flower of the army—the Imperial Guard of France. Ten of its battalions are to make the assault, two only remain with the emperor in reserve. To animate them to hope and one grand effort, the emperor sends his aides galloping along the dejected lines to shout the glad tidings that Grouchy had arrived, and now, one charge and all would be well. He lied, and knew it, for Grouchy was far away as victory. But once more the guns were run to the front, and for the fourth time that day of ceaseless thunder, the combined batteries of France stormed at the heights of St. Jean, and to the music of their awful salute the guard formed its columns of attack. One was to pass up parallel with the highway and assault close to the British centre; the other, skirting the enclosure of Hougomont, was to storm the heights now held by Maitland and the Grenadier Guard. Napoleon himself gallops forward to a little eminence north of La Belle Alliance; Ney rides at their head; all is ready; and now the last hope of the empire is carried forward on those sacred eagles. In proud array, in grim silence, in calm and stately movement the devoted battalions march forth to their immortal attack. The right column passes close under the knoll on which Napoleon has taken his post. All eyes, kindling with devotion, are fixed one moment upon him; with significant gesture he points to the fire-flashing crest in front, and a mighty shout of *Vive l'empereur* is the stirring and enthusiastic reply. The music of all others that has been dearest to his war-like soul, it bursts for the last time upon his ears. He has received the last salute of the "Old Guard."

"Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutamus," the gladiators of Rome shouted in unison as they gazed from the bloody sands of the arena to the purple and pomp of the imperial throne. "Long live Napoleon" is the battle-cry of the guards of France as they march into their death.

All the world knows the story. Why tell it here? Far better would it have been for the fame of Buonaparte had he spared them this test of heroic devotion, or, having demanded it of

them, had he taken his own place, sword in hand, at their head. He simply drove them into their annihilation, and from this distant height watched their sublime sacrifice.

Preceded by throngs of skirmishers and light troops, supported on the right by Donzelot and the remains of Alix's division, but unprotected on the left, the two stately columns in the great bearskin shakos, their dark blue uniforms faced with red and crossed by broad white belts supporting the heavy short sword and cartridge box, their legs encased in snugly fitting campaign gaiters and breeches, once white, now stained by the muddy soil of Belgium, great coats rolled, knapsacks trimly packed, canteens and haversacks swinging at their sides, the guards had marched forward to their assigned positions. There some old soldiers, grimly eying the smoke-wreathed crest, unslung and cast aside knapsacks and overcoats. Then came the signal, "Forward."

Ney and Friant, riding at the head of the right-hand column, lower their swords in salute as they pass the emperor. Four battalions in mass are with them, their drummers beating the "*pas de charge*." They are the men of the Third regiments of grenadiers and chasseurs, old and middle guardsmen serving together. The left-hand column of six battalions does not move for some few minutes yet. It is to be kept a little in rear of Ney so as to form a wedge-like front to the attack. Drouot and Morand are its leaders, and the First and Fourth regiments of chasseurs and the Fourth grenadiers make it up. The First grenadiers are with Napoleon. A great throng of light troops spring forward on the left and front. Donzelot's lines charge on the right. The shades of evening are just descending, and the setting sun that all day long has refused its rays, throws a parting halo over the arms and banners it had smiled upon at Austerlitz; then it sinks upon them, forever.

Riding from battery to battery the Iron Duke in person directs their fire to be concentrated on the leading column of bearskins—that which Ney and Friant are leading; and in one moment, solid shot, shell and grape are tearing their way through the steady ranks; but steady they continue: no halt, no break, no

FLIGHT OF NAPOLEON AFTER WATERLOO. (*A. C. Gow.*)

waver; the stern, set faces of the old guardsmen, peering out through the smoke, are fixed on those gallant forms in front, on the flashing swords of Ney and Friant. Fearful as is the havoc in the ranks, it seems only to add to their fervor and enthusiasm. Men who were grimly silent a few moments before, now burst into cheers of defiance. Suddenly Ney goes down, but, "bravest of the brave," he springs to his feet, leaving his slaughtered horse, and facing his men to show himself unhurt, cheers them forward, waving his sword, while *backing* up the slope. Many a man faces death with calmness. "Only Ney," said Napoleon, "could preserve his perfect coolness with his back to the storm," and the storm of grape and canister is now frightful. Friant is shot down—Friant who with Davout held the right at Austerlitz, and again at Auerstädt—dies with the old guard at Waterloo. Michel, colonel of the Third chasseurs, is killed outright. General De Morvan springs forward in his place, and the brigade moves on. Captains and lieutenants leap to the front. Ney leads on foot. At last, with only one-half their number left, the right column reaches the summit, bursts forward through the guns, and, to the amaze of the officers, sees nothing but low hanging smoke in front. Only for an instant, though. A voice is heard that rings through the battle-cloud like a trumpet call. "Up, guards, and at them!" and from the trench of that fatal Ohain road the grenadiers of England in tall bearskins like their own, in brilliant uniform, spring to their feet with four deep ranks, take low, steady aim, then one crashing volley bursts from the line, and right there on the crest three hundred more of the devoted Imperial Guard are stretched lifeless on the sward. Then Maitland's men dash forward with levelled bayonets, and the guards of France and England grapple on the ridge. The fight is short and desperate. The Frenchmen are surrounded by vomiting guns and howitzers on both flanks, by these vigorous grenadiers in front, by swarms of light troops pouring into them their fire, and they simply melt away. In five minutes, just before eight o'clock, the first column is a shattered and drifting wreck falling slowly back towards Belle Alliance. Then comes the second's turn. It has passed Hougomont. It

can see nothing, through the dense smoke, of the fate of its comrade column. It directs its march upon that point of the British-allied line where the outward curve begins that carries it nearer the chateau. For a few minutes it escapes the fearful storm of grape and canister that has been deluging the first since it got within five hundred yards of the crest; but now all of a sudden it is rent and torn in every direction, the shots are showered in from every side. Still the column forges ahead, shouting its hoarse cry of "*Vive l'empereur.*" Its head is at last at the crest, when here the infantry of Adam's brigade changes front forward, and covers its entire left flank. Two light batteries limber up, gallop forward, and, halting on Adam's right, pour in rapid rounds of grape and canister from the short range of fifty paces, tearing the columns to shreds. Other batteries on the right front are pushed forward, and drive their hot muzzles into the very ranks; while, swarming upon them, right, left, front and everywhere, officers and men confusedly intermingled, the English and Hanoverians surround them with pitiless fire. The guard recoils, falls back an hundred yards to shake loose its tormentors, and strives to deploy to answer that hell of fire; but now the batteries mow it down, and the Fifty-second, Seventy-first and Ninety-fifth British swoop down in daring charge. What is left of the four leading battalions is brushed away across the front towards the high-road, and thence falls back utterly scattered and broken towards the mound, where, grief-stricken and despairing, Napoleon has witnessed the scene.

Two battalions still remain, alone, defiant, dying out there on the smoke-covered slopes. All around them the prostrate wrecks of the Imperial Guard; all beyond, the advancing circle of triumphant enemies. Thrilled with admiration at the sight of their heroism, an English general shouts, "Brave Frenchmen, surrender," and Cambronne, commanding this last remnant of the dying guard, hisses back the answer that Hugo has made immortal; and then the word is given, the death-dealing volleys once more ring out their peal, the trumpets of England and Hanover sound the advance, and, cheering with mad

triumph, the lines of Wellington at last sweep forward down the slopes they have so long defended.

At quarter past eight the French army is in full retreat, and Napoleon, after having placed himself in front of his last reserve and ordered it to follow him, is torn from his suicidal purpose and led from the field by his still devoted staff. It is not quite dark, when, just beyond the inn of La Belle Alliance, Wellington and Blücher meet and exchange brief congratulations. The latter, but for whose arrival the British could have held out no longer, points to the name of the little hostelrie and jubilantly suggests it as most appropriate for the battle so gloriously won in conjunction; and then dashes forward in that merciless and death-dealing pursuit that completes the wreck of Napoleon. Wellington, calmly riding back over the field of his most magnificent stand and final triumph, spends the night at the little hamlet south of the forest of Soignies, and gives thereby the name by which this most decisive battle will ever be known, that of Waterloo.

The world's history can tell of none in which the issues involved were of greater moment, or the results of which were more immediate, more sweeping, more decisive; but it was won at fearful cost.

England lost in killed, 142 officers and 2,341 men; in wounded, 550 officers and 7,327 men; in missing, 14 officers and 1,056 men. This includes the losses of the Hanoverians, Brunswickers, etc.; and, added to the 4,000 lost by the Dutch-Belgians (mainly under the indefinite head of "missing"), gives a total loss in the army of the Duke of Wellington of 14,728. Blücher's loss, killed, wounded and missing, was 6,775; making the total loss of the allies, 21,503.

The loss of the French army has never been accurately computed. It was almost totally destroyed in the battle and the pursuit that followed. All of their artillery, ammunition wagons, baggage and supplies fell into the hands of the victors. It is safe to say that 30,000 Frenchmen were killed, wounded or prisoners, and that only a wreck of the Grand Army got back behind the Sambre. As for Napoleon, his last hope was gone.

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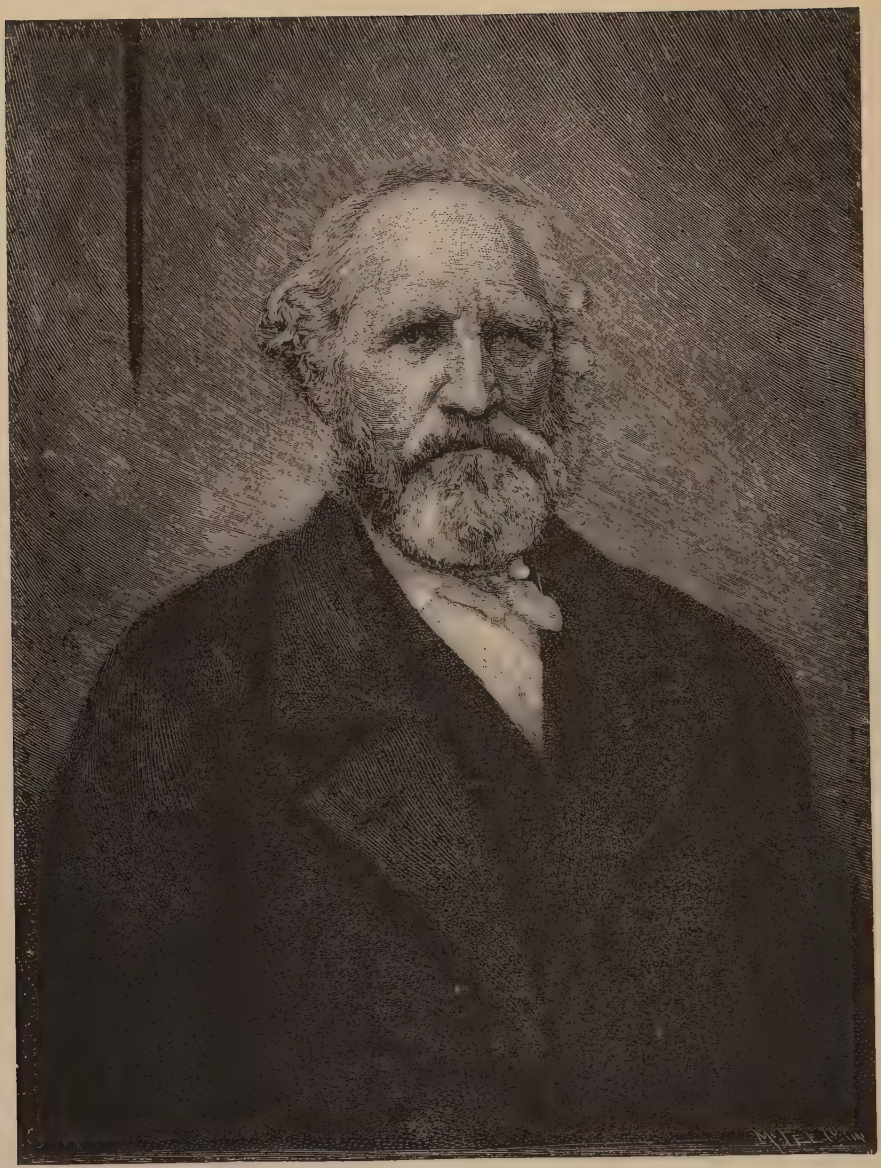
July found him a prisoner in British hands; October a broken exile on the lonely rock of St. Helena, a thousand miles from shore, and there, after six years of mental suffering and racking disease, his proud spirit took its flight, and the most renowned soldier the world has ever known was lowered to his grave.



Sam Houston

THE ALAMO.

1836

BY JAMES H. WILLARD.

N the noble and romantic history of Texas, no portion is more interesting to the reader, than that which relates the struggles of the Texans to free themselves from the rule of Mexico.

The Texan revolution had drawn to itself, more than the number of men of talent, who are usually attracted by the stirring events such movements promise. Yet, the cause looked almost hopeless as the Texan leaders—somewhat torn by dissensions among themselves, were assembled before San Antonio de Bexar on the evening of December 4th, 1835. The arrival of a scout bringing information regarding the garrison, so changed the current of feeling, that Colonel Benjamin R. Milam cried aloud "who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?" An enthusiastic organization was effected, and an attacking party formed, which, in two divisions made an assault upon the town just before daylight on the following morning.

Having forced an entrance into the city, the Texans found themselves confronted by breastworks and batteries; hand to hand conflicts ensued, in which the Texans silenced the Mexican artillery by their rifle fire. At night they strengthened the positions they had won. On the 6th, a brisk fire of small arms was kept up from the buildings in which the opposing forces had entrenched themselves. On the 7th, the Texans gained material advantages, but on that day, Colonel Milam was instantly killed by a rifle-ball. A row of houses was taken from

the Mexicans on the 8th. These were separated by thick walls, which the Texans pierced, and so fought their way from room to room. That night the Texans dislodged the enemy from a strong building known as the "Priest's House," which commanded the Plaza. This virtually gave the Texans possession of the town, and on the following day General Cos, the Mexican commander, agreed to capitulate.

The articles of capitulation were agreed upon, on the 10th. The terms were humane. Officers and men were allowed to retire with their private property; all public property to belong to the victors. The Mexican sick and wounded were left behind, and were well cared for. General Cos withdrew from San Antonio on the 14th, and Colonel Johnson and a force of Texans garrisoned the Alamo.

March 2d, 1836, witnessed the birth of the new republic. Political connection with Mexico was declared forever at an end. As General Santa Anna, the Mexican President, was approaching with a well-appointed army, General Sam Houston was chosen to the responsible office of Commander-in-Chief of the Texan forces, which had been augmented by energetic organization. Lieutenant-Colonel Travis with some thirty men, and Colonel James Bowie with about the same number, were sent by General Houston to San Antonio; and now another hero, David Crockett, with a few companions, joined them in time to share their glorious fate in the Alamo.

Opposite San Antonio, where the river of the same name makes the remarkable bend that encloses a portion of the town, rises the ancient mission of the Alamo. Here the river is some sixty feet in width and for the most part shallow. The country around is flat, and ditches on both sides of the river were used for the purpose of irrigating the land, and also for defence. Two aqueducts, running on either side of the walls, supplied the Alamo with water. The walls, though thick, were those of a mission, not a fortress. Four pieces of artillery faced the town, four to the north. Two were by the side of a church that contained the magazine and soldiers' quarters; four defended the gate that faced the bridge leading across the river to San An-

tonio. A hospital, armory and stables for horses were within the walls. Colonel Travis had strengthened his defences whenever possible, but he was inadequately provided with men, ammunition and provisions.

General Santa Anna occupied San Antonio on the afternoon of February 23d; the few Texans who comprised the feeble garrison, retiring in good order, across the river to the Alamo. The Mexican general then demanded the unqualified surrender of the Texan position and its defenders. Travis' reply was uncompromising and defiant—a shot from the fort. Then a blood-red flag was raised over San Antonio, and the Mexican attack began.

As Santa Anna intended to reduce the Alamo by slow approaches, the earlier stages of the bombardment were not severe; but Travis, realizing that his situation bordered on the desperate sent an express to Colonel Fannin at Goliad, with a strong appeal for aid, yet declaring that he would never retreat. This letter, which reached Colonel Fannin on the 25th, showed the determination of the heroic band to defend the liberties of the new republic to the last drop of blood in their veins; and was as follows:

"COMMANDENCY OF THE ALAMO, BEXAR, February 24, 1836.

"FELLOW CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS: I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continued bombardment for twenty-four hours, and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword, if the place is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon-shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then I call on you in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all despatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements, daily, and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. Though this call many be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets

what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death!

"W. BARRET TRAVIS, *Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.*

"P. S.—The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight, we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses, eighty or ninety bushels, and got into the walls twenty or thirty head of beeves. T."

Led by Santa Anna in person, the Mexican forces crossed the river on the 25th, meeting with such strong resistance, however, that they were unable until night, to erect a battery in front of the gate of the Alamo. Under cover of the darkness, and the protection afforded by some old houses between the river and the fort, the Mexicans succeeded in planting this battery and also another, some thousand yards to the southeast. Travis sallied out and set fire to a few wooden houses and straw huts in the vicinity of the walls, and on the night of the following day again succeeded in burning more houses that could have afforded protection to the enemy. This day and the one following were occupied in skirmishing, with but little effect upon either side. On the 28th, Travis strengthened the walls of the fort by throwing up dirt on the inside; the Mexicans erected another battery and attempted to cut off the water supply of the Texans. On the same day, Colonel Fannin set out from Goliad to aid the beleaguered garrison, but a succession of disasters and lack of provisions prevented more than a slight advance. After a council of war had been held, it was decided the detatchment should return to Goliad, which was done.

A reinforcement of thirty-two men under Captain John W. Smith, succeeded in reaching the Alamo, on March 1st. This brought the effective force of Travis' command to 188 men. With a view to husbanding their ammunition, which was running low, the Texans seldom replied to the Mexican guns which kept up an almost continuous fire, day by day. On the 3d, the Mexicans planted another battery, this time within musket-shot of the fort. In his sore perplexity, Travis now despatched a courier to the president of the convention, bearing a last

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO.

appeal, which breathed his lofty determination to maintain the position. A sally from the fort, resulting in a skirmish with the Mexican outpost, was made at night.

On the 4th, Santa Anna called a council of war, and the assault of the Alamo was decided upon. The fort was to be carried by storm, as soon as the necessary preparations could be made. An army of 4,000 well-equipped troops backed by artillery, was to be thrown against Travis' handful of heroes, hungry and worn-out with incessant watching.

Shortly after midnight, on Sunday, March 6th, the devoted band in the old Mission were completely surrounded by their foes. The Mexican infantry carried scaling ladders; cavalry was posted to cut them down if they flinched from their task. As the circle around the fort rapidly contracted, the Texans poured upon the advancing columns a murderous fire from artillery and small arms. It was daylight when the first ladders were placed against the walls, but the assailants were beaten back. The second attempt to reach the top of the walls, was also repulsed. On the third attempt, the enemy bore down upon the exhausted defenders in such numbers, that repulse was impossible. Unable to withstand such overwhelming odds the Texans were borne back into the fort, now filled with the enemy.

With clubbed guns, the survivors fought on until nearly the whole number were cut down. If the cry for quarter was raised, none heeded it. Red as the flag on the church of Bexar, ran the waters of the aqueduct around the venerable walls Unequalled heroism saved none. Travis fell near the western wall; Crockett in a corner near the church. The slain lay in piles about them. Bowie was butchered and mutilated on his sick-bed. Evans was shot while attempting to fire the magazine, a duty, which by agreement among the defenders, had fallen to him as the survivor.

There had been no surrender; there had been no retreat. One brief hour after the Sabbath sun had touched the grim walls flying the flag of the lone-star republic, the sacrifice for country was complete. With three times their own number of

foemen dead around them, the heroic defenders of the Alamo, stiffening as they lay, furnished a spectacle of moral sublimity rarely witnessed among men.

The Mexican victory was complete, and they signalized it by stripping the bodies of the Texans, subjecting them to brutal mutilations, and then burning them in heaps. The wife of Lieutenant Dickinson who fell during the defence, her child, a negro-servant of Colonel Travis, and two Mexican women, were all that survived the shambles of the Alamo.

GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

CHAPULTEPEC.

1847

BY JAMES H. WILLARD.

HE ancient Aztec city of Tenochtitlan, crowned a slight elevation in the heart of an irregular basin, 7,500 feet above sea level. Upon its site—midway between the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, and some two hundred miles west of Vera Cruz—rises the fair city of Mexico. Coyoacan, older than the capital itself, and once the seat of Cortez's government, nestled near the city. Around, are lakes of beauty; tall mountains look down upon the cathedral, built above the ruins of an Aztec temple.

Upon this garden spot of the republic, the American army was advancing. The fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had been fought and won. Matamoras had fallen; the capitulation of the city had followed the storming of Monterey; the decisive action at Buena Vista had passed into history. Then the Americans invested Vera Cruz by land and by sea. The Mexicans struck their flag after a terrible bombardment. In the words of an eyewitness: "Bombs were flying into Vera Cruz like hail. Sulphureous flashes, clouds of smoke and the dull booms of heavy guns arose from the walls of the city in return; while ever and anon a red sheet of flame would leap from the great brass mortars of the castle, followed by a report which fairly made the earth tremble. . . . A huge black cloud of smoke hung like a pall over the American army, completely concealing it from view; the Mexicans had ceased firing in order to prevent our troops from directing their guns by the flashes

from the walls: but, having obtained the exact range before dark, the gunners continued their fire, every shell falling directly into the city. Suddenly a vivid, lightning like flash would gleam for an instant upon the dense cloud of smoke over our lines, and then, as the roar of the great mortar was borne to our ears, the ponderous shell would be seen to dart upward like a meteor, and after describing a semicircle in the air, descend with a loud crash upon the housetops, or into the resounding streets. Then, after a brief but awful moment of suspense, a lurid glare, illuminating for an instant the white domes and grim fortresses of Vera Cruz, falling into ruins with the shock, and the echoing crash that came to our ears told that a shell had exploded, and executed its terrible mission."

After the fall of the hitherto impregnable defences of Vera Cruz, the American army marched along the great national road toward the City of Mexico. Entrenched among the rocky defiles and precipitous cliffs of the Sierra Madre, General Santa Anna contested the advance of the invaders. Cannon roared and echoed along the gorges. A murderous storm greeted the Americans as they swept over the parapets, leaped among their foes, and with the bayonet won the victory of Cerro Gordo.

Jalapa, La Hoya, Perote aud Puebla fell in quick succession. Three large cities, two castles, upward of 700 cannon, immense quantities of small arms and ammunition, with 10,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the Americans in the space of two months.

Then with consummate science and ability, General Scott led his army around Lake Chalco, and fought the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. Then came an armistice, which terminated however, on September 6th. Two days later, the American guns opened on Molino del Rey. After a severe resistance, the Mexicans were driven from their stronghold; the citadel of Casa Mata fell to the Americans on the same day.

The Castle of Chapultepec was now the only obstacle to an attack upon the City of Mexico. In his report, General Scott described this fortress as "a natural and isolated mound, of great elevation, strongly fortified at its base, on its acclivities and

heights. Besides a numerous garrison, here was the military college of the republic, with a large number of sub-lieutenants and other students. Those works were within direct gunshot of the village of Tacubaya, and, until carried, we could not approach the city on the west without making a circuit too wide and too hazardous."

Against a background of shadowy hills, rose the crenelated walls of the grim fortress that kept ward over what was once the "Venice of the Aztecs." Against its frowning bastions the American commander was now to throw his battle-scarred veterans; nothing stood between them and the coveted city—picturesque, redolent of its Spanish ancestry, except this last link in the chain of obstacles that had hampered their progress from the waters of the Gulf to the basin of Mexico. Siege gun and mortar hurled an iron storm against the walls, until a preconcerted lull in the firing, gave the signal for the storming party to advance. Sweeping the enemy from the woods, Pillow's men reached the base of the hill and clambered up the ascent. Every Mexican gun that could be brought to bear, sent a pitiless hail of grape into their ranks. The sirocco breath of the cannon fanned the cheeks of the assailants, as they labored over the rocky way. A Pennsylvanian, Cadwalader, led the gallant band. Although wounded, Pillow would not leave the field, but was carried up the hill to witness the bravery of his command.

In the words of the General-in-Chief, "The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt midway to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave officers, though necessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry. The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor, and the shouts that followed announced to the castle the fate that impended. The enemy were steadily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed not time to fire a single mine without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who at a distance attempted to apply matches to the long trains were shot down by our men. There was death below as well as

above ground. At length, the ditch and wall of the main work were reached; the scaling-ladders were brought up and planted by the storming parties; some of the daring spirits first in the assault were cast down—killed or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made; streams of heroes followed; all opposition was overcome, and several of our regimental colors were flung out from the upper walls, amidst long continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could have been more animating or glorious." Colonel Ransom met a soldier's death in the headlong assault. Major Seymour mounted the ladders with the rank and file, gained the parapet, and tore down the Mexican colors with his own hands.

Quitman assaulted the fortress from the opposite side. As the September sun first touched citadel and bastion, his cannon roared messages of doom to the foe in their emplacements at the base and along the acclivity of the death-dealing hill. Swift, sure hurt lurked in the deep ditches that gridironed the meadow across which Shields led the heroes of Churubusco, in the wild rush that gave them the coveted wall—an outpost of death. Here Van O'Linda fell, Baxter received a mortal wound, Geary was disabled; Shields, himself, though severely wounded, refused to leave the field. Smith scattered the Mexican skirmishers with musketry; Benjamin shelled the sloping woods; Hunt tore the enemy's lines with shrapnel and shell. Then the bugles sounded the assault. In an unbroken line, the Americans swept up to the outer line of breastworks, under a canopy of shot and shell; in deadly grapple they threw themselves upon the foe. Bayonet crossed sword; clubbed rifles rose and fell; the bellow of cannon ceased as the indescribable mass swayed in the agonies of conflict. Against the desperate valor of the Americans, resistance was in vain. Quitman had opened another path to Chapultepec itself. A general and ten colonels were among the hundred officers captured; 550 of the rank and file were made prisoners. Among the spoils were 1,000 muskets and seven pieces of artillery.

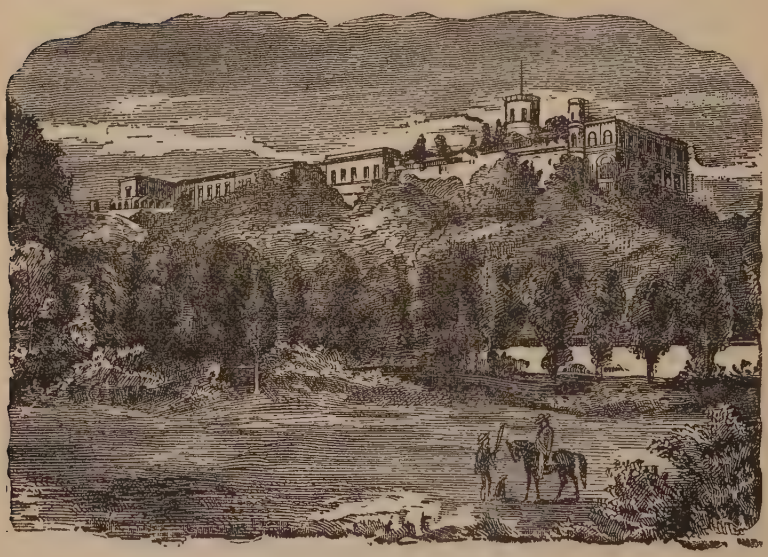
Gallant Casey led the regulars on this glorious day until severely wounded; then Paul, at their head, won deathless renown.

Miller led the volunteers after the fall of the lamented Twiggs. The bravery of the regulars was emulated by the volunteers. Those whose consign lay on the south side of the stubbornly defended hill, fought their way past every obstacle to Pillow's regulars, and with colors mingled, struggled up the death-strewn gullies, side by side. General Pillow, in speaking of the brilliant operations around Chapultepec, said: "That the enemy was in large force, I know, certainly, from personal observation. I know it also from the fact that there were killed and taken prisoners, one major-general, and six brigadiers. As there were six brigadier-generals, there could not have been less than six brigades. 1,000 men to each brigade, (which is a low estimate, for we had previously taken so many general officers prisoners, that the commands of others must have been considerably increased,) would make 6,000 troops. But independent of these evidences of the enemy's strength, I have General Bravo's own account of the strength of his command, given me only a few minutes after he was taken prisoner. He communicated to me, through Passed Midshipman Rogers, that there were upward of 6,000 in the works and surrounding grounds. The killed, wounded, and prisoners, agreeably to the best estimate I can form, were about 1,800, and immense numbers of the enemy were seen to escape over the wall on the north and west sides of Chapultepec."

The storming of Chapultepec opened a direct road to the City of Mexico. Worth pounded the San Cosme gate and found himself in the city; Quitman forced an entrance by the Belen gate, after an advance and assault, comparable to Napoleon's passage of the Lodi. Terrific fighting ensued, until General Santa Anna and his army abandoned the city. Childs, left behind in Puebla, was besieged for forty days, but offered such heroic resistance that the siege was raised. Lane fought and won the battle of Huamantla—where the dashing Captain Walker fell, then marched to the relief of Childs, winning the battle of Atlixco on the way. Then came the capture of Guaymas, and fierce combats with guerillas who infested every plain and thicket; then, La Paz, San José and the remaining opera-

tions in California and New Mexico. The "Treaty of peace, friendship, limits and settlement between the United States of America, and the Mexican Republic," was concluded at Guadaloupe Hidalgo, February 2d, 1848.

Seldom is the historian called upon to record such valor as the American troops illustrated, from the opening of the campaign on the Rio Grande to their occupation of the capital of Mexico, and during the subsequent sanguinary engagements that preceded the treaty of peace.



CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC.

BALACLAVA.

1854.

ERE this a series of sketches of only the most important battles in the world's history, the stirring engagements of the 25th of October, 1854, would have no place in its pages; but, in the annals of modern history, no military exploit has ever received such wide attention or excited so much interest, enthusiasm and remark, as "the Charge of the Light Brigade."

Wherever the English language is spoken, and the sun, we know, never sets on England's possessions, the famous lines of her poet laureate are "familiar as household words;" and not to English-speaking people alone is the story well known. Russia, France and Turkey looked on in amaze that day, and, as the tidings of the thrilling battle were flashed around the globe, very truly was it said that "all the world wondered."

No one event in soldierly history contains more lessons than the combat on the "plains of Balaclava" during the Crimean war. Lessons of absurd incapacity of bureau officials at the seat of government; of sodden stupidity of Muscovite generals on one side, and hot-headed and deplorable rashness on the other; of superb and heroic daring on the part of Britain's horsemen, and of absolute inertia on part of their foes. The story has been told by thousands of pens and by tens of thousands of tongues, yet it can never grow old while our hearts warm at tales of bravery and battle.

But, in speaking of Balaclava, people seem to think only of the charge of the Light Brigade, forgetting or ignoring a charge

made earlier in the day that was as superb and successful as the other was superb and disastrous. It is the purpose of this chapter to tell of both, and to set before our readers the story of the whole day's adventures.

In her quarrel with Turkey, the great Russian empire had made alarming demonstrations towards the Bosphorus, the outlet of the Black Sea. If Russia could but once gain possession of Constantinople and the command of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, her empire, as was said by the great Napoleon, would indeed be "the empire of the world." The Black Sea, with its fine harbors, ship-yards and roadsteads, would become the secure rendezvous of her fleets, and issuing from the narrow straits to the south, she could sweep the inland ocean of the Mediterranean or fall back under her guns, as her enemies proved too small or great. The "eastern question" is too complex for discussion here. England and France found their interests in grave jeopardy, and joined forces with Turkey to resist the Russian move.

In September, 1854, a powerful fleet appeared off the west coast of the Crimea (that bleak and sparsely settled peninsula that juts out into the Black Sea from the Russian shore), and, passing Sebastopol with its solid fortifications, its arsenals and dock-yards, moved northward and disembarked an army on the strand. For the first time in 500 years, England and France were to fight side by side. Marching southward, with the cholera as a companion, the allied army met the Russians on the banks of the Alma and won a victory by dint of hard fighting and sheer personal pluck. The Russians fell back to Sebastopol; the French and English followed, and, instead of attacking at once and carrying the city with its somewhat demoralized garrison by storm, as could have been done with much smaller loss than they had to undergo in the winter that followed, the leaders decided to lay siege to the city. The ground to the north did not seem favorable for siege approaches, especially as the broad, deep harbor lay between them and the town; so they marched clear around it on the east and invested it from the south. This left open all the roads to Russia, and in a few days, troops, sup-

plies and provisions began to arrive in ample quantity from the north for the use of the garrison; and for a long time nothing came to help the British and French. The former had seized the little land-locked harbor of Balaclava to make it their supply dépôt, and thither the transports and war-ships were directed to sail; but all their infantry and artillery were needed in the trenches around Sebastopol; and, to guard Balaclava from assault by the Russians, who had strong forces out, all over the Crimea, ready to swoop down on any undefended point, the English could only rely upon Sir Colin Campbell, with the Ninety-third Highlanders; and the cavalry division, which, not being available for siege duty, had gone into camp out in the open ground northeast of Balaclava. It numbered, all told, about 1,500 men.

Lord Raglan was "commander of the forces" in the British army of occupation. He had given the best years of his life to the profession of arms; had been a trusted staff-officer of the great Duke of Wellington; had served in the Peninsula, at Waterloo and in India. He and his infantry generals were men who were practised soldiers; but in the English army, in those days of promotion by purchase and family influence, the cavalry was regarded as the "crack" arm of the service—the most aristocratic, desirable and chivalric. The British troopers were selected with the utmost care, and most thoroughly taught the use of the sword, and made to ride like centaurs. Men and horses were superb. Then, to keep alive their pride, their uniforms and equipments were of the most showy material and costly make. Each regiment had its distinctive number, name and traditions. Each had its "honors," and in the whole world there probably was not a more gallant and high-spirited body of young officers and men than went with England's cavalry division to the Crimea in 1854. It was composed of two brigades, one of light, the other of heavy cavalry. Next to the household brigade—the Queen's personal guards—the most aristocratic corps in the army were the hussars and lancers—the *light* cavalry; but there was no lack of gentle blood, and there was vast preponderance of solid British brawn and muscle in the dragoons, or "heavies," as they were called. England only

sent 1,500 cavalry with its army of occupation to the Crimea, and before Balaclava, sickness had robbed the two brigades of many men and horses; but in each brigade were five small regiments, and their names will go down to posterity as heroes of the most thrilling cavalry exploit of the nineteenth century. The Light Brigade was made up of the reduced "service squadrons" of the Eighth and Eleventh hussars (known among their comrades as the Royal Irish and the "Cherry Pants," respectively); the Fourth and Thirteenth light dragoons, and the superb "death or glory" squadrons of the Seventeenth lancers. In all the British army, no regiments were more envied than the Eleventh hussars (the "Prince of Wales' Own"), and the Seventeenth lancers, that had fought in every war and every important battle where British colors waved, from the day of their organization. The officers of the Light Brigade were, as a rule, young gentlemen or noblemen of high birth and connection. Some few were experienced cavalrymen—all were brave.

The Heavy Brigade was composed of five regiments of dragoons, three of which were famous organizations, and had given to their organization the name of the "Union brigade." These were the three regiments of dragoon-guards known as the Royals, the Scots Greys and the Inniskillings, composed respectively of men recruited from England, Scotland and Ireland. The other two commands were the Fourth and Fifth dragoon-guards—fine soldiers, but not so renowned, perhaps, as their brigade comrades who had fought together even at Waterloo, and between whom an almost romantic spirit of friendship and alliance existed. The dragoons were uniformed in scarlet, with heavy brass helmets and shoulder-scales, except the Scots Greys, who still clung to the massive bearskin head-gear they had been allowed to wear for a century, and were loth to part with, despite its cumbrousness as a horseman's hat. The Light Brigade wore the jaunty tunic and white facings in the lancer regiment, and the fanciful "busby" and fur-trimmed pelisse of blue in the hussars. Horses and men in the "Heavies" were of stouter build than in the light, but the latter affected a somewhat airy manner of superiority over their comrades.

BALACLAVA. CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. (*R. Caton Woodville.*)

Now the Russian cavalry in the Crimea was numerically almost twenty times as strong as the British, and, whether lancers, hussars, dragoons, or the ubiquitous Cossacks, they were habited in immense gray overcoats and heavy caps of felt and fur that made admirable defensive armor against sword-cut or thrust. They were mounted on powerful, "stocky" horses; had been rigorously drilled and disciplined; but the rank and file were of the same patient, docile, steadfast nature that made their infantry so reliable. Except the Cossacks, they utterly lacked the fire and enthusiasm, the sense of individuality which is so important to a good cavalry soldier. Imposing in mass and on parade, they had none of the dash that characterized the French and English troopers; and, both at the Alma and during the movements around Sebastopol, they had been clumsily handled, and were held in little respect by their foes.

But not only of the Russian cavalry was the British linesmen speaking disdainfully after the battle of the Alma; all around among the camp-fires on the high plateau of the Chersonese, where the British infantry had pitched their tents, could be heard slurs and inuendos at the expense of the light cavalry brigade. "Too fine fellows for their work." "Too accustomed to being petted, spoiled and coddled at home to be worth anything in the field." They, too, had been faultily led and handled after the Alma, and now, camping in the south valley over under the protecting shoulder of the Chersonese, their leader living and sleeping in pampered luxury on board his yacht in Balaclava harbor, they became the target for much unfriendly criticism among their own people; and the Light Brigade stood sorely in need of a brilliant battle in which to show the stuff they knew they had within them.

They and their comrade "Heavies" were camped, as we have said, under the slopes of the Chersonese, down in the south valley. Now let us take a look at their leaders.

It has been said that the cavalry officer is, like the poet, "born, not made;" but no man has ever yet proved himself a great cavalry leader without having first mastered the rudiments of mounted service, and spent some years in connection with it in

the field. For years previous to the Crimean war, England had the finest practical cavalry-school in the world—India; and there were in her armies scores—perhaps hundreds—of thoroughly skilled and experienced officers of all grades, who had scouted, skirmished and fought with the war-like Sikhs through jungle, plain or mountain pass. The service had been severe, exacting, and full of danger and incessant alarm; it had called for a high degree of personal courage and judgment, and in the constant exercise of every soldierly faculty, had made the English officers who had gone through the ordeal, most accomplished leaders of horse. Now that it became necessary to send a fine cavalry division into active service against a powerful foe, renowned for his strength in that particular arm, the natural supposition would be that England would select for its leaders men, who had proved their worth as cavalry soldiers. It would be the obvious course of any sensible government.

But England did nothing of the kind. For commanders of her division and brigades, "Her Majesty's government" selected three gentlemen of high degree, who not only had never so much as seen service in the cavalry, but had absolutely seen no active service at all. Not one had ever taken part in campaign or battle. There were dozens of men amply qualified for the command and eager to take it, but they were not *peers*. England placed the flower of her army in the hands of three tyros—but two of these *were* peers.

To the Earl of Lucan, who had modestly expressed a wish to be made use of in some capacity, England confided the whole division of cavalry. He had asked for an infantry brigade as best suited to his inexperience. To the Earl of Cardigan was intrusted the Light Brigade, and to the Right Honorable Yorke Scarlett were given the "Heavies." All three gentlemen were over fifty years of age. Lord Lucan was a lieutenant-general. Cardigan and Scarlett were brigadiers. Lucan and Cardigan were brothers-in-law and hated one another cordially. Each had unbounded faith in his own knowledge and skill, and very little faith or respect for that of anybody else. Lucan was a man who speedily made himself known as a determined and unsparing

critic of the orders and actions of his superiors, a persistent growler and fault-finder, and he became almost immediately vastly unpopular in the army. Cardigan was a man full of love for the profession of arms. He had entered the most extravagant and gorgeous of the hussar regiments (the "Prince of Wales' Own") when a young man, and the extraordinary system of purchase and nepotism combined, had enabled him in seven years to rise from the foot of its list of officers to the command of the "Cherry Pants." For a long time he had been its colonel "for his amusement," and, after being gazetted general of brigade, he still continued when on military duty to wear the superb uniform of his old regiment. It was the handsomest in the army and preferable on that account. But Cardigan was selfish to the core, arrogant and haughty with his juniors in rank, and holding himself aloof from all comradeship with his fellow-campaigners when they went to the bleak Crimea. At a time when the whole cavalry division was "roughing it" in camp under the shoulder of the Chersonese, when all was sickness, discomfort and privation, when Lucan and Scarlett were sharing the hardships with their men, my Lord Cardigan was living and sleeping in luxury aboard his yacht in Balaclava harbor, only trotting over to camp occasionally to attend to routine duty and say rasping things to his officers. No "commoner" could have dared pursue such a course; but when a peer of England chose to do his campaigning in that manner there was no one to say him nay. Lord Raglan, "commander of the forces," had not personal force enough to forbid it.

General Scarlett was a man of totally different mould. Proud of his new command, he set himself diligently to work to qualify himself for the position, and speedily won the confidence and respect of officers and troopers alike. While Lucan and Cardigan chose as their aides-de-camp young officers of the nobility and aristocracy, without reference to their military ability, Scarlett picked out men distinguished for brilliancy and experience in war, without reference to their family influence or connections. This gave him the services of two admirable cavalry soldiers, Alexander Eliot and Colonel Beatson.

Now to take a look at the ground. Sebastopol lay on the south side of a deep arm of the sea that stretched in, eastward, between steep and rugged shores. Massive fortifications of masonry were planted on every point, and every commanding piece of ground. Into the long narrow harbor there flowed from the southeast the river Tchernaya through a deep valley. South of the harbor the shore line jutted out into a bold promontory, then swept round eastward in precipitous cliffs for some miles, until a fissure-like opening in their face gave entrance to the little roadstead of Balaclava, a town and harbor which lay southeast of Sebastopol. A rough country road led up the heights back of Balaclava through the gorge of Kadikoï, and so over the bleak highlands of the Chersonese into Sebastopol itself. This "Chersonese" was a broad and too breezy upland, sloping gradually upwards and backwards away from the city and harbor, until within a mile and a half of Balaclava it dipped abruptly down into what has been called the plain, an open, undulating tract of country lying north of the little town, and extending from the Chersonese on the west to the ridge between it, and the valley of the Tchernaya on the east. Dividing it into two nearly equal oblong portions was a longitudinal ridge with occasional knolls or hummocks, and along this ridge ran the broad highway from Sebastopol to the southeast known as the Woronzoff road. The ridge was given the name of the Causeway Heights, and the oblong portions of the plain of Balaclava were called the North valley and South valley respectively, as they lay north or south of the highway. The north valley was thus surrounded on four sides by rising ground; west by the Chersonese bluffs, which overlooked the entire plain from a height of some four hundred feet; north by the Fedioukine Heights; east by Mount Hasfort of the Tchernaya "divide," as it would be called on the plains of our great west, and south by the Causeway Heights. The entire north valley was open and admirably adapted for the movements of cavalry.

The English and French armies were encamped around the south side of Sebastopol, the French nearest the sea; only the

British cavalry and the Ninety-third Highlanders being near Balaclava. Under the guidance of English officers some 3,000 Turks had been employed building earthen redoubts along the Causeway Heights, and planting guns therein to protect Balaclava from Russian attack from the valley of the Tchernaya. These attacks were frequently threatened, but nothing seemed to come of them. It was the 10th of October when the British "broke ground" for the siege around Sebastopol, and these threatened attacks on Balaclava were so frequent that when word was brought to Lord Raglan on the 24th that very heavy columns of the Russians were crossing the Tchernaya with the evident intention of an assault on the new works at Balaclava, he merely replied, "Very well," and went on with his conversation with the French general, and paid no further attention to the matter. Before dawn on October 25th the Russians were there, and in very strong force—General Liprandi with some 18,000 men having swooped down upon the Turks on the Causeway Heights, and General Jabrokritsky with perhaps 7,000 having seized a strong position on the Fedioukine Heights. The Turks, after a vigorous defence of the easternmost redoubt, were driven towards Balaclava in great confusion; but the western half of the Causeway Heights was saved by the firm stand made by Sir Colin Campbell and his regiment of Highlanders, and the active movements of the cavalry division which hovered about as though ready to attack and yet kept out of dangerous range. The Russians had with them some seventy-eight field-guns of their own, and had captured a number more of English make from the Turkish redoubts on the Causeway Heights.

The sound of battle had already reached Lord Raglan and General Canrobert in their camps on the Chersonese, and they had rapidly mounted and galloped to the edge of the plateau from whence they could overlook the entire scene. Raglan ordered forward two divisions of infantry, and Canrobert the fine cavalry of D'Allonville, but it took time to send to their camps, and longer to get them to the scene; meantime there was peril at Balaclava. Captain Maude, whose battery of horse-artillery had accompanied the cavalry division, was severely wounded,

and by orders of Lord Raglan, the cavalry were drawn back to the west end of the valleys, and just south of the Woronzoff road.

It was about half-past seven A. M. when the Russians succeeded in seizing the easternmost redoubts, and their next move was to assault the position occupied by the Ninety-third Highlanders, which covered Balaclava on the north. By this time the edge of the Chersonese overlooking the plain was thronged with spectators from the French and English camps, and one or two light-batteries had been "hitched in" and trotted thither, and were now unlimbered and ready to hurl plunging shots down into the valley should the Russians come that way, and come they did.

It must be remembered that from the commanding height of the Chersonese (there called the Sapouné Heights), everything on the plain below looked to be about the same general level. This was not the case at all. The north valley sloped very gently down towards the east until it reached the base of Mount Hasfort, but the western end of the valley was cut up by vineyards, farm enclosures, little hillocks and ridges; then there stood the upheaval of the Causeway Heights with its highway, and south of that, over on the slopes of the south valley, were the now abandoned camps of the cavalry division. From the point where the two brigades were now drawn up in line, they could not see anything approaching them along the north valley, though they could see the Russian guns and masses on the heights all around it. It so happened then, that towards nine o'clock, when General Ryjoff with thirty-two field-guns and an immense solid column of gray-clad horsemen came marching westward along the valley, not a single officer or man of the English cavalry division saw or heard of the move. They did not even have skirmishers or videttes on the ridges in front of them—an incomprehensible omission to American eyes. To Lord Raglan and the spectators on the heights, the whole scene was like a panorama. Orders had just been sent to detach eight squadrons to the assistance of the Turks at the gorge of Kadikoï. Lord Lucan had despatched Scarlett with some of his "Heavies" on that mission, and at the same time

ALEXANDER II., CZAR OF RUSSIA, 1877.

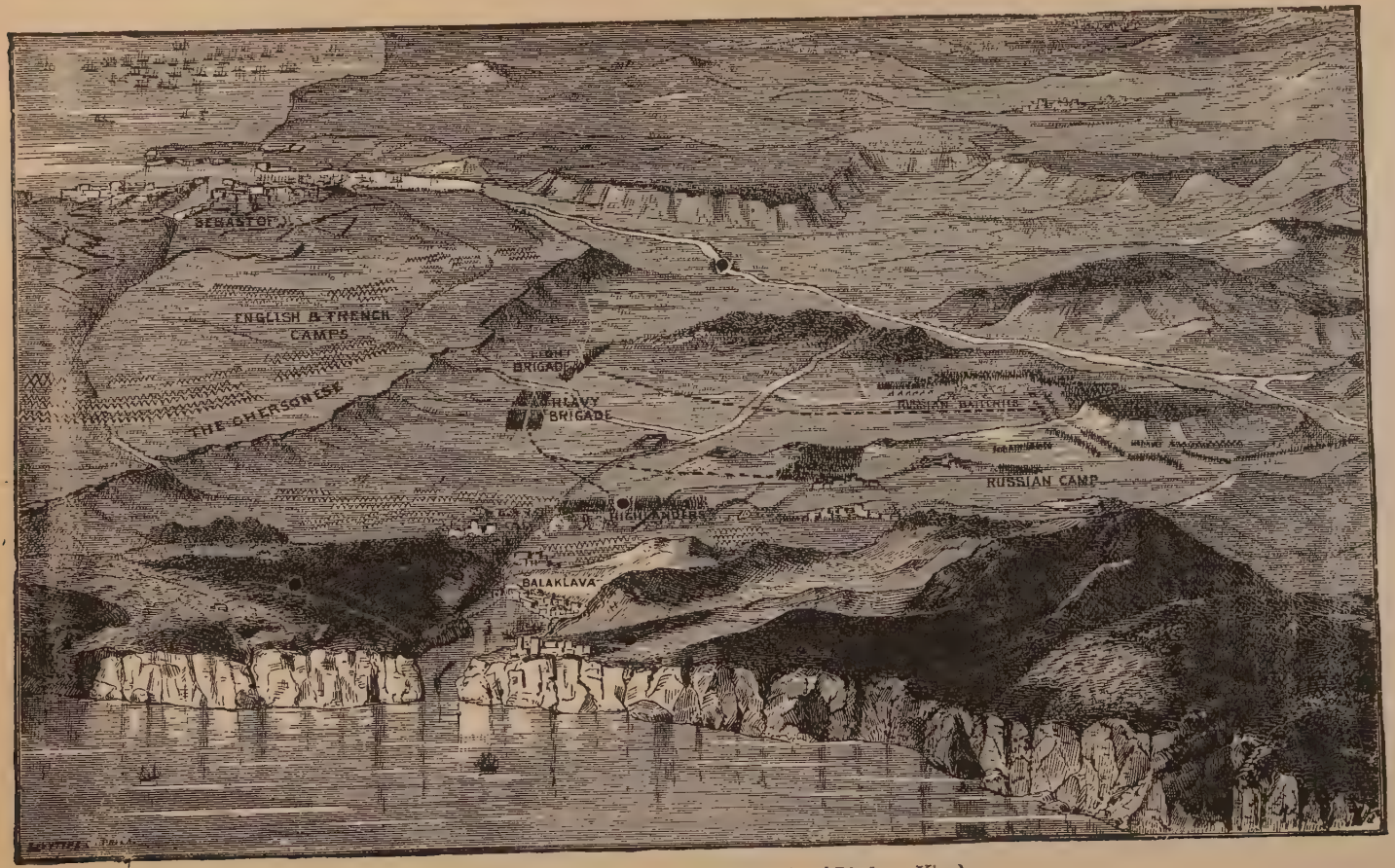
moved the Light Brigade forward some two or three hundred yards into a position where they faced east directly down the north valley, and had himself ridden back towards the Chersonese, when there came from those heights the sound of two or three rapid gun-shots, the whistling of shells through the air *over* the Light Brigade, and the bang and "whirr-r-r" of their explosion farther to the front. Utterly surprised, Lord Lucan galloped to a neighboring hillock, and there caught sight of the heavy column of the Russians sweeping up the valley towards the Light Brigade. They were north of the Woronzoff road, yet not more than quarter of a mile from the slender lines of his lancers and hussars. Now, checked by the guns on the Sapouné Ridge, the whole mass at sound of the trumpet swung southward towards the Causeway Heights, moved slowly *up* that slope with the evident intention of crossing the Woronzoff road, and getting over into the south valley. In so doing, they passed squarely in front of the Light Brigade, presenting their right flank to attack, and, to the amaze and disgust of the lookers-on, the Light Brigade never budged. It was a splendid chance for Cardigan and his swordsmen to rush in on that flank, hack it up and get back with little or no loss, but Cardigan had been told to defend or "hold" that position, and, utterly ignoring the fact that cavalry can never defend by sitting still in the saddle —can only defend by attacking, in fact—the titled blockhead sat stiffly in front of his command, and let the opportunity slip. He had a glorious cavalry soldier close by his side, Captain Morris, commanding the Seventeenth lancers; and Morris, seeing the golden moment going by, ventured to break through the ironclad reserve and distance maintained in English official circles, and beg of Lord Cardigan permission to charge with his regiment at least. He was rudely and haughtily snubbed for his pains.

But even as the spectators on the crest were anathematizing Lord Cardigan for his inaction, they were greeted by a change in the shifting scene below that excited their utmost delight and enthusiasm, not unmixed with anxiety.

Scarlett with his eight squadrons had marched off towards

Kadikoï, was passing behind a thick vineyard or plantation partly concealing him from the Causeway Heights, and then moving out on the open ground, was riding on the left flank of his little brigade with the Inniskilling's Second squadron and the Scots Greys nearest him, when, glancing to the left, the quick eye of his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Eliot, was attracted by a bristling of lance-points peeping up over the Causeway Heights to the north. Then came the pennons or "banderoles," as the swallow-tailed lance flags are called, and in solid squadrons riding "closed in mass" 3,000 Russian horsemen suddenly appeared. It was a sight to shake the nerve of any soldier. Not six hundred yards away, these ponderous masses came trotting over the ridge apparently bent on rushing down the slope and overwhelming the slender ranks of the British, but when light guns began to pop up the crest beside them, and more squadrons show in their rear, things looked desperate. A justifiable impulse on the part of any cavalryman with so small a force as Scarlett's would have been to wheel to the right and trot rapidly off out of the way, but Scarlett was a bull-dog. He wheeled to the left, and flew straight at the throat of his foe.

It was simply magnificent. "Left wheel into line" was the ringing order from his lips. The trumpets echoed the signal; the slender red ranks swung round to the left, halted, "dressed" as though on drill, and then, as though stunned by the very audacity of his island enemy, the Russian commander ordered *halt!* Anything more idiotic he could not have done. Had he kept on—riding down the slope at rapid trot—the mere weight and inertia of his sixteen-deep squadrons would have rolled over the two-rank formation of the British and swept them from the field. Scarlett and Eliot saw the woful blunder at the instant. "Forward" was the order, then came "gallop" and, as they neared the amazed thousands in dusky gray, "charge!" and, way ahead of their leading line, Scarlett and Eliot, side by side, close followed by their trumpeter and "orderly" (the latter a powerful and veteran swordsman, whose very name, Shegog, gave the idea of a giant), crashed headlong into the solid mass of Russians. A splendid-looking officer sat in his saddle in



BATTLE-FIELD OF BALACLAVA (*Birdseye View*).

front of the centre of the line. General Scarlett wore the red coat and brass helmet of his brigade; Eliot the chapeau and blue frock of the staff officer, and the Russian colonel, supposing the latter to be the ranking officer—a general, perhaps—let Scarlett rush past him unopposed, but made a furious cut at Eliot as the latter dashed by on his right; but Eliot's ready blade parried the blow and in the same instant drove to the very hilt through the colonel's body, whirled him round in his saddle, and hurled him to earth a corpse, while the Englishman's charger bore the aide-de-camp and his now reeking sabre into the midst of the enemy. Behind them, with low, savage roar, came the rank of Scots' Greys. Off to their right, with a wild Irish "hurroo," the Inniskillings crashed in on the Russian mass, and then began the most extraordinary cavalry combat on record. Three hundred British troopers were endeavoring to hew their way up hill through three thousand Russians. Their horses had wedged their way in among the leading ranks, and, hewing, hacking, thrusting, hurling men out of the saddle with their brawny arms, the stalwart Scotch and half-savage Paddies were playing havoc with the helpless Muscovites. They and their officers seemed paralyzed by the audacity of the Islanders. Already had Scarlett cut his way into the very centre of the mass, and the leading ranks of Greys and Inniskillings were absolutely swallowed up in the Russian square (for such it practically was), but, though in imminent peril themselves, such was the activity of their good swords, and so great was the consternation of the enemy, that in many instances Russian horsemen threw themselves out of their saddles and took refuge among the chargers' heels rather than face the British blades.

And yet there was very little slaughter going on after the onset. The thick head-gear of the Russians and the very heavy material of their overcoats proved most effective defensive armor against the whirling sword-blades, while British helmet and bear-skin shako answered a like purpose. The horses, wedged in like cattle in a pen, ducked their heads for shelter from the rain of blows, and though fierce and savage cuts and thrusts were given in every direction, and blood flowed freely from

gaping wounds on head and face, comparatively few mortal hurts had been inflicted. Hardly a man of the Heavies escaped without some memento of the combat.

But now the Royals and the Fourth and Fifth Dragoon Guards, who had been farther to the rear when Scarlett made his daring rush, came tearing in at headlong charge—the Royals trotting up to a point opposite the Russian right, between them and the envious horsemen of the Light Brigade, then wheeled into line to their right, took the gallop and charge, and burst upon the flank at right-angles to the line of Greys and Inniskillings. Lord Lucan himself had arrived on the scene and directed the assault to the aid of Scarlett; and now, riven from front to centre by the piercing sabres of their first assailants, and furiously charged on both flanks by fresh and confident horsemen, the whole Russian mass seemed to heave helplessly backward up the slope; then to disintegrate and crumble away; then to surge back in a dingy gray torrent on the supporting Cossacks, sweeping them away with their flood; then the guns whirled about and with galloping steeds went thundering away down the north valley, and in less time than it takes to write it, the whole column of General Ryjoff was in disorderly rout towards the east. Now, now was the time for Cardigan. There he sat with nearly seven hundred eager troopers almost imploring to be let go; officers and men fairly ready to cry with rage and mortification at being held back. Now was his time to launch in the Light Brigade, and Ryjoff's horsemen would never have rallied this side of the Tchernaya, and under the very noses of Liprandi and Jabrokritsky, the British cavalry could have taken every one of the Russian horse-batteries, and won a victory over four times their weight in foes that would have thrilled the world with admiration; but the hero of the Home office, the chosen of her majesty's ministry, had about as much idea of the use of cavalry as he had of morality. "Damn those Heavies. They've got the laugh of us this day," was his comment on the situation, and to the absolute amaze of the throng of spectators on the heights, to the sly ridicule of the French, to the groaning disappointment of the English, the "swells" of the

Light Brigade were held in the leash, and the Russians got away in safety. Scarlett's men, exhausted, were rallied and reformed. Ryjoff's guns and horse scampered to the other end of the valley, a mile and a half away, then reined about and once more faced westward. The chance was gone.

So far the honors of the day were with the "Heavies." Most gallantly had they borne themselves—most astonishing was their success, yet their loss was only seventy-eight killed and seriously wounded, but the "scratches" and cuts were innumerable; and now as, panting for breath, they slowly returned from the brief pursuit, cheer upon cheer went up from the swarms of spectators. "Well done!" came from the lips of Lord Raglan; and brave old Sir Colin Campbell rode over in front of his countrymen, uncovered his white head and called them by their old pet name: "Greys! gallant Greys! I should be proud to be in your ranks."

Well they deserved the lavish praises! Double their number in Russian horsemen were left upon the ground dead or harmless. It was the grandest cavalry exploit of the century—even Murat had done nothing to excel it.

Now to speak of some individual experiences that should never be forgotten in connection with this fight.

The first to pierce the Russian mass was Scarlett himself, a man who had no pretensions to being much of a swordsman, but such was his courage and vim that he not only bore himself superbly through the host of hostile swords and lances, but absolutely cut his way entirely through the square and emerged, battered and bleeding, but still erect in the saddle, on the left flank of the Russian cavalry in plain sight of Lord Lucan, who was then directing the assault of the Fifth Dragoon Guards. The brigadier had received five sharp and painful wounds from lance or sabre, and his helmet was battered into a shapeless mass, but he hardly seemed to know he was hurt. Colonel Griffith of the Scots Greys had been shot in the head by a carbine ball early in the charge. Major Clarke of the Greys lost his bearskin shako, but leaped into the fight bare-headed, and was in desperate danger until rescued by his men. The

instances of personal bravery and daring are innumerable, but of one man, especially, the "Heavies" could never say enough: that man was Alexander Eliot.

He it will be remembered had killed the first of the enemy, the Russian officer who led the centre, and then, jerking out his sword, but never slackening the pace, had leaped in among the gray coats. His distinctive dress, that of the staff-officer, made him the conspicuous object of the enemy's attention. Believing him to be the general they swarmed upon him from every side, but his sword-play was wonderful, and man after man went down before him. It was a revival of the old-time fighting—the days of mace and battle-axe, and mailed knight errantry; only Eliot had neither shield, casque nor coat of mail; his heavy sword, unusually long, strong and sharp, served both for offence and defence, and he found an unexpected ally in his charger. The horse was so furious at being swarmed upon and crowded by the Russian steeds that he took to biting, kicking and lashing out with his heels in every direction, vastly aiding his master in warding off attacks from the rear. But Eliot had cut his way in so far as to be alone in the midst of enemies, and a dozen seemed bent on despatching him. A sabre-gash in the forehead blinded him for a moment, the blood flowing into his eyes, and with savage yells the Russians closed in around him, and all in an instant one sword cut a deep slashing wound right down the middle of his face, another crashed through his chapeau, and another still, a weighty one, laid bare the skull behind the ear. Bleeding from every pore, the daring fellow, nevertheless, fought on, giving full measure for all he got; and when at last the Russians were put to rout, and he was picked up unconscious but alive, fourteen gaping sabre and lance wounds were counted upon him as his share of the honorable trophies of combat. No wonder Greys and Royals and Inniskillings cheered the gallant aide-de-camp. No wonder General Scarlett in his report of the battle to Lord Lucan mentioned Lieutenant Eliot, as especially "entitled to the notice of the commander of the forces," and eventually named him for the Victoria Cross. No wonder all right-thinking men and honest soldiers swore at

the cool, insufferable arrogance with which Lord Lucan treated Scarlett's recommendations. Eliot's name was not even "mentioned in the despatches," and Lord Lucan's report of the cavalry engagements of the 25th of October merely allude to him as "slightly wounded."

Just how to reconcile Lord Lucan's conduct towards this heroic soldier with his pretensions of being himself an officer and a gentleman, is for American soldiers too complex a problem. Scarlett's report of the action was made two days after it occurred, and never till the following December did he learn that Eliot had been entirely ignored by the division commander. That he should be refused the Victoria Cross on plea that in being the most conspicuous man in the fight "he had done no more than his duty" was perhaps to be expected; but it may be safely asserted that no such excuse would have been resorted to had Eliot been the son of a peer of the realm.

Called upon to explain his omission of Eliot's name in the despatches, Lord Lucan replied: "I did not consider it fitting especially to name him. . . . I think that the obvious consequences of such general and indiscriminate recommendations would be that but little value would be attached to general officers' requests."

No; Lord Lucan declined to mention Mr. Eliot, who was the hero of the charge of the Heavy Brigade. Instead of him he named as most distinguished, his own aide-de-camp, *who took no part whatsoever in either of the great charges*, and the nature of whose gallant services on that day is, to this, an impenetrable mystery.

However, this was by no means Lord Lucan's worst blunder at Balaclava. It is small wonder that even the imbecility of the British war-office could put up with his incapacities no longer, and that it speedily became necessary to relieve him of the command of what he had not sacrificed of his division, and send him home. The most patient and painstaking and loyal of English historians, Mr. Kinglake, can find little or nothing to say in extenuation of his lordship's colossal shortcomings as a commander; and it is to his elaborate account of Balaclava that we

are mainly indebted for the details of the affair. Lord Lucan was destined to sacrifice the flower of the British army—the gallant and spirited Light Brigade.

The wonderful exploit of the "Heavies" had been witnessed by thousands of stunned foemen as well as by hundreds of delighted friends. By this time the Sapouné Heights began to blaze with the scarlet tunics of the guardsmen under the Duke of Cambridge, and those of the Light Division. Lord Raglan's reinforcements were coming up.

On the other hand Ryjoff's disordered cavalry, accompanied by the light guns, had scurried back down the long north valley, and then, finding itself unpursued (for Scarlett's men were breathless and Cardigan's held in restraint), had at last rallied under the slopes of Mount Hasfort, and then the Cossack batteries unlimbered their ugly black guns, and now a dozen of them were pointing squarely up the valley in case the British horsemen should advance. Off on the Fedioukine Heights, north of the valley, the slopes for nearly a mile and a half were lined with field-guns and riflemen from the Russian ranks, and over on the Causeway Heights to the south, the Odessa regiment was slowly retiring from its advanced position, and falling back eastward upon the heavy supports farther along the ridge. But they were not going empty-handed. Far up on the Chersonese, keen-sighted soldiers had marked the scurry of artillery teams. Already, seeing the Russian infantry falling back, Lord Raglan had sent to Lord Lucan an order in writing: "Cavalry to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights," and Lucan, who now had his whole division in line facing down the North valley just north of the Woronzoff road, was giving the Heavies a brief breathing spell, and casting about in his mind for the actual meaning of this order, spent very nearly an hour in doing absolutely nothing, when, sudden, sharp and peremptory, there came an order which admitted of no temporizing. By this time Lord Raglan, his staff, and all spectators were chafing with excitement, even of indignation at Lucan's torpor, for, over to the right front, in plain view of the Sapouné Heights, the Russians were hitching

spare teams to the guns in the abandoned redoubts along the Causeway, and were lugging them off to the rear. These were English guns, and the idea of letting them go in this way was shameful. Some of the younger officers were vehemently growling their "impatience and indignation," and Lord Raglan, fired by the sight, directed his chief of staff, General Airey, to write an immediate order to Lord Lucan to advance and put a stop to the Russian captures. Airey wrote the order in pencil and it read thus:

"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate.

(Signed) "R. AIREY."

The words of the order left not the faintest doubt what "guns" were meant, for the only guns the Russians were "carrying off" were those on the Causeway Heights to the right front of the cavalry division, and when Lucan combined that order with the one directing him to reoccupy the heights, there was absolutely nothing to admit of his supposing that any other guns were meant. But Lucan, we have said, was a persistent critic of all orders from superior authority. He never obeyed an order without first endeavoring to pick it to pieces, and this particular order came to him in a manner that made him more than usually crabbed and ill-disposed. The circumstances were as follows:

Lord Raglan had already begun to fathom the character of his crotchety chief of cavalry; but, respecting the undoubted courage and energy of the man, he had sought to humor him as much as possible, and to avoid giving him opportunity for taking offence. To this end, knowing Lord Lucan's petulant objection to instructions or orders coming through the chief of staff of the army, General Airey, "the commander of the forces" had frequently sent them in his own hand, an amiable piece of weakness that should have had no place in active campaigning. Lucan disliked General Airey, and strove to ignore him on all occasions when it could be done, and now he was about to receive an order written and signed by General Airey, and more than that, borne by General Airey's aide-de-camp. It was absolutely none

of his business who was the bearer. So long as it was signed by the chief of staff or an aide-de-camp of Lord Raglan, and given in Lord Raglan's name, it was his duty to receive it with all soldierly respect and obey it accordingly. He did neither. The instant he had read it he dared to break out into an insubordinate denunciation of the order, and virtually to challenge the aide-de-camp who bore it, to a defence of its merits. He believed it to be Airey's order, for here it came by Airey's aide-de-camp, Captain Louis Nolan, and of all men in the English army Nolan was perhaps the last one from whose hands Lord Lucan would have kindly received an order of any kind.

There was a singular fatality in the selection of this young cavalry captain as bearer of the message. Colonel Calthorpe, Lord Raglan's own aide, was seated in the saddle at his side as Airey finished writing, and yet his lordship called up Airey's aide-de-camp, intrusted the paper to him, and bade him deliver it with all speed. They were up on the crest of the Sapouné Heights it will be remembered, and the whole animated scene lay before their eyes. Lord Lucan was sitting out in front of his division, half a mile, probably, from the base of the heights, and several hundred feet below them. The road wound its way down along the slopes, a devious course. Perhaps it was because Lord Raglan wished to avail himself of Nolan's superb horsemanship that he selected him. Certain it is that the instant the order was in his hand the captain put spurs to his horse, and, disdaining the gradual descent of the highway, darted straight down the steep hillside, swift and straight as any Sioux Indian would ride, and all men watched him admiringly as he sped on the last errand of his soldierly life.

Louis Nolan was a vehement and enthusiastic lover of his profession. He believed that there was nothing a cavalryman could not do in the way of clearing a battle-field of all enemies. He had for two months past been chafing and swearing over the inaction of his comrades. He had heard the covert sneers at the expense of his idols, the Light Brigade, and was stung to the quick at the contemplation of their neglected opportunities after the battle of the Alma. He blamed it all on Lord Lucan. He

openly spoke of him as the clog to all action on the part of the cavalry division, and criticised the division commander as freely as the latter criticised his own superiors. With all its pomp, formality and etiquette, there must have been an odd state of discipline in the British army in 1854. Very probably some of this talk had reached Lucan's ears, and added to his dislike of the brilliant young cavalryman, who, a commoner, had dared criticise his methods. At all events he was in no mood to be told to do anything through such a channel.

It so happened that Nolan, sweeping around the flank of the horse at rapid gallop in search of their chief, had to make a large circle with his own steed before he reined up in front of Lord Lucan. His back was now down the valley, he was facing the general, the centre of the division, and the broad background of the Sapouné Heights, which he had just quitted. Breathlessly the officers and men of the two brigades watched the gallant young aide they knew so well, as, saluting with calm respect, he handed the fateful despatch to Lord Lucan. Well they knew it meant another fight, and eager and impatient hearts were beating throughout the silent ranks.

Lord Lucan took and read with angry eyes the hurriedly written lines. Then, glaring at the aide-de-camp, he broke forth into his ill-tempered and insubordinate tirade against the order. He had not even carefully read the words. He was obliged to admit in his report two days after, that he was "instructed to make a rapid advance to prevent the enemy carrying *the guns lost by the Turkish troops in the morning;*" but now, ready to snarl and find fault, he chose to think that he was ordered to attack the strong position of the Cossack battery way down the valley. Seated on their horses, a low ridge in their front prevented Lucan and his staff, so he said, from seeing the guns themselves, and this gave him another opportunity.

Feeling that no time was to be lost, and that he was called upon to answer the denunciation of the order, Captain Nolan, still respectfully (though with marked emphasis, for he was burning with zeal and impatience, and raging in his heart at this persistent old obstructer of all cavalry enterprise), replied: "Lord

Raglan's orders are, that the cavalry should attack immediately."

And then again, angrily, even contemptuously, Lord Lucan spoke:

"Attack, sir! Attack what? What guns, sir?"

It was too much for Nolan's fiery nature. Throwing back his head, and pointing over his shoulder, the young captain answered in a most significant manner:

"There, my lord, is your enemy; there are your guns."

And Lord Lucan declares that he pointed *not* towards the Causeway Heights, but squarely down the valley towards the Cossack battery.

It is too poor, too pitiful an excuse for a man of Lucan's character to urge, but urge it he did. He held in his hand the order which set down in black and white the guns he was to ride at, and he ignored that order, permitted the thoughtless gesture of an irritated staff-officer to take its place, and—launched in the gallant Light Brigade to its martyrdom.

Turning away in hot-headed wrath, alone and unattended, he rode out to where Cardigan sat, in front of the light dragoons and lancers. The Heavies had done their share of the sharp work. Now the "fine gentlemen" should have their turn. Nolan's rebuke was audible to half the command, and Lord Lucan was in no fit frame of mind to consider the case. When the question arose next day as to who was responsible for the slaughter, Cardigan and Lucan differed utterly in their statements. Lucan declared that he told Cardigan simply "to advance, keeping his men well in hand," and did *not* order an attack. Cardigan said that his orders from Lucan were explicit —"Attack the enemy in the valley"—and the weight of testimony would go to show that Cardigan tells the truth. Lord Lucan was confessedly in an excited and angered frame of mind. Cardigan was utterly cool and composed, far better fit to judge exactly what was said. But that is not all. There is even stronger evidence that Lord Lucan gave the order to attack the battery at the other end of the valley, for he admits that Cardigan's next words were as Cardigan himself reports

them, and the latter would have had no occasion to use the words, if he had not understood that the order required him to move squarely down the valley between the bristling heights. It seems that on receiving the instructions of his division commander, Lord Cardigan lowered his sword in salute and said:

"Certainly, sir; but allow me to point out to you that the Russians have a battery in the valley in our front, and batteries and riflemen on each flank," and Lord Lucan, shrugging his shoulders, answered: "I know it, but Lord Raglan will have it, and we have no choice but to obey," and so saying, he condemned his heroic men to a wild and senseless assault that Lord Raglan never for an instant contemplated, and that had he been any kind of a cavalry-soldier, Lord Lucan could never have ordered. The Light Brigade was to charge through a mile-long lane of batteries and riflemen, and attack directly in front, twelve guns supported by ten times their force in cavalry, and while Lucan promised to support with the Heavy Brigade, and D'Allonville, with the French cavalry, proposed to attack the Russians on the Fedioukine Heights, and the infantry divisions were moving down upon the plain, Lord Cardigan knew that the whole brunt of the action would fall upon him and his gallant little regiments; but with one sweeping glance along their eager ranks, he gave his quiet order.

The brigade was drawn up in two lines. The first was made up of the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, Seventeenth Lancers and the gorgeous Eleventh Hussars; the second, of the Eighth Hussars and the Fourth Light Dragoons; but as Lord Cardigan placed himself in front, and calmly ordered "The brigade will advance," Lucan himself directed Colonel Douglas with the Eleventh Hussars to fall back and act in support, and so it happened that as the brilliantly uniformed little command swept forward, *three* distinct lines were noticed; Cardigan himself, glittering in the gold-trimmed pelisse and crimson trousers of his pet regiment, the Eleventh Hussars, rode well out to the front of all, Captains Oldham of the Thirteenth and Morris of the Seventeenth led the centres of their regiments. Colonel Douglas appeared in

front of the beautiful squadrons of the Eleventh, and Lord George Paget and Colonel Shewell led those of the Fourth and Eighth in the rear.

It was a glorious moment. The eyes of five nations were fixed on that enthusiastic little command as the "Six Hundred" shook free their bridle-reins, grasped firmly lance or sabre, and at quiet walk disengaged themselves from the lines of the Heavy Brigade, and, ascending the gentle slope before them, came upon the low ridge which, curtain-like, had shut off their view down the valley, and now the whole scene lay before them. Off to their right front on the Causeway, the Russians were hurriedly hitching and driving off the captured guns. These slopes were clear of rock or tree. Nothing intervened between them and the retreating infantry and the scurrying teams to prevent a full, free gallop up, and in among the captured guns. All that was needed was a *quarter wheel to the right* to bring them directly upon the proper course, a slight deflection of not more than thirty degrees. Square to their front they could see the dark-gray masses of Ryjoff's squadrons, and the black blotches of the Cossack guns and gunners across the valley; while both on right and left-front, on Causeway crest and Fedioukine, the slopes were thick with guns and riflemen. For weeks they had been chafing with eagerness for just such a sight. The chivalry, the knightood, the "gallants of England" rode in those dainty ranks, and all athrob with exultant, daring courage, they pressed forward in eager desire to show the world the mettle of the Light Brigade.

Far back on the Sapouné Heights all eyes are strained in eager and confident gaze upon their move. From Lord Raglan down, every spectator expects to see them wheel or incline slightly to the right, then take the trot, gallop and sweep across the valley to the Causeway Heights. No one questions for an instant their ability to retake the guns, even though the Russian foot turn back to defend them. Already they have moved some two hundred yards to the front. Scarlett's heavies are beginning their advance. D'Allonville's *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are crossing to the left front, just under the Chersonese, and still

Cardigan is riding straight forward. "Why don't he wheel?" is the anxious question. Then a trumpet-call floats upward from the plain below. "Ah! there goes the signal. Now he's all right," say some with a sigh of relief. "No, by heaven! it was *trot* he sounded. Look, look!" is the excited cry of another looker-on. What can it mean? what *can* it mean? Instead of changing direction to the right the Light Brigade has taken a rapid trot and is moving straight down the valley in the very teeth of the Russian guns, and see! there goes Lucan with the Heavies almost in their tracks. God of battles, what madness! what suicide! Is there no way to stop them? Can nothing be done? Staff-officers leap into saddle. Strong men burst into tears of rage and dismay. Vain every word of recall. No horse can catch them now. The Light Brigade is darting into death.

Off on the Causeway Heights, feeling sure that they must be the object of attack, the infantry are forming squares to resist cavalry. The riflemen are running to cover, the guns are "limbering-up;" but even as skirmishers run and gunners work, their officers note, first with incredulity, then amaze, then exultation, that the brilliant horsemen are not coming their way. Passing them by they are rashly, daringly trotting to the very jaws of destruction, heading down the valley. For an instant the battery-men cannot realize the truth. Then the stern word of command brings them to their senses, quickly the guns are swung about, the black muzzles trained down into the valley, the shells rammed home, and in another instant, right, left and front, the ten gallant squadrons are enveloped in the smoke of an hundred guns, and round-shot, shell and canister are shrieking through the devoted ranks. Then the pace quickens; a dense cloud of mingled shell-smoke and dust settles in the valley, and with the thundering roar of the Russian guns shaking the earth and dinning their ears, the amazed and grief-stricken spectators on the Chersonese take their last look at the Light Brigade. It is swallowed up in "the jaws of hell."

Lord Cardigan had received his orders with becoming courtesy and respect, had pointed out to his very much detested brother-

in-law the extreme peril of the attack which the latter had ordered, and then, finding him inflexible, had contented himself with saying to Lord George Paget, colonel of the Fourth dragoons: "I expect your best support. Mind, Lord George, your best support," and then had taken his place way in front of everybody and given the order to advance. From this moment he never once looked back until the charge was over. Once well forward in plain view of the enemy he had struck a rapid trot, the brigade took up the same gait, and then, without a word from any one except an occasional "Steady," "Keep back there on the right," "Back left flank," or a caution to some too eager trooper, the Six Hundred swept onward. And now came the first tragedy.

Having given his instructions to Lord Lucan, Captain Nolan had ridden back among the file-closers in rear of the Seventeenth lancers, and was gleefully congratulating his comrades on the brilliant prospect before them, when the trumpets sounded the advance, and Nolan, drawing his sword, determined to have "his share of the dance." For a moment or two he rode in rear of the Seventeenth, for by the etiquette of the British cavalry only commanders of regiments or squadrons could lead in a charge; but all of a sudden there came the signal to trot, and then to his dismay Nolan saw that instead of sweeping around to the right towards the Causeway, the brigade was going straight ahead down the valley—the very last place they should go. In utter consternation now, forgetting all formality, he dashed around the left flank of the lancers and obliquely across the front of the brigade, well out in front of Lord Cardigan himself, shouting: "This way, this way," and pointing with his sword towards the guns on the Causeway. Cardigan, furious at such a piece of audacious interference on part of a mere captain, paid no attention whatever to his vehement signals, and would doubtless have ordered him out of the way, when a shell, bursting in air, sent a whirring fragment through the gallant breast of the foremost soldier, and, with his heart torn in twain, with his sabre arm still uplifted, with an appalling death-cry on his lips, poor Louis Nolan, a superb horseman even when his sovl had

fled, rode back a corpse through the interval between the lancers and dragoons, and there the life-ridden body slowly toppled from the saddle and sank to earth. With him went the last chance of saving the Light Brigade. Its most enthusiastic champion, Nolan was the first to fall.

And now with shot and shell crashing through their ranks his comrades are spurring on. No one cares to ask where they are going. No one "reasons why." Deeper into the smoke-blackened valley they plunge; horses and men going headlong to earth every instant, and still at that relentless, inflexible trot, no faster, no slower, Cardigan leads them down. Enveloped in a perfect hell of fire, closing in their shattered ranks, they keep on their desperate way; no guide now but the flash of those death-dealing guns in front; no support or aid of any kind, for Lucan is almost out of range behind, and D'Allonville has not yet reached the Fedioukine. One-half the leading rank is by this time shot away, and the supports are riding over prostrate corses of charger and trooper, or striving to leap over or by many a struggling form. Riderless horses with piteous cries are crowding into their old places in the ranks with that strange instinct that leads all old chargers to seek their accustomed place in the turmoil of battle. Other horses, some dragging the senseless form of their masters, crowd between the squadrons. Others still range alongside the squadron leaders of the second and third lines. Lord George Paget has to use his sword to free himself from their gory flanks. The fire is so murderous that Captain White, of the Seventeenth, eagerly strives to force the pace and get in among the guns; but Cardigan, martinet to the last, sternly checks him until they are within a hundred yards of the battery, and then, with one mad impulse, the first line, dragoons and lancers, leaps forward at racing speed into the bank of smoke, and all formation is lost in the dash of the hunting-field. One last salvo is given by the battery, a parting salute that sweeps down many a superb soldier, for here Captains Oldham and Goad, of the Thirteenth, and Winter and Thompson, of the Seventeenth, are killed. Captains White and Webb and Sir William Gordon are hurled to earth, and Sir George Wombwell, Cardigan's aide,

loses his horse. Only some fifty men, all told, are left to represent that heroic front line; but "plunged in the battery smoke" in they rush, Cardigan and Morris leading faultlessly on, and with one ringing cheer they burst upon the cavalry supports behind the battery. Morris' sword is driven to the hilt through the body of the Russian squadron leader, and, as the transfixed corpse goes crashing to the ground, Morris himself, hacked over the head by furious swordsmen, falls senseless upon the body of his victim. Then in come the light horsemen of the Eleventh Hussars, cruelly, pitifully diminished in numbers, but still superb in their array; and, abandoning their guns, the Russians wheel about and flee in terror for the valley of the Tchernaya behind them.

Shewell, with the single squadron of the Royal Irish, is driving a whole regiment of gray-coated cavalry. Douglas and Paget, with the remnant of the Eleventh and Fourth, are hewing at the backs of the fugitive squadrons. All is in precipitate retreat before the battle-thinned bands of English horsemen; but, little by little, the Russian officers are able to see that they are pursued by a mere handful, and call upon their men to halt and rally; little by little the pursuers pause for breath and look about them, and then comes the moment when what is left of the Light Brigade finds it necessary to fall back. It has ridden deep into the very centre of an overpowering enemy. It is utterly without support. It has made the most daring and desperate charge in the annals of history. Two-thirds of its numbers are stretched dead, dying or wounded upon their torn and blood-stained track, and now, the wearied survivors must "hark back" to their lines. A second time they must run the gauntlet of those guns and riflemen, and drifting back through the Cossack battery, now silent and abandoned, they come upon scores of these half-savage horsemen engaged in the brutal task of prodding to death the helpless and wounded troopers who had fallen in the charge.

Slowly, painfully the survivors make their way towards the upper end of the now corpse-strewn valley, dark and sombre under its heavy pall of battle-smoke, and, singly or in groups

of two or three, they rejoin their unhorsed comrades who had been able to hobble to the starting-point. It is a sorry muster, and though a cheer goes up from the shattered group as some favorite officer or man comes forward to join them, all are sad and depressed. Cardigan orders them to "fall in," and directs the rolls to be called. "It was a mad-brained trick," he tells them; "but it was no fault of mine," and one can hardly see how Cardigan could be blamed after his interview with Lord Lucan just before the charge. He was no more popular among his officers than was the division commander, yet they say of him that from the moment of his reception of the order until all were obscured in the smoke of the Cossack battery he was the foremost man, and that he superbly led the charge of the Light Brigade.

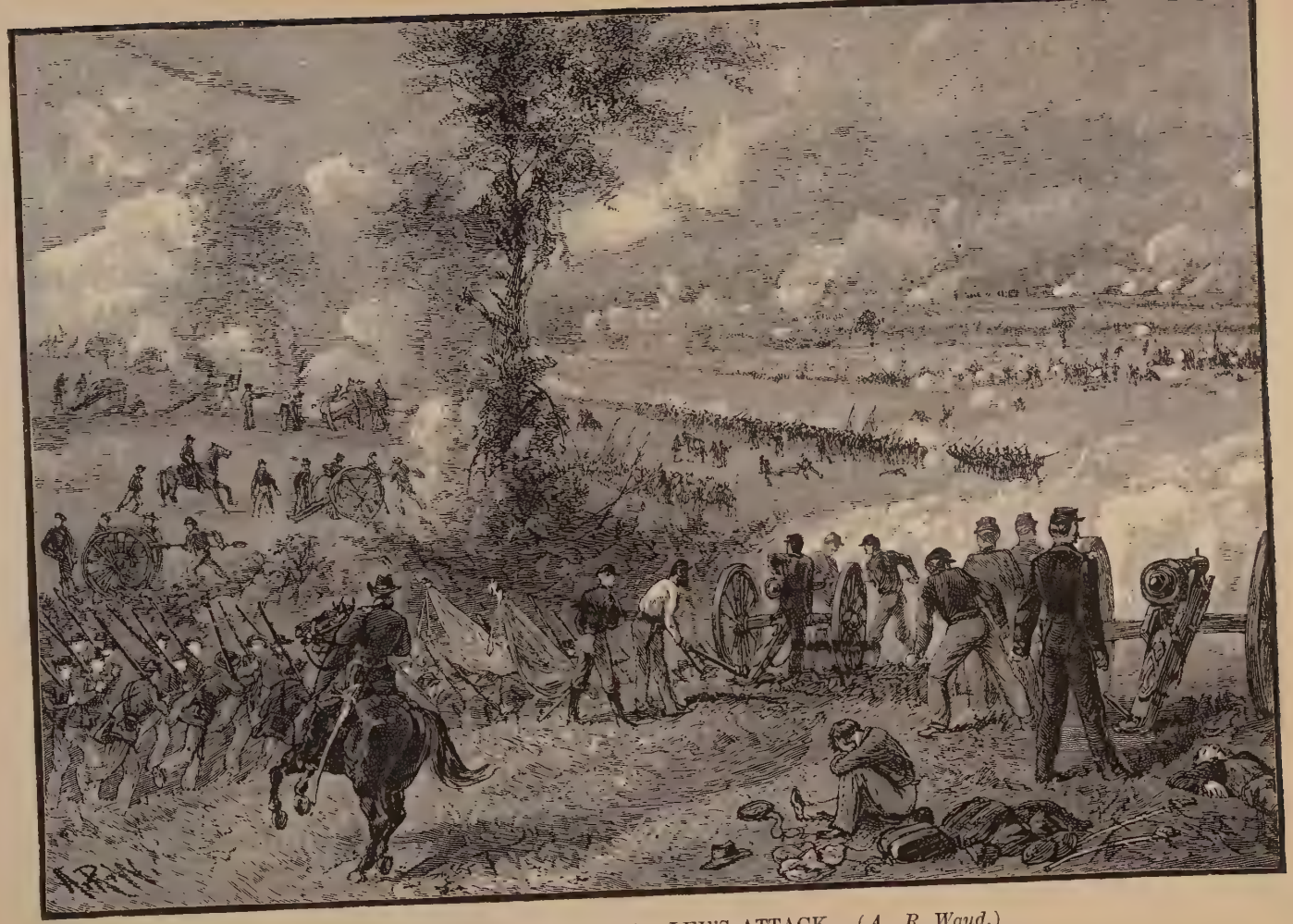
It was said of Lord Cardigan, however, that he came back too soon. It seems that after riding through the guns he found himself surrounded by a number of Russian lancers, had a sharp struggle to free himself, was slightly wounded, and when he managed to get clear of them he could see nothing of his men except those who were now slowly retreating up the valley. He rode back to the Heavy Brigade (which Lord Lucan had halted under the fire of the Causeway guns, after losing some valuable officers and men) and burst out in a tirade of abuse of Nolan. It was pithily observed by an officer of the guards that day that whoever might be the really responsible party for that terrible blunder, the blame would be thrown upon poor Nolan, for he was dead and defenceless. Dead! yes, and for a long time well-nigh defenceless, for the all powerful arm of the English aristocracy was thrown around the reputations of Lucan and Cardigan, and they, though relieved from their commands and returned to England, had the press of the nation, the house of peers and the tongues of the nobility and gentry to ventilate their side of the story. "The king can do no wrong," say the royalists. "A peer of England cannot blunder," is the military maxim that for years has sent many a gallant soldier to certain and needless death, because titled incompetents had to be gratified with important commands. Lucan's lamentable failure in

the Crimea, Lord Chelmsford's wholesale sacrifice of the Twenty-fourth regiment at Isandlhwana are part and parcel of the same false system of appointment—family connection—"influence"—taking the place of soldierly merit, and then when her sons are slaughtered and somebody must bear the brunt, loyal England rises to the vehement defence of these high-born blunderers and casts the blame upon her martyred dead.

And so it was with Louis Nolan. Despite the opinion of the cavalry division, and the statements of its officers, the nation for some time was carefully taught to believe that he was responsible for the mad charge. Lords Lucan and Cardigan were speedily back in London telling their side of the story, but the soldiers were kept far away in the Crimea until little by little the bitterness of feeling died away; and then, link by link, slowly and carefully it was left to such a conscientious historian as Alexander Kinglake to elicit all the facts, to lay them before the world, and to exonerate the first and greatest victim of the Light cavalry charge.

It had taken the "Heavies" just eight minutes to hack and hew the Russian cavalry to pieces. It took less than twenty minutes to destroy the Light Brigade. It rode in with 673 horsemen. It came out with 195, and one regiment, the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, could muster only ten men after the charge. The actual losses in killed and wounded were 247, officers and men; but the number of horses killed and disabled was over 500, which accounts in a measure for the small force which the brigade was able to muster in saddle when reassembled in the north valley.

The incidents of this wonderful exploit would fill a volume, but space forbids them here. Despite the terrible fire it had encountered, the Light Brigade had charged in front a powerful battery, and absolutely driven in disorder an army in position. Well might the admiring Frenchmen say of it: "It is magnificent; but it is not war."



BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL. LEE'S ATTACK. (*A. R. Waud.*)

MALVERN HILL.

1862

BY JAMES H. WILLARD.

THE bold dash of the Federal troops at Mechanicsville, on May 23d, was followed by a general order which implied the immediate advance of the Army of the Potomac. "On to Richmond," was the cry in the ranks. "I will fight the enemy, whatever their force may be, with whatever force we may have," were the words of the Commander-in-Chief to the Secretary of War. But there was no vigor in McClellan's movements. Weary of this inaction, the patient President telegraphed: "I think the time is near when you must either attack Richmond, or give up the job and come to the defence of Washington." Keyes and Heintzelman's corps had crossed the Chickahominy, and were within six miles of Richmond; others were waiting for the completion of bridges across the stream; was the substance of McClellan's reply.

Emory's fourteen mile mud march, his furious charge, and the subsequent battle at Hanover Court-House, where Porter reinforced the gallant Martindale, were magnified by McClellan into "a truly glorious victory," while at the same time, he was criticising the Government for its conduct of the war, and making his usual request for more troops.

Then followed the battles of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks Station, and the month of "masterful inactivity" along the unhealthy line of the Chickahominy, a few miles from the Confederate capital. Next, the dashing cavalry leader, General J.

E. B. Stuart, swept entirely around the Army of the Potomac, capturing prisoners, horses and mules; burning wagon trains and forage schooners, and retiring at his leisure to Richmond. Oak Grove, where Hooker's division suffered a severe loss in killed and wounded, followed Stuart's destructive raid. Then Lee's attack on McClellan's right at Mechanicsville, brought about the second engagement at that point—resulting in victory for the Union forces.

Abandoning the plan of offering Lee a general battle on the Chickahominy, or of a concentrated attack on Richmond, which would have cut off Lee from his base of supplies and the 25,000 defenders of that city, McClellan commenced a retreat toward the James River. But the battle of Gaines' Mills was to be fought; where Porter with 35,000 men against an enemy 70,000 strong, long withstood the terrible blows of the Confederate brigades. At fearful cost to both sides, the Confederates won this bloody field.

Then Lee, looking for McClellan at the "White House," found that position abandoned and in flames. The objective of the Federal commander was a point near the James River, where he could have the coöperation of Commodore Rodgers' gunboats. No sooner had McClellan left Savage's Station, than Lee was in full pursuit. By his instructions, Magruder struck the rear of the Union column, but retreated after a furious conflict.

Not without a struggle did McClellan find himself in possession of Malvern Hill, on June 30th. Longstreet and A. P. Hill had been in direct pursuit; Magruder and Huger, by another road had followed his retreating troops. Halted by the destruction of a bridge, Jackson was held at bay through the afternoon and evening, but the Union forces retired from this position during the night. At the same time, Glendale or Nelson's Farm was the scene of severe fighting. At this point —the intersection of two roads, Longstreet met McCall's division and fell heavily upon it. The Confederates were driven back at first, then they rallied and in turn drove the Union forces into the woods. The slaughter on both sides was terrible. An

Alabama regiment captured Cooper's battery, only to lose it again with its own regimental standard. Randall's battery was captured by a Virginia brigade; Meade was severely wounded; McCall was captured. The Confederates retired upon the arrival of fresh Union troops.

During this desperately fought battle, McClellan, according to his own report, was on board of a gunboat in the James River, or at his quarters some two or three miles from the scene of combat. He knew nothing of the engagement until "very late at night," when his aids gave him "the results of the day's fighting along the whole line, and the true position of affairs." During the night, the Union forces were withdrawn from the battlefield, and with the remainder of the Army of the Potomac, took up a strong position on Malvern Hill, early on July 1st.

Not being satisfied with the natural defences of this place, McClellan selected Harrison's Landing, a few miles down the river, as the "final location of the army and its depots." While at this point, on the *Galena*, the battle of Malvern Hill was begun. According to an officer of the *Galena*, McClellan was "a little anxious" as the reports of the signal officer were given, but he did not leave the gunboat until a message from the shore demanded his immediate presence. It was then late in the afternoon. In the evening, McClellan returned to the *Galena*.

Lee intended to carry Malvern Hill by storm, and his plan included an attack by Armitstead's brigade, followed by a general advance, for which the signal was to be a shout from Armitstead's men as they threw themselves upon the enemy. It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, when Lee opened a heavy artillery fire upon Couch and Kearney, whose positions were in the order named, on the right of Porter, who held the left of the Union line. D. H. Hill advanced upon Couch, in the belief that he had heard the prearranged signal, only to find his troops unsupported, as by some miscarriage of orders, only a single battery had been ordered up. The Confederates were beaten back in confusion, and the Union right bettered its position by an advance of several hundred yards.

Porter received the attack of Magruder and Huger—a furious

onslaught. Through dense woods, Kershaw's and Semmes troops swept like a whirlwind, nearly to the muzzles of Porter's death-dealing guns. Wright, Malone and Anderson dashed against the Union line, more to the right; Barksdale tried to break it near the centre. Repulsed at every point, a lull like that before a storm fell upon both armies. But not for long.

D. H. Hill, in his report, described the Union position as "Tier after tier of batteries grimly visible on the plateau, rising in the form of an amphitheater, one flank of the Yankees protected by Turkey Creek, and the other by gunboats." It was against these guns whose well-chosen positions were strengthened by "slashings," that Lee, in the recklessness or desperation that characterized his conduct of the entire battle, hurled his columns for the second time. It was six o'clock in the evening when the reformed lines dashed from the pine forest, under cover of heavy artillery fire. At double-quick they swept across the open, only to be withered by a merciless fire of artillery and musketry. With criminal disregard of human life, brigade after brigade was sent into the maelstrom of death, only to meet the fate of its predecessor. An hour later, Sickles' and Meagher's brigades grappled the fresh troops under Jackson, who were bearing heavily upon Porter and Couch. The fighting was furious, frightful. Shot and shell from gunboats in the river tore great gaps in the assailing ranks. Turning in despair, the Confederates fled from the Golgotha of Malvern Hill, and sought shelter in the forests and ravines.

The Union victory was decisive, but McClellan did not follow up the advantage he had gained. The greatest disorder prevailed in his army on the morning after the battle, according to the reports of his own officers. "Thousands of straggling men asking every passer-by for their regiment; ambulances, wagons, and artillery obstructed every road." The Confederate loss was never reported. McClellan reported his losses from the battle of Mechanicsville to the withdrawal of his army from Malvern Hill as, 1,582 killed, 7,709 wounded, and 5,958 missing,—an aggregate loss of 15,249.

From Malvern Hill, the Army of the Potomac fell back to

Harrison's Landing, in obedience to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief. The campaign against Richmond was ended, with the victorious army hardly more than a day's march from the enemy's capital city.

Great dissatisfaction, and something like consternation spread throughout the army as the result of this remarkable order. Fitz-John Porter, a devoted adherent of McClellan, uttered an indignant protest. Kearney, in the presence of several officers, put himself on record as follows: "I, Philip Kearney, an old soldier, enter my solemn protest against this order for a retreat. We ought, instead of retreating, to follow up the enemy and take Richmond; and in full view of all the responsibilities of such a declaration, I say to you all, such an order can only be prompted by cowardice or treason!"

BATTLEFIELD OF MALVERN HILL.

MANASSAS,

OR

SECOND BULL RUN.

1862.

IN telling of the battles of our own land there is little need for preliminaries. Thanks to our public school system, almost every boy or girl in America knows the history of the great war waged between the North and the seceding States of the South. The North fought to preserve the Union, the South for utter independence. The far-seeing statesmen of the Union knew well that, with the bond once broken, the nation as such would speedily fall to pieces. The political leaders of the South, who, for years, through the democratic party, had been accustomed to govern the entire country, found themselves "out of power" by the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency; and, being determined either to rule or ruin, called upon their brave and devoted people to follow them, cut loose from the Union, and set up an administration of their own against the general government. The flag of the United States was shot down at Sumter, and the North sprang to arms to defend the capital city from the attack already menaced. The President called upon the militia, and Washington was saved. Then came the first attempt to chastise the South. Big Bethel and Bull Run were the consequences. The North woke up to a realization of the fact that the South could fight most gallantly and scientifically, and that not three months but three years, not seventy-five thousand but seven hundred and fifty thousand men,

would be needed to bring it to terms. A great army had to be raised, drilled and disciplined, and, as the only man who had met with any success, small or great, so far, George B. McClellan was put at the head of the raw organization; the veteran Scott gracefully retired, and the hopes, prayers and the enthusiastic admiration of the nation centred in the young general, thus suddenly lifted to nearly supreme command.

He had a colossal task before him. With all its patriotism, the North contained about as unmilitary a population as ever lived. The arts of peace and the pursuit of "the almighty dollar" had absorbed the entire attention of all but a very small portion of its law-abiding and pacific citizens. Not one man in fifty knew the use of rifle or pistol; not one in a hundred could bestride a horse without making a guy of himself. Some few fine militia organizations existed in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, but, as a rule, military exercises were frowned upon by the press, military associations denounced by the pulpit, and military dress or bearing sneered at, if not insulted, by the public. The maxim of our great Washington, "In time of peace prepare for war," was utterly ignored. It sometimes happened that vacancies existed in the cadetships at the national military academy at West Point, for which no applicants would be found in the congressional districts of the North. Even the allurement of being fed, clothed, educated and paid by the general government was not sufficient to overcome, in many communities, the prejudice against the profession of arms.

Not so in the South. From the days of the revolution its men were bred to a life in the saddle, and skilled in the use of fire-arms. The young man who was not a bold rider and a passable shot was looked upon almost as a milksop among his comrades. More than that, by sisters, sweethearts and wives. Contempt for danger and death was a part of the Southerner's creed. He was forced to assume it whether he felt it or not, and however harmful, pernicious and lawless may have been the system, the "code," as it was called, that made men answerable to an opponent's pistol for any offence from direct insult to

trivial discourtesy, had the effect of teaching the South the use of arms, and made ready soldiers of its people.

The war with Mexico, an unpopular contest in the minds of Northerners, created a whirlwind of enthusiasm throughout the South. From that time every Southern family of prominence was represented in the army. The best names, the best blood, the best intellects in the South, were found in the military service of the nation. Successive Presidents sought among Southern politicians for their secretaries of war, and such men as Conrad, Jefferson Davis and John B. Floyd eagerly seized every opportunity to fill the vacancies that went a begging in the North, with importations from the South. The army was controlled, led, influenced and taught by Southerners; West Point was imbued with the doctrine of States' rights, and the battalion of cadets was virtually commanded by Southern officers. The Northern States had one military school worthy of mention as such, outside of West Point. The South was full of them. The North had only three or four military organizations to which a gentleman could belong without losing caste in society. The South was full of companies, battalions or batteries which its people gloried in. Southern graduates of West Point stuck to the army and made it their home. Northern graduates in great numbers resigned and went into civil life. Northern cadets who failed to pass their examinations, and were returned to their homes, went back as a rule disgusted with their ill-success, and strove to conceal the fact that they had ever been at West Point Southern boys in a like predicament went home and put what they *had* learned to some account in their local militia. Between the Mexican war and 1861 there were two hundred and forty-four appointees from slave States who failed to be graduated; there were dozens more who, though appointed "At Large," hailed from the South, and so in addition to the large number of Southern officers who were commissioned as graduates of the academy, the South was full of admirably instructed young company and battery commanders when our great war broke out.

As an instance of this we cite the distinguished Virginia family of Taliaferro. Six of its men between the years 1815

and 1859 entered West Point, none succeeded in getting through, yet some of those Taliaferros were admirable soldiers, and one of them a division commander under Stonewall Jackson. Other distinguished Southern names there were that appeared for a time upon the rolls at the Military Academy, and, afterwards, shone brilliantly on Southern battle-fields—Armisteads, Andersons, Gordons, Locketts, Rossers, Coopers, Garnetts, Wilcox, Robertson (of Texas) and dozens more. From first to last, the South never lacked for accomplished officers, and, at the start, we of the North were hard pushed to find *soldiers* of any kind. In this emergency the government received with open arms large numbers of soldiers of fortune from across the sea—men who had no earthly interest in our mortal struggle, and only came to us attracted by liberal pay and the easily obtained command of regiments, even of brigades. For the first year of the war, while our serious, plodding and hard-studying volunteer officers were learning their duties, these brilliantly uniformed and heavy moustachioed foreigners swaggered about the streets of New York, Philadelphia and Washington, lionized and fêted by scores and hundreds; but by the second year they were seen only occasionally in the camps and field; many of them drifted into the Eleventh corps and ran like sheep before "Stonewall" Jackson's men at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and by the third year of the war most of their names had dropped from the muster-rolls, and few had attained honorable distinction. The war was fought out by Americans, as a rule, "native and to the manner born."

The Southern forces completely whipped the undisciplined militia of the North at Bull Run in July, 1861. Then McClellan proceeded to organize the Army of the Potomac, and after eight months of incessant drill and preparation, led it to the peninsula between the York and the James rivers, fought his way slowly up towards Richmond, gaining some slight successes, but, being badly worsted along the Chickahominy, was compelled to "change his base" to the James river. He made a superb fight at Malvern Hill, and, had he followed up the advantage there gained, his victorious troops might have marched into

Richmond; but McClellan was over-cautious. He had not thorough confidence in all his corps commanders, nor had all of them thorough confidence in him. He had organized and built up this admirable army from a chaos of raw regiments, but he failed to handle it to the best advantage. Southern generals spoke of McClellan as a "book-soldier," whose every move they could anticipate, and in the North, thanks to the fears of the administration for the safety of the capital, he had been greatly hampered by conflicting orders, and compelled to take the field, leaving behind him some 40,000 men upon whose services he had counted.

And now after Malvern he clamored for reinforcements to aid him in a projected onward move; but he had not the confidence of the President and Cabinet, and though he had with him nearly ninety thousand men and was eager to resume operations, the answer was an order to abandon the peninsula and bring his army back to Acquia Creek on the Potomac. We had then been fighting nearly a year, and the South had had by far the best of it.

Before issuing the order recalling McClellan from the peninsula a new army, composed of the fine corps of McDowell, and the troops hitherto serving under Banks and Fremont in Northern and Western Virginia, had been organized in front of Washington. It was called "The Army of Virginia," and its first duty was to be the defence of the national capital. About the same time the President, in his grievous perplexity and distress of mind, summoned from the West two generals who had been prominently and successfully before the public during the first year of the war in their campaigns along the Mississippi. These officers were Henry W. Halleck, who was called to Washington to be general-in-chief, and John Pope, who was assigned to the new command, the Army of Virginia. Any lingering vestige of cordiality between the Cabinet and General McClellan was destroyed from this moment, and the army itself became divided in sentiment—many officers and men enthusiastically calling themselves champions of the cause of their still popular young general; others preferring to stand by

the actions of the general government, right or wrong. General Halleck never succeeded in getting on smoothly with any of the commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and General Pope's very first move was one that called down upon him the animosity of General McClellan's adherents. He issued a "pronunciamento" to his new command, making comparisons that were emphatically odious between the methods of the Eastern army and those of the Western men with whom he had been associated. It was a most unfortunate start.

However, General Pope had nearly 50,000 men, and with them he moved forward along the line of the Orange and Alexandria railway towards Gordonsville, and General Lee, feeling assured that McClellan had no more desire for fight at that moment, sent "Stonewall" Jackson, his great lieutenant, with two fine divisions, to go up and see what he could do with Pope. Early in August he further reinforced Jackson, who on the 7th and 8th of that month crossed the Rapidan with his own division and those of Ewell and A. P. Hill. On the 9th Jackson's command encountered the corps of General Banks at Cedar Mountain, and a spirited battle took place in which the untried troops of Banks behaved admirably against the veterans of the South, but General Halleck at Washington was greatly alarmed for the safety of the capital, and then it was that the Army of the Potomac was hurried back from the peninsula to the support of Pope. The moment McClellan fell back from Harrison's Landing on the James, General Lee with his whole available command, except the garrison of Richmond, marched northward in all haste. His plan was to fall upon and crush Pope out of existence before McClellan's men, moving round by water from Fortress Monroe, could reach and relieve him.

On the 15th of August Longstreet's and Hood's divisions reached Gordonsville with Stuart's cavalry. On the 20th Jackson and Longstreet crossed the Rapidan, and Pope fell back behind the Rappahannock, holding the fords in strong force, and now the two armies, Lee's veterans and Pope's almost untried troops, stood facing each other along that storied stream. The Southern general learned that reinforcements from McClellan's

army were already in march to join Pope, and that Reno's division of Burnside's corps (just returned from the expedition to the North Carolina coast) had already arrived from Acquia creek. No time was to be lost. He had not more than 70,000 men with him, and Pope might soon have twice that number. General Lee ordered up from Richmond the divisions of McLaws and D. H. Hill, and Wade Hampton's cavalry, and at once set about the task of giving Pope a beating before his supports could arrive.

The Northern army, on the 20th of August, occupied the north bank of the Rappahannock from Kelly's ford to a point some three or four miles above the railway bridge. On the 21st Lee appeared in force along the south bank, and all that day and the next the batteries of the opposing armies hammered away at one another without much effect. The Southern generals found every ford strongly guarded and were unable to force a passage. Then that irrepressible Stonewall Jackson obtained the consent of his chief, moved farther "up stream," crossed Early's brigade at Sulphur Springs above Pope's army, and would probably have essayed his favorite manœuvre of attacking our flank had not a violent storm set in. The torrents of rain that fell converted the placid Rappahannock into a raging flood. Jackson could not get across to support Early, and Early was in desperate danger of capture or destruction; but his energetic officers patched up a ricketty bridge, and the brigade got back to the lower bank in safety. Meantime the daring cavalry leader, Stuart, with only a few hundred troopers, had crossed the Rappahannock at Waterloo bridge, swept round the rear of Pope's army, struck the railway at Catlett's Station, captured all the headquarters' papers and baggage, three hundred prisoners and a quantity of provisions, set fire to the station, and trotted gayly off in the darkness, laughing at the consternation his dash had created in the camps of the headquarters and convoy guards. Luckily for "the Army of Virginia" the night was so very dark that Stuart failed to see that an immense train of supplies and provisions was parked near the station. He rode away without burning either that or the railway bridge, as he might easily have done.

And now, after the storm, General Pope extended his lines to the west, sending the corps of Sigel and Banks up to Sulphur Springs, where Early had crossed and recrossed. On the other side Longstreet's command covered the whole front recently occupied by his and Jackson's combined; and, on the 25th of August, with the entire consent of General Lee, Stonewall Jackson set forth on an expedition that was daring to the verge of insanity; a piece of recklessness that nothing but absolute contempt for his adversary could justify, and that nothing but the greatest good luck could withhold from dire disaster. For four days Pope with 50,000 men, obedient to the vehement orders of Halleck to "fight like the devil," and hold the line of the Rappahannock, had been foiling Lee's direct attempts to cross with 70,000. Time was precious, and Jackson, who knew every bridle or wood-path in the country, urged a bold move. The map will show the whole scheme. Pope's supplies and reinforcements could reach him only by the line of the Orange and Alexandria railway, and the broad turnpike from Alexandria to Warrenton. The former passes through Manassas Junction south of the old Bull Run battle-field of the previous year; the latter goes right through it, crossing Bull Run on the stone bridge which became famous that hot July Sunday. Warrenton is a pretty country town lying among the bold hills that form the southern end of the low, wooded range known as Bull Run mountains. Beginning here near Warrenton this range runs nearly due north to the Potomac near Leesburg, and it is crossed or penetrated by only three roads of any account—one near Leesburg, one at Aldie from Fairfax, and south of these by the Manassas Gap railway and the parallel well-travelled road at Thoroughfare Gap, a crooked and easily defensible pass that lies about five miles west of Gainesville, where the railway, the Warrenton pike and the Gap road all meet. About fifteen miles south of east of Gainesville lies Manassas Junction, where the railways unite, and where immense stores of rations, clothing and ammunition were deposited. Jackson's plan was to make a forced march up the valley west of the Bull Run mountains, to push through Thoroughfare Gap, swoop down on Manassas

Junction and destroy everything there before Pope could get back from the Rappahannock, or the Army of the Potomac get forward from Alexandria, to defend it. By letting him go and thus dividing his army in two widely separated commands or wings, General Lee took the grave risk of having either half attacked by overwhelming numbers and of being "beaten in detail;" but such was his confidence in Jackson's luck and ability that he took the risk without apparent hesitation. It was the most audacious thing even Jackson had yet attempted.

Early on the morning of August 25th, with three veteran divisions, his own old division now led by Taliaferro, and those of Ewell and A. P. Hill, Jackson crossed the Rappahannock at Hinson's ford beyond Pope's outposts on the upper stream, reached the town of Orleans and then pushed boldly northward through the fertile valley. Stuart with his daring troopers rode well out on his right at the base of the hills so as to prevent Pope's cavalry from peering into his movements; and so through the long August day in disciplined silence the sinewy footmen trudged along behind their trusted leader. He had forbidden all cheering, all noise of any kind. He led them through forest aisles and by short cuts across the fields, raising as little dust as possible. The guns came "clinking" along behind with that jingling rumble that all old artillerymen know so well. The wagons with their scanty rations were left far in rear, and the men had only a little hard tack in their lean haversacks, or munched the handfuls of parched corn given them by sympathizing friends among the farms through which they passed; but every now and then Jackson would rein in his raw-boned horse and take a look at them from under the shabby yellow-gray forage cap he wore, pulled down over his keen eyes, and then they would tramp by him, waving their battered old felt hats until some irrepressible spirit would start a yell of delight, when the whole column would break into a chorus that old Stonewall had hard work stopping. Ragged, barefooted, hungry as they were, those magnificent fellows marched thirty-five miles that day, and never halted until they reached the Manassas Gap railway at Salem just before sunset. There they bivouacked for the

night; rose before the sun on the 26th, pushed eastward through Thoroughfare Gap all unopposed, reached Gainesville on the Warrenton pike, and then, obedient to his orders to "break up his (Pope's) railroad communications with the Federal capital," Jackson swooped down on Bristoe Station just at sunset, while Stuart galloped into Manassas Junction, took several hundred prisoners and eight guns, and made himself master of the vast supply of commissary and quartermaster's stores. It was the "biggest haul" made during the war, a God-send to the hungry and tattered soldiers; and one can readily imagine the merry night Stuart's men had in "fitting out" and feasting at the expense of Uncle Sam.

Jackson destroyed Bristoe and the railway near it; then, leaving Ewell as rear-guard, moved seven miles up the road to Manassas Junction, where he and the divisions with him proceeded to help themselves to the provisions, new shoes, socks and underclothing so lavishly supplied them. In many cases, too, ragged gray uniforms were replaced by the spotless blue of the Union. The dust would soon make it as dingy as the old garb, so what was the difference? Ewell held his post at Bristoe until late in the afternoon of the 27th, when he was attacked by superior force and driven in; then he too backed up to Manassas and joined the main body.

Meantime what had Pope been doing?

Jackson was well across the Rappahannock and west of Warrenton when tidings of his astonishing move were brought to the Northern general. In all probability the latter could not believe that even Jackson would dare separate himself by such a distance from the main army, and so, up to nightfall on the 25th, half expected one of his impetuous attacks on the right flank. Reno and Sigel, who were at Sulphur Springs and Waterloo Bridge, were held in readiness to move wherever he might show his skirmish line, and McDowell's corps, composed of the strong divisions of King and Ricketts, moved up between Warrenton and Sulphur Springs. To McDowell's command was here added a little division of 2,800 men, the remnants of McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves that so recently had been

severely handled on the peninsula, and John F. Reynolds had succeeded to the command of what was left of the division. But the 25th passed without attack from the west, though Longstreet kept everybody busy along the Rappahannock, and not until well along on the 26th did General Pope begin to realize what Jackson was driving at. It was with absolute delight he learned that the rash Virginian with not more than 30,000 men was between him and Washington, an easy prey to the overwhelming force he could throw upon him, for that very day the strong corps of Fitz John Porter and Heintzelman had arrived from the Army of the Potomac, and he knew that the rest of that army, the corps of Sumner and Franklin, were, or ought to be, in march from Alexandria to join him.

On the night of the 26th he learned that Jackson and Stuart were on the railway behind him, and, facing about with a large portion of his command, he started early on the morning of the 27th to surround and capture them. Leaving Generals Banks and Porter to look after Longstreet should he cross the Rappahannock in pursuit, Pope turned his back on General Lee and hurried northward, expecting very justly to "bag the whole crowd." Never had Northern commander such a chance before. McDowell was charged with the duty of heading Jackson off on the west and preventing his getting back through the gap. To this end, he with his own divisions, Sigel's corps and Reynolds' little command were ordered to hasten to Gainesville. Reno and Kearney with their divisions were to march "cross country," through Greenwich, ready to support either McDowell on the pike or Pope on the railway, which ever should first meet Jackson; and Pope himself with Hooker's division marched up the railway, leaving Porter at Warrenton Junction. The only way left for Jackson to get out of the scrape, apparently, was to push southeastward from Manassas Junction through a tangled and almost roadless country where his trains could not have followed him; but Jackson was taking things very coolly, as we have seen, and was in no way hurried. Not until late on the afternoon of the 27th did any engagement occur between his people and their pursuers. Then Ewell's men at Kettle Run were

fiercely attacked by Hooker and driven up the road. That night, Jackson's entire force was with him at Manassas, while Stuart's troopers, thrown out in every direction, covered him like an impenetrable veil. At Washington all was consternation. Not a word could be heard from Pope. All wires were cut, all roads destroyed, all couriers captured by the active horsemen. General Halleck and the cabinet were ready to believe that Lee's whole army was advancing upon them and that Pope was nowhere.

But Jackson well knew he could not stay at Manassas. Dark as was the night of the 27th, after burning and destroying everything he could not use or take with him, he again called on his men and slipped out northward toward Sudley Springs, sending A. P. Hill off to the northeast and way around by Centreville. Pope felt sure he would attempt to get away towards the south and east, and so sent orders calling in Reno and Kearney to the railroad, and directing McDowell's command (which was bivouacked for the night of the 27th on the turnpike southwest of Gainesville) to march at early dawn along the Manassas Gap railway to the junction. This was all very well if Jackson would be idiot enough to stay there, or to attempt to cut through the woods to the lower Rappahannock, but Jackson meant to do neither. He knew well that Lee and Longstreet would follow on his trail to Thoroughfare Gap the moment Pope fell back from the river, and all he wanted was clear ground between him and Bull Run mountains, to enable him to make a junction with his friends the moment they should appear. If cut off from Thoroughfare, he could fall back to the northwest towards the upper gap at Aldie.

Early on the morning of the 28th of August, Jackson with Ewell and Taliaferro crossed the Warrenton turnpike near Bull Run and kept on towards Sudley Springs. A. P. Hill as rear-guard was still hanging about the smouldering ruins of the trains at Manassas Junction. By eight o'clock Reno and Kearney had joined Hooker at Bristoe, and with these three divisions Pope made the seven mile march to the Junction, only to find that Jackson had given him the slip after doing incalculable

damage. Buford with his cavalry had already been sent off towards Thoroughfare Gap to hold it, if possible, should Lee and Longstreet come that way, and Pope did not really know which way Jackson had gone when word was brought in that his rear guard was even then crossing Blackburn's ford on Bull Run, and moving towards Centreville. Instantly the Union general had to change all his plans. Kearney and Reno were hurried off in pursuit. Porter, who had finally worked up to Bristoe, was ordered up to Manassas Junction, and McDowell, who had already passed through Gainesville, and was approaching Manassas Junction from that point, was ordered to turn back, regain the Warrenton pike, and march on Centreville. It took hours to get things straightened out to meet the new situation.

Meantime, Jackson's craft had succeeded admirably. He had moved quietly into a very strong position north of the turnpike along the embankment of an unfinished railway that extended from Sudley Springs to Gainesville; and here, while Stuart vigilantly watched everything off to the west—Jackson's *right* flank—he and his men, hidden in the leafy woods, rested quietly through the long summer day, while Hill led Kearney and Reno a veritable "wild goose chase" way up to Centreville. During the morning and afternoon the corps of Sigel and the little division of Pennsylvanians under Reynolds came trudging rather wearily through the fields from the southwest. Some shots were exchanged between the flankers and skirmishers, and the Union generals led their commands off into the woods along the Sudley Springs road-way, *south* of the pike, and waited for orders or instructions. They certainly had not expected to find Jackson there. About this time, too, came A. P. Hill from Centreville, "doubling on his tracks," and successfully eluding Kearney, who could even now be heard five miles away to the eastward volleying at the rear guard regiments of Hill's command. Far off to the distant west, too, where the low blue line of the Bull Run Mountains spanned the horizon, the boom, boom of cannon told Jackson that Lee and Longstreet were fighting their way through the Gap, and unless strenuously op-

posed, would be with him on the morrow. Evidently they were *not* opposed in force, since at least 13,000 Union troops had already marched eastward below Groveton, and Stuart was able to report that Buford's cavalry was falling back before Longstreet, who had even sent a force through Hopewell Gap, a rugged pass three miles higher up the range, and had turned the flank of Ricketts' division sent thither to help Buford; and Ricketts, too, was falling back towards Gainesville. No wonder old Stonewall was in the best possible spirits. He had outwitted his antagonists, and he and his men were serenely sure of holding their ground until reinforced.

But was that all? The day had passed without a fight so far as he was concerned, and his men, now refreshed, clothed and fed, were eager for a brush of some kind, and it was barely half-past five. Suddenly there came from down the road a burst of martial music, and a mile or so to the west there issued from the wood-roads leading to the Junction a solid, compact column of blue-clad infantry. Regiment after regiment filed out upon the pike, and, to the stirring marches of their bands, moved jauntily forward until finally four strong brigades were in sight, the leading one by this time directly opposite Ewell's position. It was King's division of McDowell's corps, ignorant of the proximity of either friend or foe, marching towards Centreville in compliance with the new orders. The sight was too much for Jackson and his men. Three light batteries hastily "hitched in," the first one ready, trotted out upon the slopes to the south, whirled around "in battery," and in another minute was thundering its salute at the waving colors of the blue column.

Somewhere about three o'clock that afternoon General McDowell, riding with General King through the woods down by Bethlehem Church, was met by Pope's order to turn back and make for Centreville as soon as he could regain the pike. Sigel and Reynolds were already somewhere off to the east near Bull Run, and King's men, resting meantime in the woods, were countermarched as soon as the way was clear. McDowell himself was puzzled by the conflicting orders. He had taken the responsibility of detaching Ricketts and sending him back towards

Thoroughfare Gap from Gainesville, and now he decided to go and find General Pope, "with the best intentions in the world" of informing him as to the neighborhood, with which he thought himself familiar after his experience of the previous year; but it may be said right here that McDowell not only did not find General Pope that afternoon or until the following day, but that he could not himself be found when greatly needed.

Obedient to his orders General King had moved out on the pike towards five P. M. All was clear, the bands soon ceased their music, and the men trudged along at route step; the leading brigade (Hatch's) well ahead, passed over the Groveton ridge, and the next brigade came marching out from the shelter of some thick woods north of the pike. At its head rode General John Gibbon, recently commander of the fine battery of the Fourth (regular) artillery that accompanied the brigade. Three regiments of his command were from Wisconsin, one from Indiana. It was the only exclusively "far-western" brigade in the army then serving in Virginia, and it was a superb one. The instant its column was well out opposite the open slopes to the north, there came the sudden salute of Jackson's battery. "Halt!" rang along the ranks, and in another instant with cracking whips and charging steeds battery "B" came tearing up the road at full gallop. Gibbon himself placed it in position, opened rapid fire on the opposing guns; then, calling to the Second Wisconsin to follow him, he plunged into the woods to his left front and rode forward intent on the capture of the Southern battery. Just beyond the skirt of woods the regiment, deploying, ran upon a skirmish line of infantry lying in the tall grass. Sharp musketry fire began at once; the rest of the brigade was ordered forward and soon formed line on the Second Wisconsin, and then, to their utter amaze, there came sweeping over the low slopes before them six splendid brigades of infantry—Taliaferro's whole division and two brigades of Ewell's. Jackson meant to have one rattling fight then before the sun went down.

Well—he had it. It was the first time that western brigade had been engaged, but it won a name that night never forgotten

to this day. For one mortal hour it held its ground against those six brigades of Jackson's with what he termed "obstinate determination," though losing forty per cent. of its officers and men, and being eventually supported only by Doubleday's little brigade, which also suffered severely. Hatch and Patrick, commanding the head and rear of King's column, did not get into action, for darkness put an end to the bloody combat by the time they reached the spot. Not one inch of ground had King's men yielded, and for once at least Jackson's celebrated division had met its match. Ewell lost a leg, Taliaferro was severely wounded, and a large number of field-officers of the Southern side had been killed. Far better would it have been for Jackson had he allowed that particular division to pursue its march unmolested. Yet the western brigade that had so heroically borne the whole brunt of the battle was fearfully cut up. Most of its field-officers were killed or wounded, and the ground was strewn with dead and dying.

But they had found Jackson. The prisoners who were brought before General King stoutly affirmed that old Stonewall was right there with from 40,000 to 60,000 men, and King, not knowing that Sigel's corps was only a few miles away, sent a note to Ricketts urging him to come to his support and that he would hold the ground until then. Staff-officers were sent to report the situation to Pope and McDowell, but neither Pope nor McDowell could be found in the darkness of the night, and, though they heard the firing and knew well that it must be King's division engaged with Jackson, they probably thought that Sigel and Reynolds were supporting him and sent no orders. Believing that Jackson was attempting to retreat towards Thoroughfare, and that Sigel, King and Reynolds with 20,000 men were blocking the way, all their energies were centred on getting up troops to attack him in rear with the coming of day. But Jackson had not a thought of going. Secure in his position, and knowing that two of Longstreet's divisions were through the gap, he was only waiting until daybreak to pounce upon that isolated division of King that had given him so hard a tussle at sunset, and completely demolish it before supports could arrive.

King's brigade commanders had assembled after nine o'clock to talk over the situation with him, and this view of the case was strongly represented. He could not order Ricketts to abandon the work of detaining Longstreet and come to his assistance. No one was there who could give such orders. General Reynolds had ridden over through the woods and assured King that he was off there on his right, and all who knew Reynolds knew that as early as possible he would come; but he was two miles off with only 2,800 men, and Jackson was already there with 28,000. Prisoners said twice 28,000. The peril of the situation was evident to all. They could not stay where they were without every prospect of being annihilated at dawn; so, urged by his brigade commanders, General King most reluctantly gave the order to fall back across the pike, and at one o'clock in the morning through the wooded roads, in the dense darkness, he and his wearied division groped their way off to the right in search of Manassas Junction and supports. Ricketts had halted at Gainesville for the night; but on learning after midnight by a letter from General King of the move of that division, he roused his men and took the first road to the railway. It landed him at Bristoe Station early in the morning of the 29th, about the time that King and Porter met face to face at the Junction.

And so the road from Thoroughfare Gap to Jackson was left open. Longstreet pushed ahead, and by noon on the 29th his leading troops were deploying, facing east across the Warrenton pike, and Stonewall Jackson was safely out of the tightest place in which he had ever marched his willing command.

Bitterly disappointed as was General Pope, he was hopeful and energetic as ever. He came at all speed back from Centreville to the west bank of Bull Run, ignorant of the coming of Longstreet, and bent on crushing Jackson as the latter retreated. McDowell, who had bivouacked somewhere in the woods over night, unable to find his way in any direction, was again in saddle. Porter's fine corps had come up from Bristoe and was extended in long column on the road from the Junction out towards Gainesville, its leading regiment having deployed as

skirmishers across the little stream known as Dawkin's branch. King's wearied division, now only about 5,000 strong, was resting by the roadside. Reynolds had early pushed out his skirmishers, and "felt" those of Jackson along the pike. Sigel during the morning made an unsuccessful attack and had kept up a scattering fire at the advance troops of Jackson's lines, but everything was uncertainty and confusion on the Union side, while with the army of Lee matters seemed to be going like clock-work. Longstreet and Lee had reached the field of battle; the lines of the former's troops were actually deployed and ready to fight soon after noon on that much-disputed day, and General Pope fondly cherished the belief that only Jackson was in his front.

Early in the afternoon, however, he was ready to resume the attack. Kearney, Reno and Sigel, facing west, were to assault from Sudley Springs on the north along Jackson's front. King's and Ricketts' divisions were ordered to move up towards the pike by the Sudley Springs road; and it was General Pope's plan that Porter's whole corps, facing northwest, should fall upon the right flank of the enemy, while he with all his force made a grand attack from the east. If it could have been promptly executed there would have been fair probability of a crowning success; but just at the time it was desired that Porter should deploy his column, taking King's division with him, McDowell, his senior in rank, rode upon the field and gave conflicting instructions—the nature of which has been a matter of dispute ever since.

Then McDowell proceeded to take King's division away on a long march through the wood-roads to the right. Pope waited eagerly for the sound of Porter's guns before ordering his ready men to leap into the assault. Three o'clock, four o'clock came and went; nothing had been done. All ignorant of the misunderstanding between Porter and McDowell, Pope believed that Porter was failing him at this most critical juncture, and Porter, who certainly could have done something better than remain absolutely inactive an entire afternoon, was "waiting further instructions." He had been told that he should have King's divi-

sion to support him in his attack, and, as McDowell had stepped in and taken King away, he did not seem to see fit to exert himself.

Exasperated at this delay and inaction Pope at 4.30 P. M. sent a peremptory order to Porter to attack at once in force; but it was a long way round, the order did not reach him until about six o'clock; and Porter, arguing that it would soon be too dark, and that Pope could not have known of Longstreet's presence when he wrote the order, decided not to obey. Consequently, when Pope's men advanced to the attack along the Bull Run lines, they were met by an unembarrassed and admirably posted enemy, mowed down by a withering fire, and the final charge, "a furious attack by King's division down the turnpike," was met and foiled by Hood's Texans of Longstreet's corps, whom it was hoped, Porter would have kept busy elsewhere. It was a day of wretched misunderstandings and balks of every kind; and at nightfall the Northern army was tired, hungry and footsore, except Porter's command, which had done practically nothing. No rations were to be had west of Bull Run, and things looked very forlorn for the morrow.

Nevertheless, General Pope was full of pluck, hope and spirit. He confidently believed that Jackson was bound to retreat; he honestly thought he could crush him before reinforcements could reach him, and he issued orders that McDowell should conduct *the pursuit* and give chase on the 30th, and Jackson had not budged an inch and did not mean to. Porter was ordered to bring his corps up to the pike and report in person the first thing in the morning, and at daybreak on the 30th of August the battle broke out with renewed fury.

Already Pope had lost from six to eight thousand men, and "straggling" had become so universal that his regiments were as greatly reduced in this way, as they were by battle, hunger and fatigue. He had gained absolutely nothing on the 29th. He knew now that Longstreet was there before his left in full force, and that Lee in person was directing movements on the Southern side. The obvious thing for the Union general to do was to fall back to the heights of Centreville, five miles away,

and there obtain provisions and make firm stand until reinforced by the corps of Franklin and Sumner, but the prisoners brought in from the skirmish lines before dawn said that "Jackson was retiring to unite with Longstreet" (very possibly they had been sent forward purposely to be taken and to tell that story), and to give color to it Jackson drew back some of Hill's men so as to make the embankment look abandoned in front of Hooker and Kearney. The wool was successfully pulled over Pope's eyes. He flashed off a message to Washington that the enemy was retreating to the mountains, and then ordered Porter's corps to rush in to the pursuit.

But he had been obliged to spend the whole morning in re-arranging his lines. Hooker and Kearney were still on the extreme right near Sudley Springs; Reno and Sigel opposite Jackson's centre; King's reduced division next to Sigel; then came Porter's corps (minus Griffin's brigade, which had unaccountably marched off to Centreville all by itself). Ricketts' division was supporting the commands of Hooker, Kearney and Reno, all *north* of the Warrenton pike, and nothing was left to hold the commanding hills south of that broad thoroughfare but the little division of John F. Reynolds, composed of the three attenuated brigades of Meade, Seymour and Jackson, no one of them as strong numerically as a good-sized regiment. Confident that all he had to do was to mass his whole force on what remained of "Stonewall" Jackson and make one grand assault, Pope gave no thought to the left of his line, and Lee and Longstreet, discovering this, sent the divisions of Jones, Kemper and Wilcox to feel their way eastward through the thick woods towards those rugged heights south of the pike. If they could be gained the whole position of Pope's army would not only be turned and enfiladed, but his line of retreat across the stone bridge might be commanded. His plight would then indeed be desperate. At the same time Hood's division moved stealthily forward among the trees close to the pike, and Colonel S. D. Lee ran his light batteries forward and planted them on a rising ground near Groveton, from which point he could sweep the open fields in front of Jackson's line, and so it happened that while Pope

was concentrating all his strength to hurl upon Lee's strongly posted and defended left, Lee was crouching for a spring on Pope's left which was not defended at all.

Noon has come and gone, the sun is hot, the dust stifling, and in their grimy flannel blouses the soldiers of the Union army are lying along the wood-roads seeking shelter from the burning rays or from the occasional shells that burst among the branches above their heads. All the long morning the guns have been sullenly booming at one another across the open field, but the rattle of small arms has well-nigh ceased.

And now, towards two o'clock in the afternoon, Pope decides that all is in readiness for the assault. McDowell, commanding the entire left from Reno to Reynolds, from half way to Sudley Church on the north of the pike to the Henry House on the hill just south of it, orders Porter to attack, and, with the eyes of the whole army upon him, that brilliant soldier leads in his two line divisions, Morell in the front line, Sykes in reserve. Sweeping out across the open fields north of the highway, in long extended lines of battle, with banners waving and with spirited bearing, his troops steadily advance towards the low slopes north of Groveton, along which lies in ugly relief the bare, brown parapet of that railway embankment. Porter's men have to make something of a half wheel to the right to bring their front parallel with the general line of that improvised field-work, but the movement is steadily performed despite the rapid bursting of the shells already whistling over their devoted heads; and now in splendid form they are directing their march squarely upon that portion of the breastwork held by Starke with Jackson's own old division, and Jackson, seeing that only Porter is coming and that all the rest of the Union lines seem looking on, directs Lawton with Ewell's division to edge to his right and be ready to help Starke.

And now, within rifle range, the crashing volleys mingle with the roar of the field-guns; the embankment is one long cloud of light, bluish smoke, but still the blue-clad ranks come steadily on. Soon they are well out in the open ground north of Groveton, and now the pace is quickened; the men press forward

eager and enthusiastic. All promises well, when suddenly from down towards their left, back of Groveton, a thunderbolt seems to burst upon the little mound where Colonel Lee had planted his guns. The slope leaps with flame and soon is hidden in dense volumes of smoke, but twelve well-handled light guns are deluging Porter's left and sweeping his long lines, raking them with canister, and farther on, mowing them down with case-shot. A superb and desperate and gallant fight is made. His men reach the embankment and struggle hand-to-hand with the swarming gray-coats on the other side, but all the time those dreadful guns are pouring in their fire, and though King's division comes up, and Sigel is ordered to move forward and support them on their right, nothing sustains the shattered left, nor are there guns to oppose to Lee's brilliantly handled artillery. Why is this?

Just about three o'clock, when Porter was most heavily engaged and fighting with all his energy, McDowell's practised eye had caught sight of heavy clouds of dust sweeping skywards over the tree-tops south of the turnpike. Nearer and nearer they came, and it needed but brief reflection to teach him what it meant—Longstreet was reaching forward to seize those heights that commanded the Northern lines—two hill-tops a little south of the turnpike and separated from each other by a brook known as Chinn's branch. The easternmost of the two, broad and well-wooded and crowned by the Henry House, had been the centre of battle the year before. The westernmost, oblong in shape, shorn of its timber, rocky, rugged, and known as Bald Hill, was destined to be the centre of battle this scorching August afternoon. Seeing Longstreet's rush to gain it, McDowell had ordered Reynolds there with all the troops he had; and Warren with a little brigade—perhaps a thousand men—was left to support Porter's left flank. No one else could be sent to help him from that side, and at last, well-nigh exhausted, having struggled valiantly for more than two hours, Porter's men came slowly falling back across the fields, just as Longstreet's divisions leaped from their cover south of the pike and swarmed forward on Bald Hill.

It is nearly five P. M., and now, confident of success, Lee orders a simultaneous assault. Yelling like demons, all along the two miles of embankment, up the dusty highway, out from the cover of the thick woods to the south, the red battle-flags waving over their heads, the exultant soldiery in the tattered gray uniforms spring to the charge—and at this moment Pope has not 45,000 men to meet them. Straggling and casualties have reduced his force more than one-half.

It is a desperate crisis. South of the turnpike, bursting through the woods come the fierce Texans of Hood's division, closely followed by Kemper, Anderson and Wilcox, while D. R. Jones' strong division stretches far out on their right, and laps around the threatened height from the south. The immediate need of covering Porter's retiring lines and checking the pursuit, had for the time called Reynolds farther to the right front, and for a few moments Bald Hill, the key-point of the line, had been defenceless. Luckily there happened to be just north of the pike, along the Sudley Springs road, one of Sigel's brigades at the moment disengaged. It was composed entirely of Ohio men—four fine regiments, the Twenty-fifth, Fifty-fifth, Seventy-third and Seventy-fifth, led by Colonel N. C. McLean; and with all speed McLean's brigade was marched by the left flank to Bald Hill. In ten minutes it became the target for Longstreet's whole corps.

The scene at half-past five P. M. is something grand yet terrible. For three successive evenings now, the little hamlet of Groveton has been the centre of a mortal struggle, but this is the most appalling yet. Off to the right, north of the pike, the thinned and bleeding lines of King and Porter are falling sullenly back to the Sudley Springs road. After them, firing, yelling, triumphant come the long lines of Jackson's corps, sweeping across the fields already thickly strewn with the dead and dying. To the right rear of Bald Hill the little command of Warren. those red-legged Zouaves of the Fifth New York and the Germans of Bendix, are moving back, ordered to retire and reform at Henry House hill. Thither too are moving the solid regulars of Sykes' division, and Reynolds' remnant of Pennsylvanians

And Bald Hill, isolated, swept by artillery and musketry fire, surrounded now on northwest, west and south, is manned only by that one little brigade of McLean. Small wonder their brave commander thinks for the moment that he is abandoned by his friends. Tower's brigade of Rickett's division is hastening to his support, but as yet has not reached him. McLean is practically alone when Hood's Texans hurl themselves with savage yells upon the western slopes, and Jones' Georgians burst in upon his left and rear. But stout hearts are beating on that barren crest, and Ohio's one brigade, the only distinctively Ohio brigade in the army, stands firm against the shock of ten times its weight in foes and gives them gallant battle. Their orders are to hold Bald Hill, and hold it they do until Tower, moving up on the left, and Schenck, dashing in with Koltes' brigade on the right, bring partial relief. Though "reduced to a skeleton," McLean's brigade has superbly held its post against all comers. Even Hood's dare-devil Texans have twice been hurled back from its steady front, and Jones' brigades have suffered severe loss.

But now, heavily reinforced by Anderson and Wilcox on the west, and with the Georgian lines lapping still farther around to the south, threatening to envelop them entirely, a new and even fiercer assault is made by Longstreet on Bald Hill and its defenders. Tower is severely wounded and his brigade reels; Koltes, fighting on McLean's right, is killed; Schenck is hit and disabled; Fletcher Webster, colonel of the Twelfth Massachusetts, and son of the great orator and statesman, is killed; and on the other side Hood has lost one-fourth his officers and men in killed and wounded, while in Jones' brigades hardly a field-officer is left to lead the gallant regiments that have so desperately striven to carry the height. Terrible as had been the slaughter in front of Jackson's earthen parapet, the hardest fighting, the most invincible valor of that hard-fought field, was shown towards sunset around the blazing slopes of Bald Hill.

But by this time, pressed from every point, Pope's lines were falling steadily back towards Bull Run, Henry House hill being now strongly held by the regular division and the divisions of

Reynolds and such scattered troops as drifted in from the front. The batteries were drawn back and planted where they could sweep the approaches, and here Pope determined to make the final stand with his rear guard and cover the retirement of his army across the Stone Bridge.

Bald Hill, outflanked and no longer of use—no longer tenable—was ordered abandoned. The shattered remnants of the heroic regiments that had held it against such odds were slowly withdrawn; Schenck's men fell back by the pike; Tower's brigades down the valley of Chinn's branch, and from the crest itself, strewn with their dead and dying, McLean's little band of Ohio men turned reluctantly away, their brave leader absolutely shedding tears at having to abandon the position he had held with such indomitable resolution and at such frightful cost.

And now Longstreet hurls his whole force on the wooded crest beyond. There stands the height where Bee and Bartow laid down their lives the year before. There is the field where Jackson's men were likened to the stone wall they lined—the old battle-ground of First Bull Run. Win that, *now*, and the orderly retreat of the Northerners will be turned as it was that July Sunday afternoon into disorderly rout. Straining every nerve, hoarse with continuous yelling (and never, say those who heard it, "Never did the rebs yell as they did at Second Bull Run"), the divisions of Hood, Anderson and Kemper press forward to the charge. Jones is still crawling around the left flank and attacking from the south, but here again they encounter cool, dauntless, devoted men. The Northern batteries are magnificently served; the regulars, despite their small numbers and heavy losses, fight with a calm, disciplined, matter-of-fact sort of valor that checks the rush and ardor of the sons of Texas and Virginia. One long hour of crashing volleys, of thundering cannon, of mad, vengeful yelling that little by little died away, and as darkness fell upon the scene, the three days' struggle around the "plains" of Manassas was at an end, and, again beaten, but this time in perfect order, in calm, disciplined, coherent organization, the army of the North fell back beyond Bull Run, and bivouacked upon the heights of Centreville.

Beaten again but by no means demoralized, Pope prepared to resume the fight. He was now in splendid position; and small as was his command, compared with the numbers on the muster rolls of the combined armies of Virginia and the Potomac, he had plenty of men to beat off Lee should he attempt to follow. Rations were obtained at Centreville, and all day on the 31st the army waited expecting assault. The corps of Sumner and Franklin were at last up from Alexandria, and it behooved Lee to be very cautious in his movements. But the moral effect of having pushed Pope way back from the Rapidan to the near vicinity of Washington was immense, and the greatest consternation and alarm had spread throughout the North. Pope's reassuring despatches to the capital failed in their effect. McClellan was at Alexandria sneering at everything that Pope had done and left undone, virtually saying that had he been there it could not have happened. It rained dismally all the day of the 31st, and the dismal weather added to the general gloom. People had lost faith in Pope, and withheld support and confidence at the very moment when he most needed it.

On the other hand, Lee, the Southern army and the jubilant South were wild with triumph. Despite his heavy losses in battle the Southern leader determined to finish the magnificent work of demolishing the army of Pope, not by direct attack on those heavily fortified heights, but by the daring old plan which Jackson knew so well how to execute, that of striking around the flank and rear. Once again, early on the morning of September 1st, Jackson's corps, which had crossed Bull Run at Sudley ford, reached the Little River turnpike, then turned southeastward and marched down through Chantilly and past Ox Hill. His plan was to reach the great highway between Centreville, Fairfax and Washington, and "cut off the retreat" of Pope's command. With perhaps 23,000 men he meant to try and bar the passage of something like 70,000. It was just as wild and daring a scheme as the flank march through Thoroughfare Gap; but that had succeeded. Longstreet was to follow him only a few hours behind, so he had no fears for the result of this.

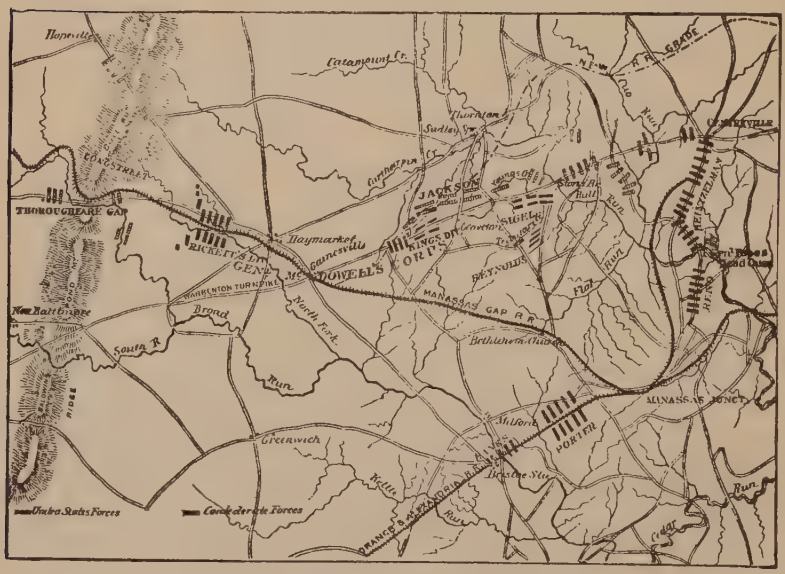
Late in the afternoon he found himself confronted by Hooker

on the Little River pike. He could not get to Fairfax that way, so he turned down to his right through a cross-road until Hill's division was almost filing on the Warrenton pike, and there he found himself suddenly attacked by Reno and Kearney, his antagonists of two days before. Then came a savage fight in a pouring rain, and then, luckily for Jackson, darkness; for but for that he would have been utterly hemmed in by overpowering numbers, and probably ruined before Longstreet could reach him; but here again the fortune of war was on his side. His men had the best of the fight while it lasted, and that night all Washington knew that Jackson was in sight of the fortifications, that there had been another fierce engagement, and that two superb soldiers and generals, "Phil" Kearney and Isaac I. Stevens, were killed in the midst of disaster. It ended Pope's career. The army was ordered to hasten back to the fortifications, and, not knowing what else to do in the bitter emergency, the government once more placed McClellan at the head of affairs in the field. The campaign of Second Bull Run in Manassas was at an end.

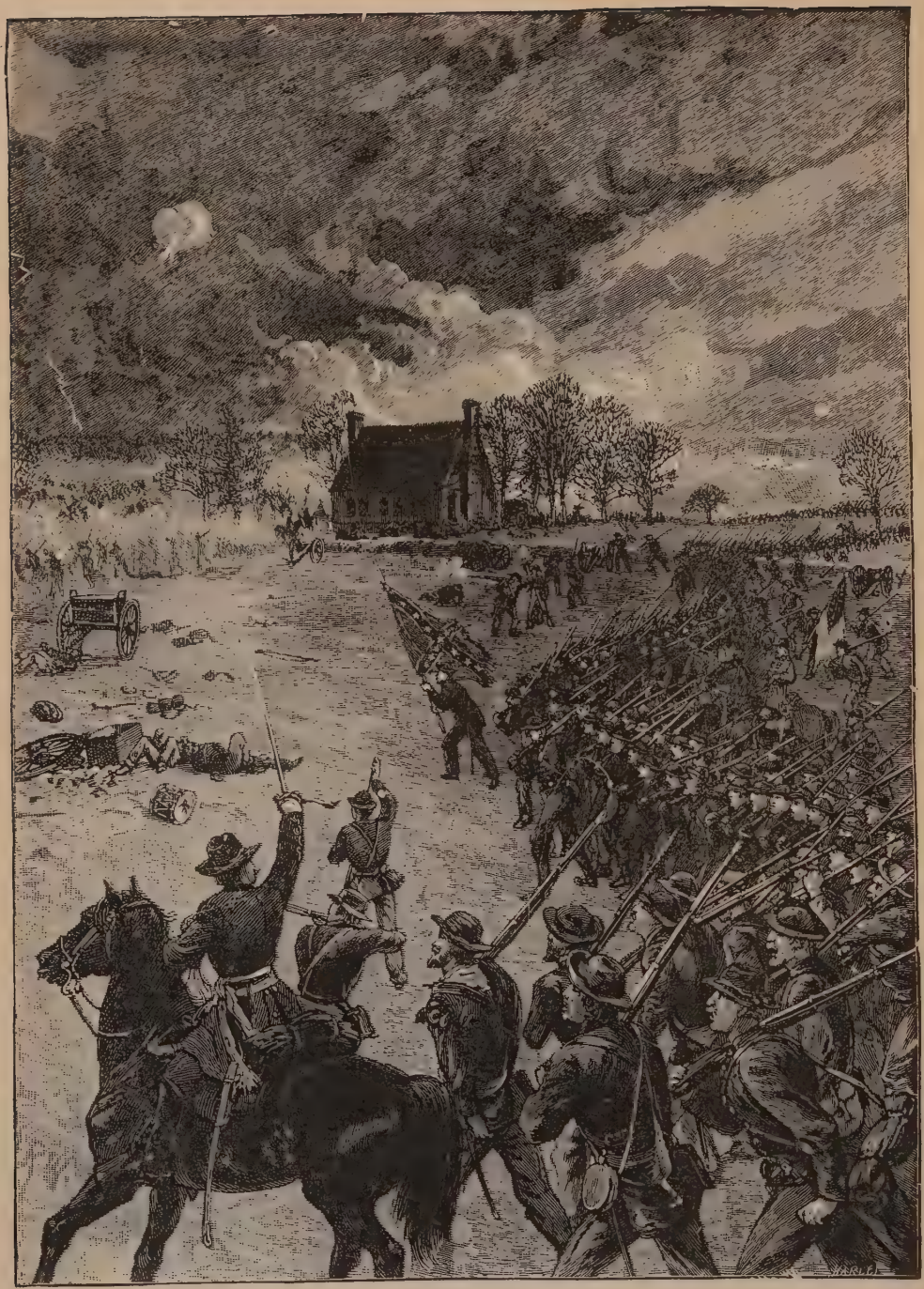
As to results: the Northern army had lost from Cedar mountain to the Potomac more than one-fourth its number in killed, wounded and prisoners. Sickness and straggling had still further reduced it, but the stragglers as a rule reassembled under the colors back of Centreville. Yet such had been the discipline and determination of the men that the proportion of *unwounded* prisoners was very small, and, except in the great battle of the 30th, it had lost no batteries in action or on the march. Those captured by Stuart at the Junction were unguarded. The killed and wounded in the fighting of the 28th and 29th in General Pope's army summed up 4,500, and on the 30th it must have been somewhat heavier; but in killed, wounded and prisoners it is not probable that his loss on those three days of fighting exceeded 12,000 while on the afternoon of the 30th alone Longstreet's corps lost 3,498 in killed and wounded; and the total killed, wounded and prisoners of Lee's army on the plains of Manassas could not have been less than 8,000 men.

From first to last brilliancy, daring and consummate good

luck marked every move on the Southern side, while dogged and disciplined courage, that rose superior to misfortune and a host of misunderstandings, was the characteristic of the Northern army. An awful gloom overspread the loyal States after the retreat to Washington, and, but for McClellan's bloody yet fruitless victory at Antietam, there is no telling what might have resulted from the renewed machinations of the "peace party." National fortunes seemed indeed at the lowest ebb; but fortitude, patience and courage finally prevailed. Lee's retreat south of the Rappahannock measurably restored public confidence, and the armies went into winter quarters to repair damages and prepare for the next move.



BATTLE-FIELD OF MANASSAS.
(Position of the troops at sunset, Aug. 28, 1862.)



BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE. JACKSON'S ATTACK. (*A. R. Waud.*)

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

1863

BY JAMES H. WILLARD.

THE command of the Army of the Potomac was assumed by General Joseph Hooker, January 26th, 1863. Weakened by campaigning and disasters; demoralized by poignant homesickness, daily desertions and political influences; the army reflected the general despondency of the country. The impassable Virginia roads precluded artillery and infantry from active operations during the months of February and March, and the greater part of April. During this period of inactivity the new Commander-in-Chief employed himself in a complete reorganization of the army. Absentees were recalled; elements that lowered the morale of the command were eliminated. The cavalry were consolidated, and sent upon daring raids whenever the state of the roads would allow. So indefatigable were the efforts of the patriotic leader, that by the middle of April he possessed an army of 110,000 infantry and artillery, 400 guns and 13,000 cavalry, all in a high state of discipline, and pervaded with the lofty spirit of its commander.

Nor had Lee been idle during this time. The conscription act had augmented his forces materially; the arsenals had furnished him with new offensive material; supplies were forthcoming for the subsistence of his veterans and raw levies. The discipline of his troops was perfect; their enthusiasm unbounded. To compensate for the disparity in numbers between his force and that of Hooker's, Lee relied upon a chain of elaborate fortifications stretching for twenty-five miles along his front. Ad-

ditional defences had also been erected in the rear of Fredricksburg.

Cavalry raids were not confined to the Union troopers. While the opposing forces were being brought to a high state of effectiveness, W. H. H. Lee led an unsuccessful attempt upon the Union troops at Gloucester Point. This was in February. In March, Moseby, the guerilla leader won fame and promotion by his dash into Fairfax Court-House, the capture of its commanding officer, many horses and military stores. A desperate cavalry battle occurred on March 17th, when Averill and Fitzhugh Lee met near Culpepper Court-House. This was the first cavalry action of the Civil War. In April, Stoneman set out to disperse Fitzhugh Lee's 2,000 horsemen, and to destroy the railroad that afforded Lee communication with Richmond. Heavy rains and swollen streams compelled the abandonment of this project.

Chancellorsville is ten miles southwest of Fredericksburg, and to that point Hooker despatched Meade, Howard and Slocum on April 27th. After a remarkable march of thirty-seven miles over heavy roads and across two rivers, the column, encumbered with baggage and artillery, reached Chancellorsville on the 30th. Here they were joined by a portion of Couch's corps, who had crossed the Rappahannock at another point. Anderson, the Confederate commander, retired from the place on the morning of the same day. Leaving Falmouth, Hooker now marched to Chancellorsville, and established his headquarters there. A slight cavalry skirmish during the night, was the first encounter with the enemy.

While these operations were in progress, Sedgwick, who commanded Hooker's left, had thrown Brooks' and Wadsworth's divisions across the Rappahannock. These dispersed the Confederate pickets and threw up breastworks, while Sickles was successfully leading his corps to Chancellorsville by another route. This movement of Sickles' was unknown to Lee, who was watching Sedgwick, and manœuvering to keep him from joining the main army. Early had been left by Lee, to defend Fredericksburg, Jackson was sent toward Chancellorsville.

Meeting Anderson near the Tabernacle church the combined forces advanced toward Hooker, who had sent Griffin and Humphreys in the direction of Banks' Ford; Sykes and Hancock along the turnpike, toward the Tabernacle church; Slocum and Howard along the plank road that led to the same point. Sykes' cavalry were driven back after a brilliant skirmish, but, bringing up his artillery, the Union General forced McLaws—who commanded the second division of Jackson's column, from his position, and gained a ridge which commanded Chancellorsville, and virtually put the Union forces in command of Banks' Ford which was coveted by Lee.

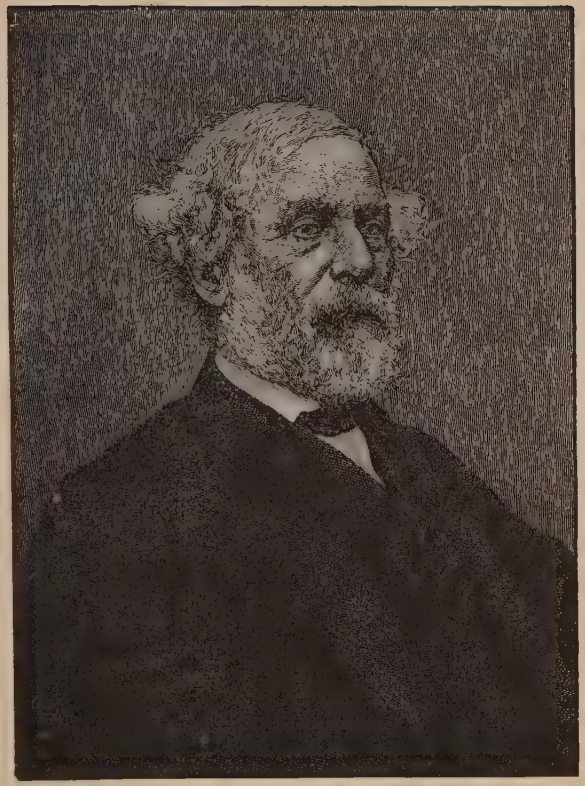
A deadly grapple between Jackson and Slocum—much to the advantage of the Confederates, admonished Hooker that his columns were in peril, and it only needed the intelligence that Sykes was being flanked, to induce him to withdraw his forces to Chancellorsville; the Confederates close upon his heels. Two councils of war were held that night. At Hooker's a defensive policy was decided upon. Under the pines, near the plank road, Lee agreed to the bold plan of his chief counsellor Jackson,—a flank movement upon Hooker's rear.

Masked by the thick woods, the 25,000 men who that day followed the fortunes of the gallant Jackson, stole away, to fulfill their consign. The crossing of Lewis Creek discovered them to Birney, who was at once sent by Sickles—under Hooker's direction, to solve the mystery of the Confederate movement. With Whipple and Barlow's brigades, Birney engaged the enemy and forced him from the highway, yet, by wood paths and by cutting a new road, Jackson's column pressed on, losing, however, the Twenty-third Georgia during a Union charge. Anderson's infantry and Brown's artillery were two strong for Birney's further advance, but he held the road over which Jackson had passed. In reply to Sickles' call for reinforcements, Pleasanton's cavalry and two brigades from Howard and Slocum were sent to assist in the pursuit of the Confederates, who were supposed to be in retreat. But the wily Jackson was under cover of the dense scrub known as the Wilderness, crouching for a spring upon Hooker's right.

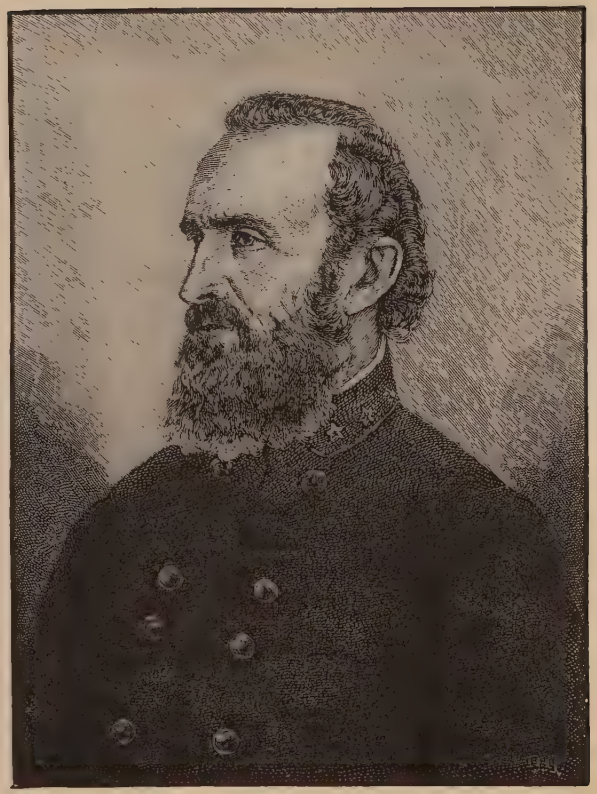
Unaware of impending disaster, Howard's corps was preparing supper and arranging for the night. Suddenly, with a yell that rose above the bugle calls and outpost fire, the flower of Lee's army fell upon Devens, at the extreme of the Union line. Amid the pandemonium of sound, the surprised Unionists fled in panic before the irresistible onrush of the Southrons. In a turbulent tide they streamed to the rear and along the road to Chancellorsville; their commander severely wounded; one-third of their number captured or disabled. The contagion of panic spread to Schurz's and Von Steinwehr's divisions; the few regiments who stood their ground, crumbled before the assault of the grey-coated legions; with half their number dead or dying, they joined their flying comrades. Rallying some of Schurz's men at Dowdall's Tavern, Von Steinwehr, with Buschbeck's brigade, checked the Confederate advance for a brief time, only to lose the position to Rodes and Colston. Through the summer twilight, what was once the gallant Eleventh, still fled along the dusty roads.

Hooker now attempted to recover the field. Sickles extricated himself from a critical situation, with the aid of Pleasanton, who hurled the Eighth Pennsylvania at Jackson as he thundered after the hapless Eleventh corps. This stayed the Confederate advance long enough to save Sickles' guns, which had been left behind at Hazel Grove. But at a fearful price, for nearly all of the gallant regiment lay in ghastly heaps upon the bloody ground. Lee plied Slocum and Couch with a heavy artillery fire; Hancock successfully resisted the attack upon his division.

Jackson, anxious to inflict an additional blow upon Hooker, rode in front of his lines to reconnoitre before ordering a second attack. Returning with his staff and escort, the party was mistaken in the gloom for Union cavalry, and fired upon. Several were killed and wounded. Pierced by three bullets—one in the right hand and two in the left arm, one of which shattered the bone, Jackson turned his frightened horse into the plank road, and fell into the arms of Captain Wilborn, one of his staff. The flow of blood was stopped by General Hill, and Jackson



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.



GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON

was borne on a litter to the Confederate hospital at the Wilderness Tavern. One of the bearers of the litter was killed on the way. Jackson's arm was amputated, and a few days later, he was removed to Guinea station, near Richmond. Pneumonia, however, was the principal cause of his death which occurred on May 10th.

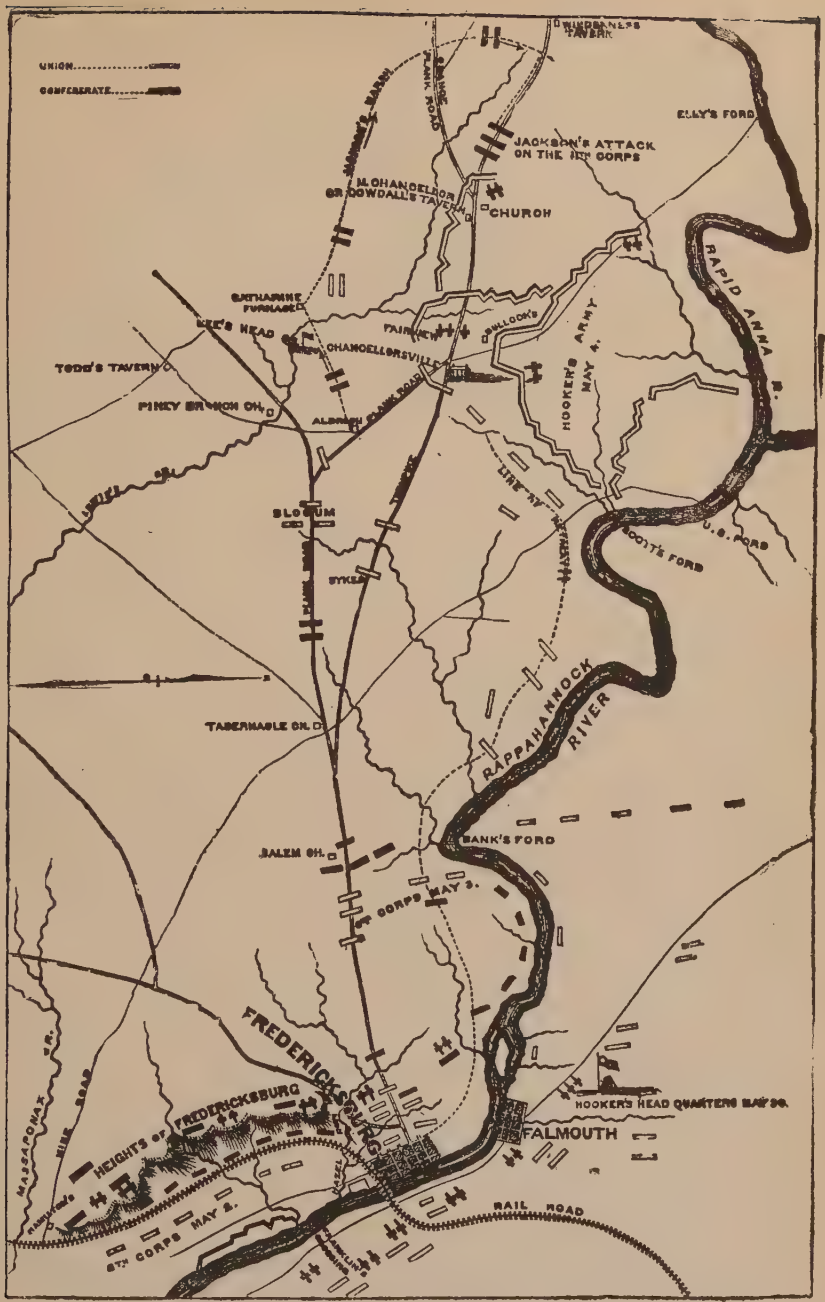
"Stonewall" Jackson was the right arm of Lee, superior in moral force, personal magnetism and executive ability to his commanding officer. His loss to the Confederacy was irreparable. The rugged veterans who had followed him without flinching, over many hotly-contested fields, wept like children when the death of their beloved commander was announced.

No forward movement was attempted by the Confederates during the night of May 2d. The Union lines recovered some lost ground; Reynolds, with 20,000 men joined Hooker during the evening; Sickles took up a new line, west of Chancellorsville. With the shout of "Charge, and remember Jackson," at dawn on Sunday, May 3d, Stuart opened an attack. Thirty cannon played upon the Union lines as Stuart threw himself upon Sickles and his support. Hazel Grove and four guns fell to the Confederates. With his ammunition nearly exhausted, Sickles sent for reinforcements, but held his position for a while, with the bayonet. But the Union forces for an hour were virtually without a head. Hooker was lying wounded and senseless, and Couch, upon whom the command had devolved, had withdrawn headquarters from the Chancellor House. As the tide of battle ebbed and flowed around Fairview, Lee ordered a general advance. His army was united; Hooker's divided. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, the Confederates occupied Chancellorsville. At noon, Hooker recovered sufficiently to take command of the army which Couch had withdrawn to the northward of the Chancellor House—now a ghastly ruin.

Meanwhile, Sedgwick had captured the heights of Fredericksburg, and was hastening toward Chancellorsville, along the plank road. Lee sent McLaws to meet him, but Wilcox had essayed to stop the Union advance at Salem Church and a neighboring schoolhouse. Brooks' division drove Wilcox's troops from the

schoolhouse and gained the hill. Wilcox recaptured the position and drove the Unionists back; Tompkins' artillery checked the Confederate pursuit. On the morning of May 4th, the Union situation bordered on the desperate. Lee was bending his energies to defeat a junction between Sedgwick and Hooker. On that day, Early, by a swift movement, cut off Fredericksburg from Sedgwick, and recaptured the heights. Late in the day, Sedgwick, resisting obstinately, was forced to give way. Retiring toward Banks' Ford he reached the north bank of the Rappahannock, during the night; Gibbon crossed the river to Falmouth; Lee was left with only Hooker to confront him. With Sedgwick unable to coöperate with him, Hooker now decided upon the retreat of the main army. Crossing the swollen Rappahannock during the night of the fifth, the Army of the Potomac took up its old quarters opposite Fredericksburg.

Hooker's loss, including 5,000 prisoners, was something over 17,000 men, thirteen guns, several thousand small arms, a large quantity of ammunition and seventeen colors. The reports of Lee's subordinates placed the Confederate loss at upward of 12,000 men and 2,000 prisoners. Both commanders issued congratulatory addresses to their armies, but the struggle of several days around Chancellorsville, brought defeat and disaster to the Union forces.



BATTLEFIELD OF CHANCELLORSVILLE. 163

GETTYSBURG.

1863.

GREAT as had been the elation throughout the Southern States after the victory of their arms at Manassas in '62, it was as nothing compared with the whirlwind of delight in May and June, '63. Talking to Americans it is needless to go into details. The intervening events may be briefly told as regards the war in Virginia.

Emboldened by success, General Lee decided to carry the war into Maryland, hoping to win that entire State to the Southern cause; and, though met and defeated at Antietam, it was a fruitless victory for the North. Lee got safely back across the Potomac, and in the following winter crushed General Burnside at Fredericksburg (December 13th, '62), and in the following spring emphatically paralyzed General Hooker at Chancellorsville (April 29th to May 4th, '63). All these engagements had been fraught with bitter loss and humiliation to the Union cause, and the Northern people were in deep distress of mind. Despite the acknowledged steadfastness and bravery of the Army of the Potomac, it seemed as though nothing could prevail against the skill and daring of the Southern leaders. With them there appeared to be such perfect concord of action. They "backed one another up" on every occasion, as in the old days we have seen Marlborough and Prince Eugene pulling together and never losing a fight; while on the Northern side it reminded one of the homely old saying, "Too many cooks spoil the broth." This brings to mind a second proverb which ought to have been of use to the Union: "In multiplicit

of councils there is wisdom," and this recalls a third, which wrung from the lips of an exasperated general-in-chief after Gettysburg, fairly demolished the second: "Councils (of war) never fight."

It is thrilling to look back on the situation in Virginia up to Chancellorsville and mark how Lee, with his great lieutenants, Jackson, Longstreet, Stuart, Ewell and A. P. Hill, with far inferior forces, thwarted the manœuvres of the Northern arms. It is painful to us Northerners to take this retrospect and see how we "experimented" with chief after chief. *They*, the Southerners, picked out their leaders after the first few months, and stood by them from first to last. We only set a man up to knock him down. The Army of the Potomac was always in a state of ferment, not to say divided loyalty, as regarded its leaders. No commander it ever had commanded its undivided allegiance, unless it was that, tired and sick of dissension, it concluded to make its best effort under the gallant gentleman who led it to victory, at last, at Gettysburg, and who thenceforth was its chief until the final disbandment.

And yet, despite all this, it was ready to march and fight and get whipped time and again with a "never-say-die" determination that entitles it to the lasting love and respect of the nation it finally saved from ruin, or at least took the lion's share of the hard knocks in doing it; for nowhere else were such foemen gathered in such force as breasted its blows and so scientifically returned them.

But things were black enough after Chancellorsville. Hooker, not his army, was demoralized. Lee knew it, and now with *his* army in glorious discipline and "trim," the Southern leader determined to take advantage of Northern indetermination, march squarely into Pennsylvania, and conquer a peace at the gates of the wealthy and populous cities of the North.

Of course now, as heretofore, the Army of the Potomac was "lugging its drag-chain," that never-to-be-neglected duty of defending the capital city. Let the South once get hold of Washington, and England and France, both of them only too ready and eager, would "recognize" the independence of

the South and forbid further proceedings on the part of the North. Then we would have been split in twain. Other divisions would soon have come, and the Great Republic would have gone to pieces. In his sleepless anxiety, that patient, God-given figure-head of the nation, Abraham Lincoln, had summoned to his side, and made general-in-chief of all the armies, the late General Henry W. Halleck, a man learned as a lawyer and as a soldier, a man who would have made a surprisingly good campaign in the open country of Europe; but he too was weighted with that incubus, the defence of Washington, and had the faculty of worrying the generals in the field; and the arrangement did not work smoothly.

As though in utter contempt for his adversary, General Lee sent away corps after corps, leaving at last only General Hill with his corps to hold the lines of Fredericksburg against Hooker, who still hung to his camps around Falmouth. The Southern army was strung out over the country in long column of march towards Culpeper Court-House.

Now was the time to crush it—but it was not crushed. Their move began on the 3d of June. By the 8th, Lee and the leading troops were at Culpeper; still the Fredericksburg heights were heavily occupied, and not until the 9th did Hooker do anything but puzzle over the situation.

That day he pushed out his cavalry to see what was going on, and they found out. Buford and Gregg, two sterling leaders of horse, took their divisions across the Rappahannock way up on Hooker's right, and dashed into a large force of Stuart's cavalry. Then followed the only real cavalry combat of the war, the combined fight of Beverly Ford and Brandy Station. It lasted until night, and, if official reports are to be believed, both sides got the best of it. At all events it was a spirited and dashing affair, and for the first time the Southerners began to feel some respect for Northern horsemen. All the cavalry in the two armies took part in it, charging and counter-charging, sabre in hand. A loss of half a thousand was sustained on each side, and after that, as a rule, except in skirmishes, the cavalry dismounted to fight.

On June 13th it began to dawn upon the Union generally that something was coming northward, for on that evening Ewell's corps had suddenly appeared in the Shenandoah, and all Hooker's army had found out that Lee was a week ahead on a race for the Potomac. This was ghastly. Washington was panic-stricken. Hooker sent his right wing off in pursuit, but wanted to stop and demolish Hill with the rest of his army, but Washington would not listen to it. It would have been a splendid thing, but the President, Cabinet and General Halleck said no. "Head him off. Get between him and us. Do this. Don't do it." Such, in unprofessional language, was about the nature of the orders that came pouring in on General Hooker, who, now that he *was* awake, was fully alive to the situation. Before he got to the Potomac he had lost all patience. Worse than that, the entire Southern army was already across and sweeping up the Cumberland valley, while Ewell, far ahead of everybody, was well up towards Harrisburg.

Crossing his own army at Edward's Ferry on the 25th of June, Hooker, "swearing mad" by this time, hurried to Frederick, and there, considering himself hampered in every way by the contradictory orders from Washington, and certainly forbidden to do the very things he considered essential to success, on June 27th the general begged to be, and was, relieved from the command.

He had been a splendid division commander—had *not* been a loyal and subordinate corps commander when serving under Burnside, yet, "in spite of these things, not because of them," as Mr. Lincoln wrote him, he had stepped into the chief command of the Army of the Potomac and had vastly improved it, especially its cavalry; but Chancellorsville broke his popularity and really undermined him. He did gallant service subsequently in the West, but the Army of the Potomac saw him no more.

Now for the next man. On the 28th of June, the army was somewhat surprised to hear that its destinies were to be confided to Major-General George G. Meade, the then leader of the gallant Fifth corps, and no one was more surprised than himself. He was not the senior corps commander. Less than a year

PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

before we saw him at the head of a tiny brigade in the little division of Pennsylvanians under John F. Reynolds, and Reynolds was on the spot with an unimpeachable record and the reputation of being a soldier of unusual brilliancy. Meade had never sought the position. He was a modest, faithful soldier, a man who cared nothing for popularity, but *commanded* respect; a man who lived and died a gentleman, and who, stepping into the chieftaincy of this great army at the crisis of its history, was destined to lead it to its greatest victory, and never thenceforth to be other than chief on its rolls.

And now we have both our armies north of the Potomac. The whole country, north and south, is waiting the result in breathless anxiety, and, as the greatest battle ever known on the continent is about to be fought, let us look well at the combatants.

On the Southern side is their noble and invincible Lee, the *beau ideal* of the soldier and the gentleman, the idol of the South, the now honored of the reunited nation. With him he brings three superbly disciplined and devoted corps of infantry, and those reckless, hard-riding troopers of the cavalier Stuart. Just now they are widely scattered over the broad lands of Maryland and Pennsylvania—everything getting out of their way with justifiable speed. Farthest north of all, scaring the militia into burning the beautiful bridge across the Susquehanna, and now somewhere about Carlisle, is the most renowned marching corps in either army, that of old Stonewall Jackson; but he himself lies far away in his honored grave, and Lee's right-hand man is no more. In his place rides his division commander, Ewell, who, less than a year ago, we saw lose his leg in front of the stubborn line of the Iron Brigade. Tutored as he was, no fear that Ewell will fail his great commander. Daring soldiers head his divisions in Early and Johnson and Rodes.

The next corps is led by A. P. Hill, a most accomplished and gallant officer of the old army, and Heth, Anderson and Pender are his division commanders; while the third corps, numerically the First, perhaps the finest of all, is that of the old war-dog, Longstreet, who has three superb divisions, famous

"stayers," and as one of them, "Hood's Texans" are marvels in attack. Another, Pickett's Virginians, are "die-hards," and prove it in this very battle. The third, McLaw's, is more mixed in composition—but is a good one.

But now as Lee is marching eastward to concentrate near Gettysburg, and Ewell is coming southward to join him, what is most needed is his cavalry, "the eyes of the army;" and, by great bad luck for him, Stuart with his whole force of troopers is far over to the southeast on the opposite side of the Union army, which is hurrying northward with all speed in search of Lee.

Knowing that he would have a much larger army to fight, the great Southern leader had promised his generals that he would not be the assailant, but that he would take up a strong position and compel the Northern armies to attack him. To effect this it was absolutely necessary that he should have his "eyes" way out in every direction to give timely warning of the coming of the foe; but the first troopers he was destined to see were Buford's "Yanks." The two leading divisions of Hill's corps, bivouacked on the broad pike from Chambersburg to Baltimore, and Pettigrew's men, thrown well out to the front, not six miles from the town, suddenly encountered long lines of cavalry skirmishers. These are Buford's boys. This is the first meeting of the great combat so soon to rage in fury, and it is late on the afternoon of the last day of June.

The principal leaders of the Southern army having been named, it remains now to look at those of the North. For years their names and their portraits were far more familiar than pen can make them now. Lee, with three large *corps d'armée*—his army numbering 70,000 "present for duty," was being pursued by Meade with six smaller corps, and his cavalry, a total of 100,000 men, "with the colors." Lee had 206 guns. Meade had 352. Lee had but recently reorganized his army, still keeping up that superb system of brigading his men by States, so that entire divisions, Pickett's for instance, were recruited from one commonwealth. With us, regiments were assigned according to no apparent system—Maine, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin perhaps being grouped in the same brigade. Lee had three

large divisions to each corps. Meade had sometimes three, sometimes two, but smaller than Lee's in every case. When it is said, therefore, that on the 30th of June, 1863, six Northern corps were about to engage three from the South, the effect produced is not justifiable.

It was with the First, Second, Third, Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth corps that General Meade essayed the task of bringing the Southern force to bay, and his generals were as follows: first, and deservedly first, John F. Reynolds, First corps, a man universally regarded as the most brilliant, and one of the most gallant soldiers in the whole army. His division commanders were the veteran Wadsworth, of New York, in whose division, under Meredith, is the Iron Brigade we saw fighting so stubbornly a year agone. The Second division is commanded by Robinson, a soldier of tried mettle; and the Third by Doubleday of Fort Sumter fame, and a man who won the record of being a "stayer" at Antietam.

Then comes the Second corps, and at its head is the knightly Hancock, a soldier the world has since learned to know and to honor, and his fine divisions are led by Caldwell, Gibbon (whom we saw fighting all Jackson's corps with that one brigade last year) and Hays, who, already severely wounded, is destined to do some hard hitting in the next two days.

General Daniel E. Sickles commands the Third corps. Soldiering was not his profession before the war, but he takes to it with wonderful ease. He has but two divisions; but they are led by Birney of Peninsula fame, and by Humphreys, than whom the army contains no more determined a fighter, and few men so thoroughly skilled in their profession.

Then comes the Fifth corps, so lately commanded by General Meade. It is now led by General George Sykes, a cool, steadfast, reliable old regular. All the regular infantry is in this corps in the brigade of General Ayres, lately a dashing battery commander. Barnes commands the First division, and Crawford, a hero of Sumter and Cedar Mountain, the Third.

The Sixth corps stands next in numerical order, and its magnificent leader, brave, steadfast General John Sedgwick.

commands the respect and admiration of the whole army. The Sixth corps is especially strong in artillery, it having eight batteries, forty-eight guns in all, four batteries being the usual allowance at this period of the war. Wright, Howe and Wheaton are the division commanders. All "regular" soldiers and men of experience in many fields.

Then comes the Eleventh corps, an ill-starred command, only just recovering from the shock received at the hands of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville. General Howard now, as at that time, is its commander, a man more eminent for piety and personal gallantry than for success as a soldier. His divisions are led by Barlow (who nearly loses his life in trying to rally it the next day, and is left for dead behind it), Von Steinwehr, a Prussian well schooled in the art of war, and General Carl Schurz, who knows little about it, but makes up for it in courage and intelligence.

The Twelfth corps is the command of Major-General Slocum, who is senior in rank to all the others, and who saw service at Antietam; but he has but two small divisions, Williams' and Geary's, with many untried troops. Yet they are destined to do good work in the next three days.

General Lee, as has been seen, was without the services of his cavalry at Gettysburg. Not so with Meade. He is blessed with three divisions, small in numbers, perhaps, but already becoming adepts in their duties. General Pleasonton heads the corps, and has for his assistants, first and foremost, John Buford, the best cavalry leader of his day; and Gregg and Kilpatrick, both men of energy. But it is among the brigade commanders that we find the names that became most distinguished in their peculiar arm—Farnsworth, Merritt, Custer and Devin.

General Meade is also fortunate in having a staff, some of which, notably the brilliant engineer Warren, are men of unequalled efficiency. He has also admirable light artillery and a chief (Hunt) who knows how to use it. In fact, take it all in all, the Northern army is far superior in many respects to the Southern; but it lacks the discipline, the unanimity and the supreme confidence of the latter.

GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE.

GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

Now to go back to the night of June 30th. From every point of the compass, troops are concentrating on Gettysburg—Lee's army, oddly enough, from the *north* and *west;* Meade's from the *south* and *east.* Buford's cavalry division is the only one actually at the spot as the sun goes down. The nearest supports are at Emmetsburg, or just a little north, say five miles from Gettysburg, where General Reynolds with the First and Eleventh corps has gone into bivouac for the night. The Third and Twelfth corps are not very much farther away towards the southeast.

Two of Hill's (Southern) divisions, as has been said, are in bivouac, five or six miles west of Gettysburg. Ewell's whole corps is within easy call, eight or nine miles to the north; but Buford's thin cavalry line has gone out toward the setting sun, and some two miles *west* of the town. There he and Pettigrew's footmen have halted, face to face, and the skilled cavalryman knows what it means to confront an infantry brigade at such a time and place. There are others behind it. He knows well that their object is to get to Gettysburg before Meade's infantry, and it is his duty to stand them off as long as possible. "We'll have to fight like the very devil," he says to General Devin; "but we *must* hold them." "They'll be down on us first thing in the morning." With that, night closes on the scene and God's truce upon the opposing armies.

Gettysburg is a little town in southern Pennsylvania that, but for the battle, would never be heard of outside the State; it lies about ninety miles due west from Philadelphia. Off to the southeast, and "east of south" lie Baltimore and Washington, even a less distance away. The town lies in a shallow depression. Heights or ridges, low, rocky and wood-crowned, surround it on every side. The streams, and there are many of them, all run south. Willoughby Run on the west, Plum Run on the south, and Rock Creek on the east—all within two miles—are the principal water-courses. North and east the slopes are low, rolling and heavily wooded. West, shutting off the view and separating it from the low valley of Willoughby Run, is a ridge running almost north and south. They call it "Seminary Ridge," be-

cause of a Lutheran institution built thereon just west of the town. East of this ridge and south of the town is a fertile valley about one mile in width; and, parallel with the ridge, bounding the valley on the east, is another ridge, bolder, steeper, rockier and far more open. This is the famed Cemetery Ridge. It runs square to the north until within a mile of the town, where it sweeps in a bold curve around to the east and turns south again at Rock Creek. Its top is a plateau a mile wide. At its north-eastern front is a heavily wooded mound—Culp's Hill. Its southern extremity, nearly four miles from Gettysburg, is marked by a huge, jagged, boulder-strewn "butte," it would be called out west. This is Round Top, and nestling under its shoulder to the north is its counterpart, half-size—Little Round Top. Between them and to the west of Little Round Top, lies a rocky gorge—mark it well. That is Devil's Den. Plum Run curdles at their feet. Then out in the valley lies a wheat-field nearly opposite Little Round Top, and out farther still, reaching to the pike, a peach orchard.

Crossing the valley from the southwest to northeast in long diagonal is the broad road to Emmetsburg. It runs along a low ridge of its own, and, just skirting the northern base of Cemetery Ridge, enters Gettysburg from the south. And this, in brief, is a crude description of the ground over which our greatest battle is to be fought.

But first we have a prelude, and a sad one, for the Union cause.

At first break of day on the 1st of July, as though by one simultaneous impulse, the scattered soldiery spring to arms. Those who are happy enough to possess the luxury, gulp down their steaming cans of coffee and take a bracing souse in the nearest stream. Many a Southern boy, however, sets forth on his trudge without the gladdening beverage, but all the same he swings along, cheerily and hopefully. What would he not do? Where would he not go for "Bob Lee?" It has been raining off and on, through June, but July breaks in with a burst of sunshine. The woods are green, the streams are bank-full, the roads are clear of choking dust. What more could soldier ask with such

MAP OF PENNSYLVANIA MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

a glorious prospect before him? Meade and Lee are destined to meet right here in this peaceful valley, still dim and misty after the dews of night, and neither Meade nor Lee knows it. The former half expects to form his battle-line and fight along Pipe creek, farther to the east. The latter longs for Stuart and hopes to hear of him at Gettysburg. It is his worst error so far—this sending Stuart off on a distant raid—and the chief already regrets it. But it is too late now. Stuart is sweeping up towards Carlisle.

Morning reveals the pickets of Pettigrew and Buford grimly regarding one another along the Chambersburg pike. Right and left through the thin woods, lines of sentinels keep watch and ward. Buford's lines are in a sweeping semicircle west and northwest a mile out from town, and well over Seminary Ridge; his advance and pickets still farther out. At six in the morning gray-clad infantry come marching eastward along the pike. It is Heth's division moving up to support Pettigrew. Warned of the presence of "Yanks," it halts and deploys into line of battle some distance west of Willoughby Run. Not until nine o'clock is the first gun fired. Then the opposing batteries of Northern horse and Southern light-artillery let drive at one another along the pike. Gettysburg has begun. Heth's lines sweep forward through the woods on the dismounted troopers of Devin and Gamble, Buford's brigade commanders; and for one mortal hour the plucky cavalrymen stand their ground, alone and unsupported. Buford hangs on in stern determination, but still hopefully: Reynolds is coming; and just at ten o'clock that superb soldier rides out on the field in full view of the Southern lines, and with him comes gray-haired old Wadsworth, leading his division, which, though composed of only two small brigades, is one of the best in the army. Quickly it deploys; Cutler, a veteran "Badger" from Wisconsin, throwing his line facing west across the deep cut of an unfinished railway; Meredith, of Indiana, forming on his left with the celebrated Iron Brigade. Eager hearts are beating in every breast. General Doubleday, too impatient to wait for his own division, has galloped forward, and Reynolds has placed him in charge of the left of the field.

Out to the front is a little cluster of trees extending up and down the run. Who shall have it? Archer of Heth's division, or Meredith with his Western boys? "Forward and seize it," are Doubleday's orders, and away they go. Heth has four brigades to Wadsworth's two. The troopers are now farther to the north, between the Chambersburg pike and the road to Mummasburg. Their ammunition is well-nigh spent, and they must soon fall back. A new danger menaces those wearied cavalrymen. Long lines of gray-clad infantry emerge from the woods far to the north, and move steadily forward towards the right flank of the Union line. By all that is desperate, Ewell has got back in time! Those are the men of Rodes' division—too far away as yet to more than threaten; but Reynolds sends urgent orders to Howard to hasten forward with the Eleventh corps and face them. Then, leaving to Wadsworth the care of the right, he gallops over just in time to see the Iron Brigade's rush upon Archer, who, with his brigade, has ventured across Willoughby Run to attack Cutler. The clump of woods is for the moment forgotten. The Second Wisconsin, led by its gallant colonel, Fairchild, heads the dash upon the enemy's flank, and General Archer and several hundred of his men are captured in the twinkling of an eye. Meantime the brigade of General Davis, nearly all Mississippians, has driven back Cutler's right, and many of them have got into that convenient railway cut. The chance is too good to be lost. Before the Mississippians can straighten out, Cutler's three remaining regiments change front to the right, run to the edge of the cut, and have Davis and his men at their mercy. There is absolutely no way out of it but surrender, and surrender the Mississippians do—two full regiments with their battle-flags. So far so good. Wadsworth's division has covered itself with glory. Where is Reynolds now? Why is he not there to join in the ringing cheers and to heartily congratulate his gallant men? Alas! for Northern hearts this day. Yonder he lies—stone-dead—with a bullet through his brain.

There is no time for repining. Doubleday takes command, sends Cutler farther to the right, and himself places in position the divisions of Rowley and Robinson just marching

on the field. They come in the highest spirits, eager and enthusiastic. "Boys, we've come to stay," sings out Colonel Roy Stone, who leads the brigade at head of Rowley's column. "We've come to stay!" shout the men, and the stirring words go cheerily down the ranks.

Robinson's division is moved off northward to confront the coming lines of Ewell's men. For the time being, all is triumph. Robinson, swinging way out to Cutler's right, is so fortunate as to catch three North Carolina regiments napping, and they too go to swell the list of prisoners. No wonder the red or white balled caps* are tossed high in air, and the First corps is cheering itself hoarse. Few of them know that at quarter-past ten their heroic leader met his soldier's death.

But meantime the Southerners are far from idle. Pender's division has come up and reinforced General Hill, who, despite his illness, had early galloped forward and assumed command. Rodes has deployed his entire line, and, advancing from the north, has taken the gallant First corps in flank. All told it is now not more than six thousand strong, and Doubleday is hard pressed. Six Southern batteries are thundering at him, and he has but three with which to respond. General Howard himself has arrived, and is in command of the field; but his main anxiety appears to be that threatening cloud from the north, where Ewell's men can be seen in the distance forming their lines and preparing for a swoop.

It is half-past one o'clock when the first division of the Eleventh corps comes upon the field under General Barlow. It marches through Gettysburg, and is deployed north of the town facing Ewell. Then General Schurz's division arrives by another road, and is sent in between Robinson and Barlow, facing north, But General Howard retains Von Steinwehr and his division on the northern end of Cemetery Ridge, and Von Steinwehr, not liking the looks of things far to the north, sets his men to work at once building stone breastworks and fence-rail defences, gets his guns into position and waits; so does General Howard, who from his

* The ball or sphere was the badge of the First corps; Red for the First division; White for the Second.

somewhat elevated position two miles behind both his north and west facing lines, takes in the situation. Out on the north front, now, at two o'clock, Carl Schurz is in command, and he has but two divisions with which to hold as good as three, for yonder comes old Jubal Early with Ewell's second division, making eight strong brigades in all; and now it is all up with Howard's dispositions. He has tried to cover too big a front with too small a force. Rodes makes a dash at the woody eminence opposite the junction of the First and Eleventh corps—Oak Hill, they call it. It is his almost without a shot. His batteries are promptly placed there. They enfilade a portion of the First corps line, and command the rest of the field. It is nearly three o'clock now, and the Eleventh corps is emphatically ill at ease. Then comes the inevitable charge and that ear-splitting, nerve-shaking "rebel yell." Look! Out to the north, a mile beyond Gettysburg, the gray-clad lines come tearing down the slopes at Barlow's men. When did the Eleventh corps ever stand up against Stonewall Jackson, dead or alive? In vain gallant Barlow cheers and shouts and strives to hold them. Von Gilsa's men leave him for dead behind them in their disorderly flight. Rodes takes fire at the sight over there beyond the Carlisle road. "Forward, boys! Sweep the Dutchmen into ——" well, we won't say where; and just as at Chancellorsville, almost without a shot, like so many sheep, these demoralized Teutons of Schimmelpfennig, Von Amsberg, Von Gilsa and Kryzanowski come tearing back for town—a rabble—a mob; and the gallant First corps is left "out in the air."

It is practically the end of the first day's battle. In vain General Howard gallops forward and strives to rally his shattered corps. No use. Out to the right front, all alone by itself, at half-past three o'clock, one little brigade is making manful stand. It is Ames with the Ohio men—the very same regiments that, under McLean, were the last to leave Bald Hill at Manassas, and the last to go at Chancellorsville; but north and northwest *all* is flight and confusion:-even the right of the First corps has crumbled away, and at four o'clock the army of the North is whipped.

Fortunate it is that Howard has left Von Steinwehr in reserve on the heights south of the town. Thither the fugitives direct their steps—those who succeed in escaping Early, who springs forward and secures 5,000 prisoners in the town; and then, too, thank God! Hancock has arrived. What Howard cannot do, he can. The magnetism of his presence, the calm force of his demeanor, revive the courage and command the respect of the troops. He has been sent forward by Meade to straighten things out and he does it. By five o'clock what is left of the Eleventh corps is aligned on Von Steinwehr at the northern end of the ridge. Later, Doubleday's men fall slowly, sullenly back across the valley, and are placed facing west on the left of the Eleventh—all but one division: the now shattered remnant of Wadsworth's command, that has fought so heroically all day long, is placed by General Hancock at Culp's Hill to the right of Von Steinwehr. Buford's wearied cavalry form in stern and forbidding front across the valley, where the open ground would permit of their charging anything that came along. Hill from the west, Ewell from the north, take a look at the new position, and conclude not to attack. General Lee has arrived in all haste and assumed command on his side. The Twelfth corps under General Slocum begins to file on to the plateau about six o'clock, and is placed in line to the left of Doubleday. With the loss of nearly ten thousand men to the Northern side, the first day's battle is over, and Hancock, his duty done, rides back to report to General Meade at Taneytown.

It may be safely said that had Stonewall Jackson been there in command of his old corps, Culp's Hill would have been stormed, possibly carried, before sunset. As it is, the day closes with decided advantage to the Southern forces, but not all that it might have been. Two brigades of Heth's division are practically used up, but he has two left. And now both commanders strain every nerve to bring up all their forces before the dawn of

THE SECOND DAY.

It is one o'clock in the morning when General Meade, after a moonlight ride from Taneytown, arrives at Cemetery Ridge and

proceeds to make an immediate inspection of the field. He has ordered forward the reserve artillery, called in the outlying cavalry of Kilpatrick's division, and directed the prompt concentration on Gettysburg of all the infantry, in preparation for the struggle he knows must be on his hands with the coming day. This concentration is a most creditable piece of business to all concerned except the stragglers, for, despite the fact that some of the corps have to march nearly all night, and that most of the men arrive fatigued and little in the mood for battle, they are there on time, and not an hour is wasted. The Third corps under Sickles, arrives early on the evening of the 1st, except its rearmost division, which is in by sunrise. The Fifth corps after a long and rapid march reports its presence entire at nine o'clock on the morning of the 2d. The Second corps had been purposely halted near Taneytown "to cover the flank and communications," but comes trudging in through the guns of the artillery long before dawn; and the Sixth corps, young as many of its soldiers are, marches thirty-six miles from Manchester after getting its orders the evening of the 1st, and is on the field in time for all the fighting, should it be called on. It arrives at two P. M.

At dawn on the 2d of July, General Meade has decided on an arrangement of his troops pretty much as follows:

Beginning on his extreme right—the northeast face of Culp's Hill—he has there posted General Slocum with the Twelfth corps, as it is evident that Johnson's division of Ewell's corps means mischief there. Wadsworth, of the First corps, is moved a little to the left so as to connect with Ames' (yesterday Barlow's) division of the Eleventh corps; and to General Howard with that corps is assigned the general charge of the northern end of the Cemetery Ridge, which Ewell, with Early's and Rodes' divisions, is threatening. Robinson's division of the First corps is extended on the face of the ridge next to the left of Howard, and facing west. Doubleday, with his division, is in support of Howard, so that the First corps, the heroes of the first day's fight, and now commanded by General Newton, are somewhat scattered. When we speak of them as the heroes, it

must not be understood as ignoring Buford and his gallant troopers, who, perhaps, best of all deserve the honors of that day.

The centre of the position, midway between the Round Tops and the northern end of the ridge, is occupied by the very men to hold it—the gallant Second corps, fresh and vigorous; while General Sickles, with the Third corps, holds the left of the line. The Fifth corps, early in the day, is held in reserve. All along the crest the men are busily occupied constructing rude breastworks and shelters, while the batteries are run to the front and crowded into every available space. There is nowhere near room enough for half the guns. Oddly enough, no battery, regiments or troops of any kind are sent to occupy the Round Tops, unless we except the signal men with their flags. It is an oversight that comes near being the ruin of the Army of the Potomac.

On the other side, General Lee has during the night concentrated all his troops except Stuart's cavalry and Pickett's division of Virginians. As these two organizations are perhaps the flower of the Southern army, it would seem as though the gallant general were severely "handicapped" from the start.

And now, with a line five miles in length, sweeping way around from Rock Creek in front of Slocum, through Gettysburg, then down Seminary Ridge until really beyond Round Top, with possibly sixty thousand men, the Southern leader is trying to encircle an army of greater size in a stronger position. More than that, he proposes to attack and beat them; and it may be said right here, that that is General Lee's second great error. It is a desperate venture and not warranted by the situation; and yet his army awaits the word in serene confidence that they are bound to win. The fact is that in the Army of Virginia there is up to this time, a feeling of contempt for the Army of the Potomac.

Lee's army is placed as follows: Longstreet's corps on the right, with Hood's division opposite the Round Tops; McLaws' opposite Sickles and the Third corps; Hill's three divisions covering the long centre, which extends along Seminary Ridge

from McLaws to Rodes; Rodes mainly *in* Gettysburg; Early and Johnson from the town to Rock Creek. The Southerners have one point in their favor: on this long line they can use their batteries to better advantage, and Pendleton, their chief of artillery, is no bad match for Hunt.

Lee had, as we have seen, determined to attack—Meade, to await attack; but almost the entire day passed in eying each other before an aggressive move is made, beyond the mere "tentative" of Early and Johnson the first thing in the morning at Culp's Hill. It is four o'clock in the afternoon before the Southern general decides just where to strike and how to do it; but, when the blow comes, it comes fearfully near sweeping the cause of the Union to perdition, and this is how it happens:

General Meade has been of the opinion all the morning that the attack in force would come on his right; that is, the northern face of Cemetery Ridge and of Culp's Hill. General Lee, after thorough reconnoissance of the lines, decides to assault pretty much as he did with Jackson at Chancellorsville, by enveloping the unprotected flank and "enfilading" the position. But he no longer has Jackson to conduct the move. In fact it is not even to be conducted by Jackson's successor, or any of old "Stonewall's" men. Lee determines to reach around the Union left, seize the Round Tops and attack from the south, while Hill is to hold things steady in the centre, and Ewell is to keep the troops in his front so busy as to prevent their slipping off to assist the corps of General Sickles, on whom the brunt of the attack will fall. To Longstreet is confided the arrangement of this assault on the Union left, and Longstreet is very long in getting ready. It is said of him that he disapproves the plan and is unwilling to undertake it; and yet, thanks to the error of General Sickles, no plan could have been better.

It so happens that just north of the "tops" and south of the well-defined portion of Cemetery Ridge, occupied by Hancock's corps, the ground flattens out, so to speak; the ridge is lost in the undulations; whereas, out in the valley proper, out beyond the wheat-field, and fully half of a mile from Little Round Top, there *is* a perceptible ridge along which runs the Emmetsburg

pike. General Sickles takes the responsibility of pushing out there with his whole corps, placing Humphreys' division on the pike, Graham's brigade on its left as far as the peach orchard, and the rest of Birney's division "refused," as the expression is, and stretching back through low, scantily wooded ground toward the Round Tops. In this disposition of his line he thrusts an elbow, so to speak, squarely in the face of Longstreet's position, showing *two* lines, either of which can be "enfiladed," raked or swept by the Southern guns. The peach orchard is at the elbow, and not more than half a mile from the ranks of gray-clad infantry lying prone among the trees of Seminary Ridge. It is shortly after two o'clock when Sickles moves out and takes this position. General Meade, busied with his staff-officers at headquarters back of Hancock's corps, never hears of it, or discovers it until four o'clock, when he himself rides out to see what is going on towards the left. Just what the general's sensations are it is impossible to assert; but it is too late to remedy the error. Even as he urges his horse out toward the point where fluttering guidons indicate the position of General Sickles, with one simultaneous crash and bellow Longstreet's batteries open on the devoted lines of Humphreys and Birney. Meade can only send back to the plateau in all haste for his old pets, the Fifth corps, and back up Sickles in his blunder.

Then comes the thrilling moment of the assault. *Not* in front —not facing east upon Humphreys and Graham—but issuing from the woods to the south, Hood's whole division in long gray lines comes charging with its half-savage yell upon the "refused" brigades of De Trobriand and Ward. On they come, two solid brigades of Georgians, another in support; while way off to the southeast, lapping far around the left of Birney's line, never halting to fire, never uttering a sound, strange to say; paying no attention to anything to the right or left, but in eager column, with desperate purpose, arms at right-shoulder, mounted officers at the trot, line officers and the sturdy rank and file at double-quick, a fourth brigade is dashing straight at Little Round Top—at Little Round Top, the key-point of the whole position

the spot which commands every inch of the lines; the bulwark, that, once gained and held, will enable Lee to drive the Northern army from its stronghold; and there it stands defenceless, while Robertson and his daring Texans, Hood's "chargers," and Law with his Alabama men, are nearing it at every jump.

Great Heaven! is there no one to see it?—no one to meet this mortal thrust and turn it back? The signal-men are already taking alarm and preparing to leave. Out to the front all is now uproar and excitement, for Longstreet has launched in his whole command; McLaws is hammering at Humphreys and charging Graham at the peach orchard. Meade, all anxiety for his exposed Third corps, can see nothing but what is going on around him. The Fifth corps is pushing hastily out to the front. Barnes' division is hurrying forward down the slope. Every man seems full of eagerness to go and help Sickles. No one further up the line towards Hancock *can* see what is coming down there beyond the rocky heights. Five minutes more and all would have been up with the Northern army for that day at least, perhaps for good and all; all might have been lost but for one man, that clear-headed, sharp-eyed, brilliant engineer Warren. He has caught sight of the frantic signals of the flagmen on the height. He it is who spurs thither in eager haste, forces his panting horse up among the rocks and boulders, reaches the crest and sees, scarce five hundred yards away, those dense columns of gray-clad infantry swarming at him up the glen. God of battles! what a sight! Quick as a flash—quick almost as his own thought, he wheels his horse, tears down the slope to the north, and dashes at the flank of the Fifth corps, rapidly filing by. "This way, this way, Vincent," he shouts to the brigade commander nearest him. "Up there with you quick as you can—up every man of you!" and, leading the way, hurriedly pointing out the new danger, he sends the brigade scrambling up the rocks. They have not even time to load. Then he gallops to Hazlett's battery, and shouts to the leading regiment of Weed's fine brigade. It is the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, "Pat O'Rorke's boys." "Get those guns up, any-

how—anyhow! Carry them on your shoulders if you have to, but *get them up!*" and with might and main the guns are lifted, shoved, dragged, by straining arms and panting breasts. Four heroic young West Pointers are urging on the work—Warren, Weed, O'Rorke and Hazlett; and just in the nick of time they gain the summit; quick the gunners spring in with lanyard and canister; quick the black muzzles are trained on the surging masses of gray; the flash and roar follow instanter; gun after gun barks its challenge, but Alabama and Texas are already at our gates, and in hand-to-hand conflict, panting, half-exhausted with their long and rapid run, they are clenched with Vincent's brigade. Never as yet during the war has there been such a sight, such a struggle. Bayonets, swords, clubbed muskets, rocks and stones, even fists, are brought into play. Knowing the importance of the position, both sides fight like demons, and the Texans, never before checked, keep swarming forward as though nothing could stop them. Even as the foremost ranks are grappling foot to foot, the rearmost regiments, finding it impossible to get in anywhere, scale the sides of Round Top across the Devil's Den, and from there, open a rapid fire on their opponents, over the heads of their friends. Vincent has four regiments—the Sixteenth Michigan, Forty-fourth New York (Ellsworth avengers), Eighty-third Pennsylvania and Twentieth Maine. Every section of the North is represented in the defence of the vital point. All are hotly engaged; fire-arms are speedily resumed, and some attempt is made at forming line. Off to the right, gallant Pat O'Rorke, the Buffalo Irishman, who graduated head of his class at "the Point," cheers his men into position, shouts at them some enthusiastic words that few can hear, and then with flashing sword leads them in charge down the slope upon the Texan lines. General Weed, so loved throughout the army, calls up the rest of his brigade, and, after half an hour's desperate and bloody work, the position is safe. But at what a cost!

Vincent, the gallant brigade commander who first sprang to meet the Texan rush, lies prone in death. O'Rorke, charging at the head of his men, is instantly killed. Noble-hearted Weed,

mortally wounded, is breathing his last messages to Hazlett, when the latter, bending over his loved friend and chief, is himself shot dead; and everywhere, right and left, through the rocks and boulders, lie the blue-clad forms of the Northern soldiery. Little Round Top, the key-point, is saved; but the blood of heroes pours down its rocky sides.

Meantime there has been the very mischief to pay out in front across the valley. Directly in front of Little Round Top, separated from it only by the narrow rivulet of Plum Run now curdling red through this veritable Devil's Den, lies another rocky and wooded eminence. From this vantage point out through the open wheat-field, thence to the "peach orchard," and thence northward along the Emmetsburg pike, there has been going on one terrific and incessant struggle. All the lower valley is now so obscured with smoke that but little of the combatants can be seen, but after an hour's desperate struggle the eight regiments of the Third corps holding the peach orchard, the key-point of the position in the valley, are forced back by the united efforts of the divisions of McLaws and Anderson; so too are the Fifth corps brigades of Tilton and Sweitzer; so too are McGilvray's light batteries that retire firing as they go. Longstreet has burst through the very centre and threatened the divisions of Humphreys on the left flank and what is left of Birney's on the right. General Sickles himself is severely wounded and borne to the rear for the amputation of his leg. Humphreys swings back from the pike in perfect order—his two regular batteries, Turnbull's and Seeley's, and Randolph's Rhode Island guns, trotting back to the new line as unconcernedly as though death were anywhere but at their heels. General Graham is wounded and taken prisoner. Caldwell's division of Hancock's corps comes down to help strengthen the new centre. Cross, Kelly, Zook and Brooke are the four brigade commanders. Cross and Kelly are hurried to the support of De Trobriand, who is now almost exhausted and being charged by the fresh troops of Kershaw; and gallant Cross, who has won such distinction on many a field as to be a noted man and one marked for speedy promotion, is shot dead while cheering on

his men. Zook meets his death-wound but a few moments later, and Brooke, even while driving the enemy before him, is shot down, severely injured. Caldwell's division is used up almost as quick as it comes, and Ayres' fine brigade of regulars, attacked in front, flank and rear at the same instant, has to fight its way back towards Little Round Top. Verily on the left Hood has carried all before him—except that height. And on the right, Hill has advanced; Humphreys is driven back. Hancock has been sent down by Meade to take command of the Third corps as well as his own, the Twelfth corps is hurried to the spot by General Meade himself, and with these reinforcements a determined stand is at last made close under the ridge. The last daring charge of Hill's men is met by a vigorous countercharge under Hancock. Barksdale, of Mississippi, is left mortally wounded within the Union lines; and, farther to the left, the Pennsylvanians under Crawford having made a vigorous sally, the wearied troops of Longstreet fall back across the wheat-field they had won, and darkness closes upon the scene.

Ewell's attack on Culp's and Cemetery Hill has been successful in so far that he gains the intrenchments on the extreme right, and scares half to death the previously demoralized portion of the Eleventh corps on the left. But in front of Wadsworth and Carroll he is whipped back with heavy loss. This ends the fighting of the second day; and once again, take it all in all, the Southern side is uppermost, for Meade's losses by sunset on the 2d of July are equal to those of the first day—another 10,000; making, in all, 20,000 men, killed, wounded and missing.

It is a black night, however, for both sides. Such heavy losses have a depressing effect, and the Southern troops, accustomed hitherto to carry everything before them at first onset, are a trifle stunned at the resistance they have encountered during the day.

Nevertheless, with Ewell's men securely lodged in the Union intrenchments way around by Rock Creek, and with Sickles' corps whipped back to the ridge, General Lee is hopeful that on the morrow he can complete the work, and crush his enemy.

With General Meade there seems to have been deep anxiety. At one time during the afternoon things look so threatening that he has sent General Pleasanton to gather up the reserve artillery, the cavalry, etc., and look after the lines of retreat. There is a prospect of the enemy's sweeping round the Union left, and cutting off communication with Washington. That evening, however, he summons his principal generals in council and propounds three questions:

1st. "Under existing circumstances, is it advisable for this army to remain in its present position, or to retire to another near its base of supplies?"

2d. "It being determined to remain in the present position, shall the army attack, or wait the attack of the enemy?"

3d. "If we wait attack, how long?"

There are present Generals Slocum, Sedgwick, Hancock, Howard, Newton, Sykes, Birney, A. S. Williams and Gibbon. In answering the questions the junior officer, Gibbon, votes first. One and all are of the same opinion, winding up with Slocum's emphatic "Stay and fight it out," and General Meade, as though gratified at a unanimity so much in accord with his own wishes, promptly announces, "That, then, gentlemen, is the decision."

In the confident expectation that Lee will again attack on the coming day, all preparations are made to meet him. Meantime all, who can, lie down along the lines and sleep until the ringing reveille that ushers in the morning of

THE THIRD DAY.

The very earliest gray of morning reveals a change in the dispositions on both sides over on the right at Culp's Hill. Johnson's men of Ewell's corps have been heavily strengthened during the night, and Meade has been far from idle. Several light batteries have been moved over opposite the intrenchments to which the plucky Virginians are clinging. The whole Twelfth corps is sent over from near the Round Tops, and the moment it is light enough to see, every gun opens, and shell and case-shot go whirring and banging into the thick underbrush, and

there is not a Southern gun there to reply. For some time this shelling is carried on; then the divisions of Williams and Geary make a spirited assault, and, for five mortal hours, a deadly struggle goes on along the banks of Rock Creek. Shaler's brigade of the Sixth corps takes part, and the Northern army is able to send in very heavy masses of troops against Johnson's men, among whom is the old Stonewall brigade. At last, between ten and eleven o'clock, the slopes are cleared of Southern soldiers, the position is retaken, held and strengthened, and Meade turns his eyes westward to see what Lee will do next.

Foiled in his hopes of strengthening Johnson and attacking from the north, General Lee adopts the one plan he considers left to him, that of making a furious assault on the Union centre, piercing it, and hurling the army apart. It is a tremendous undertaking, but he feels that it must be done, and is moderately hopeful. As a prelude, and in order to sweep the opposite crest as much as possible, General Lee causes to be stationed at every available point along Seminary Ridge his most powerful batteries, until by noon he has one hundred and forty-five guns in position. Most of these are half hidden in the trees at the foot of the ridge, but many are pushed boldly out to the Emmetsburg pike, behind which, lying down in the broiling sun, are many brigades of Southern troops "waiting for orders." Meantime on Cemetery Ridge General Hunt has not been idle. Two regular batteries now crown Little Round Top. Next, farther north, come the batteries of Major McGilvray; then those under command of Captain Hazzard, and finally the batteries of the First and Eleventh corps farther north—eighty guns in all, General Hunt is able to plant in front of the infantry or between the brigades along the crest, for he well knows that a desperate atttack is coming.

Before it comes, however, a brilliant though fruitless struggle is destined to take place way down to the south of the Round Tops. There the cavalry of General Kilpatrick, with Graham's and Elder's horse-batteries, find themselves confronting a few cavalry skirmishers and some infantry regiments of Hood's corps. The woods are thick. They cannot tell just what is in

front of them, but Merritt has his regulars, and Farnsworth two fine regiments of volunteer horse. They are not the men to stand idly by, and, seeing what they suppose to be a good opportunity to dash in on the rear of Hood's main line, they charge. Farnsworth, sabre in hand, leaps a fence in front of him, and, followed by his two regiments, dashes through the fields beyond, sabring the skirmishers whom they find there, and pressing impetuously onward to the very guns of the Southern batteries, they find themselves well-nigh surrounded by infantry. Here gallant Farnsworth and many of his men are killed, others taken prisoners; and as for Merritt's regular brigade, they speedily find the woods in their front *crammed* with riflemen, and utterly inaccessible for cavalry, despite the daring and vigorous attempts made to carry them.

And now come the preparations for the grand closing attack —the final effort. In many of its features one is reminded of the last charge of Ney and the Old Guard at Waterloo.

During the morning there has arrived in rear of the centre of the Southern line the superb division of General Pickett, comprising the brigades of Kemper, Armistead and Garnett, all Virginians; and this devoted command is designated by General Lee to lead the van. In compliance with his orders, Pickett moves his division out in the open, midway between the Emmetsburg pike and the Seminary Ridge. There, with Kemper and Garnett in the first line, and Armistead forming the second, the men are to lie down and await the result of the cannonade soon to begin. To support Pickett in the great task before him General Lee draws upon Hill's corps, the only troops that have not yet been heavily engaged in the battle itself. Wilcox's brigade is ordered to move on Pickett's right, and six brigades of the divisions of Anderson and Pender are designated to attack simultaneously on his left, Pettigrew commanding their leading line. General Pickett also understands that two or three light batteries are to assist upon his flanks, moving forward with him. The troops move in silence to their assigned positions, and the entire command, now numbering 15,000 men, is placed, for the time being, under the orders of General Longstreet; and

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

right here it must be said that Longstreet is ominously opposed to the whole plan. He cannot bring himself to act heartily in carrying out the orders of his chief. He has every fear that the attempt will prove suicidal, and for once in his life at least, Lee's staunch lieutenant must be said to have "hung fire." At one o'clock the report is brought to him that all is ready, the different brigades in their assigned positions—Pickett and Wilcox out towards the pike, Pettigrew and Anderson farther back among the trees of the ridge. The point designated by General Lee on which to direct the attack is a jutting knob of Cemetery Ridge occupied by Hancock's corps, immediately behind which are Meade's headquarters. At one o'clock, down to the right of the lines of Lee, there boom forth at one minute's interval two guns from the Washington artillery of New Orleans. It is the signal to begin, and in one terrific burst of thunder, the sixscore cannon open fire on Cemetery Ridge, and a flight of death-dealing shells whirls shrieking across the valley. Thus begins the most stunning, deafening cannonade ever heard on this continent. Fast as they can load and aim the Southern gunners ply their work, and the eager eyes of their leaders follow the effect of the fire. But on the Union side all is still: crouching behind their breastworks, lying flat on the ground, the Northern infantry seek shelter from the terrible storm; the battery men lie prone around their guns impatiently waiting for the word, the horses are run off far to the rear; all eyes are on General Hunt, who, cool and imperturbable amid the flying fragments of the shells, stands scanning the positions of the Southern guns. Full fifteen minutes he waits, then comes a quick signal to Hazzard; the bugles ring out, "commence firing;" up jump the cannoneers, and in one grand roar the whole line from Round Top to the right bursts into flame. The cannonade is indescribable; men are so deafened and stunned by it that many are semi-paralyzed, and hundreds can hear no word of command for days afterwards. More than two hundred guns are *banging* away all at once, and if anything, the Southerners are having the best of it. Flying over the crest, their shells plunge back on the plateau among the reserve bat-

teries, the wagons, the various headquarters, and play havoc everywhere except on the crest itself, where the infantry is lying down. Then, too, a light wind from the northeast blows all the smoke down into the valley, and completely hides it from the Northern gunners, who are thus compelled to fire very much at random, while the Southern gunners simply keep the range they had learned early in the cannonade. But they make one great mistake. Instead of concentrating their fire on Hancock, where the great attack is to be made, they scatter it along the whole line. At last the fire slowly slackens. The word is passed that the Union batteries are silenced or out of ammunition. It does not seem to occur to Colonel Alexander that the wily Hunt may only be suppressing his batteries in order to draw on the attack he is so ready and eager to meet. "Now is your time, Pickett," is the purport of the message that reaches that gallant general, and he, galloping to Longstreet, asks if he shall now advance; but Longstreet, torn by conflicting emotions, his duty to Lee and his own conviction that nothing but disaster can result, will not give the word that is to launch his magnificent division to destruction; but Pickett knows the orders of the general-in-chief. He waits one moment: then, saluting, says, "General, I am about to lead my division to the attack," and Longstreet in silent agony of mind simply bows his head. It is the order. It *must* be done.

And now, under a blazing July sun that has already stricken down many unwounded men, Pickett gallops to the front, and the ringing word of command resounds and is taken up along the lines. Virginia springs to her feet; the ranks are dressed; the battle-flags are advanced. Forward is the word, and in disciplined silence, in beautiful order, the Virginia division moves to the front. At the same instant the brigades of Hill to the left spring to arms, and move forward from the sheltering woods. To attain the point indicated by General Lee, Pickett has to move full half a mile to his left, up the valley towards Gettysburg, and nothing can exceed the calm steadiness in which the manœuvre is executed. Friend and foe alike burst into shouts of admiration. The instant the lines reach the Emmetsburg pike

the Northern guns reopen and hurl case-shot and canister upon the gray-clad ranks, but with no more effect in stopping them than if they were firing blank cartridges. At last they reach the point directly in front of Hancock, Armistead presses forward and aligns his brigade between those of Kemper and Garnett; and now, gentlemen of Virginia, forward it is in earnest. Off to the left, animated by the dauntless bearing of Pickett's men, the troops of Pettigrew and Anderson are coming gallantly forward, but Wilcox is unaccountably slow. He is too far back on the right, and Kemper is "uncovered" towards the south. The guns along Cemetery Ridge blaze in perfect fury; fresh batteries are run up; canister is fairly rained upon the matchless advance; but, closing in their gaps, dressing on the centre, ever directing their march upon that jutting knoll of Hancock's, calmly, with solid tramp, tramp, even *slower* than quick time, those glorious soldiers come on. They are within five hundred yards. Pettigrew on their left is urging his North Carolinians up on line with their leading rank. Armistead, afoot now, with his hat on the point of his sword, is waving on his men; for at this instant Stannard's Vermont regiments, thrown forward in a little clump of trees south of the point of attack, open a rapid musketry fire on the right flank of Kemper's lines, and they cannot help edging a little to the left. McGilvray's batteries too are hurling canister obliquely across the slope, and the gray uniforms are dropping by scores; but still the battle-flags wave in front, and the steady advance continues. The batteries before them have fired away nearly all their canister and never checked them; and now the men of Gibbon's and Hay's divisions grasp tighter their muskets for the coming volley. "Remember Fredericksburg," some men pass the word along the line. Nearer and nearer come the Virginians, and still not a musket-shot is heard on the crest. At last, as they get within three hundred yards, one simultaneous volley bursts from the rifles of the Second corps, one terrific, sweeping volley before which hundreds go down like ten-pins. It is more than the North Carolinians can stand; they waver, break and run, leaving many battle-flags, and hundreds of prisoners in Hancock's hands. Not

so Virginia. With one triumphant yell they burst from the serried ranks, and, still shouting like demons, the brigades of Kemper, Armistead and Garnett, all alone and unsupported at the moment, dash at the crest and come tearing up the slope in a vast gray surging wave. In vain the blue lines blaze with fire. Nothing will stop them. Three Pennsylvania regiments man the low wall right in front of Armistead, and such is the impetus of Pickett's grand up-hill rush that the Pennsylvanians are rolled over and driven back, and Armistead leading, leaps in among the guns of Cushing's battery—gallant little Cushing, mortally wounded already, yet demanding the right to die among the guns he has fought so well; and die he does, another bullet striking him just as Armistead reaches his side, and is himself prostrated in death beside the young commander whom he was about to order, surrender. With frantic yells of triumph the Southerners swarm through the battery and the Rhode Island guns on its left, while Kemper's men and Garnett's, pushing forward, hurl themselves on the second line. But watchful Hancock and his energetic Gibbon have rushed up additional troops; brave "Andy" Webb has rallied the Pennsylvanians. Whole brigades and regiments come running to the scene; a perfect death-storm breaks on the devoted Virginians now hemmed in on three sides; Garnett is killed; Armistead dying; Kemper is borne to the rear severely wounded; the battle-flags are shot to earth quicker than men can pick them up, and still these heroic Virginians hold the ground. Then the surrounding regiments advance their stars and stripes; four-deep the blue ranks crowd about their hapless foes; the wall of fire is broader and deeper, and at last the bleeding remnant throws itself upon the ground, the battle-flags are all humbled in the dust. Pickett, making his unhappy way back through the friendly smoke across the valley, finds that he has left to him, of the twenty-two officers of rank, and five thousand men, who went in with him as his own division, just one lieutenant-colonel and perhaps five hundred soldiers. Ney, Cambronne and the Old Guard at Waterloo were not more superb; but, as Longstreet had feared, the glorious division of Virginia is annihilated. On its left, Pettigrew has come up with

his partially rallied troops, and the brigades of Scales and Archer, only to meet a fate almost as bad. Fortunately for him and his, they do not break the first line and so get into a trap; but they are desperately whipped. Hancock has taken forty-five hundred prisoners and twenty-seven battle-flags. A few broken and dispirited regiments drift back through the smoke, and are rallied by sad-hearted Lee and Longstreet on Seminary Ridge. Wilcox comes up and makes an abortive assault in front of the batteries of McGilvray; but those active Vermonters of Stannard take him too in flank and he is hurled back with loss of several hundred men. The battle of Gettysburg is over.

Even in that last charge of Pickett's, his Virginians in their heroic fight have done much damage. Many officers and men are killed and wounded while battling with them for the crest. Among the wounded are Hancock and Gibbon, who have been so energetic; but nothing can compensate the Southern army for the terrible losses it has sustained. It has fought with superb and devoted bravery. It has been unable to drive the Army of the Potomac from its strong position. Its best and bravest have gone down in the desperate attempt; but all the same it is still so disciplined, so united that General Meade wisely decides to let well alone and "push things" no farther that day. He has been blamed for not making a general assault, at once, on Lee's position on Seminary Ridge; but the issue would have been very doubtful. Some years ago, General Longstreet told the writer that Hood and McLaws, and the whole Southern artillery, were in readiness to give him the warmest kind of reception in case Meade made the attempt; so that night of the 3d of July was spent as though a truce had been sounded. The next day the rain-storm that inevitably follows a great battle came up. General Lee moved his trains, his guns and his wounded slowly and deliberately back to Cumberland valley, and thence towards Williamsport on the Potomac. He followed with his army in a day, slowly and with impressive dignity; but his cavalry leaped forward, seized the bridges and the ground commanding them. Floods prevented his crossing. He fortified his position, and, when Meade came up in pursuit, the very generals, who had

counselled fight at Gettysburg, shook their heads at the defiant front presented by that unconquerable Army of Virginia. It was then that General Halleck, eager to have the work finished, telegraphed that "councils of war never fight;" and the President expressed his deep regret that Lee was allowed to get away. But get away he did, and safely too. On the 15th of July the army of the South was all back again on the "sacred soil"—all but what was left at Gettysburg.

Of the losses in this "battle of the giants," an exact estimate can be given only of the Army of the Potomac, which suffered: 2,834 killed, 13,733 wounded, 6,643 missing—an aggregate of 23,190. The army of General Lee lost 14,000 prisoners, and probably 15,000 killed and wounded at lowest estimate.

On the 4th of July, the day after the battle, the Army of the Potomac and that of the West exchanged hearty congratulations, for Vicksburg fell before General Grant, and the combined victories served to give to all loyal hearts in the North a thrill of hope, a fervent glow of gratitude, such as had not been known since the beginning of the long and cruel war. The tide at last had turned, but not until Virginia had ridden on the topmost wave and been dashed on the rocks of Gettysburg.

NASHVILLE.

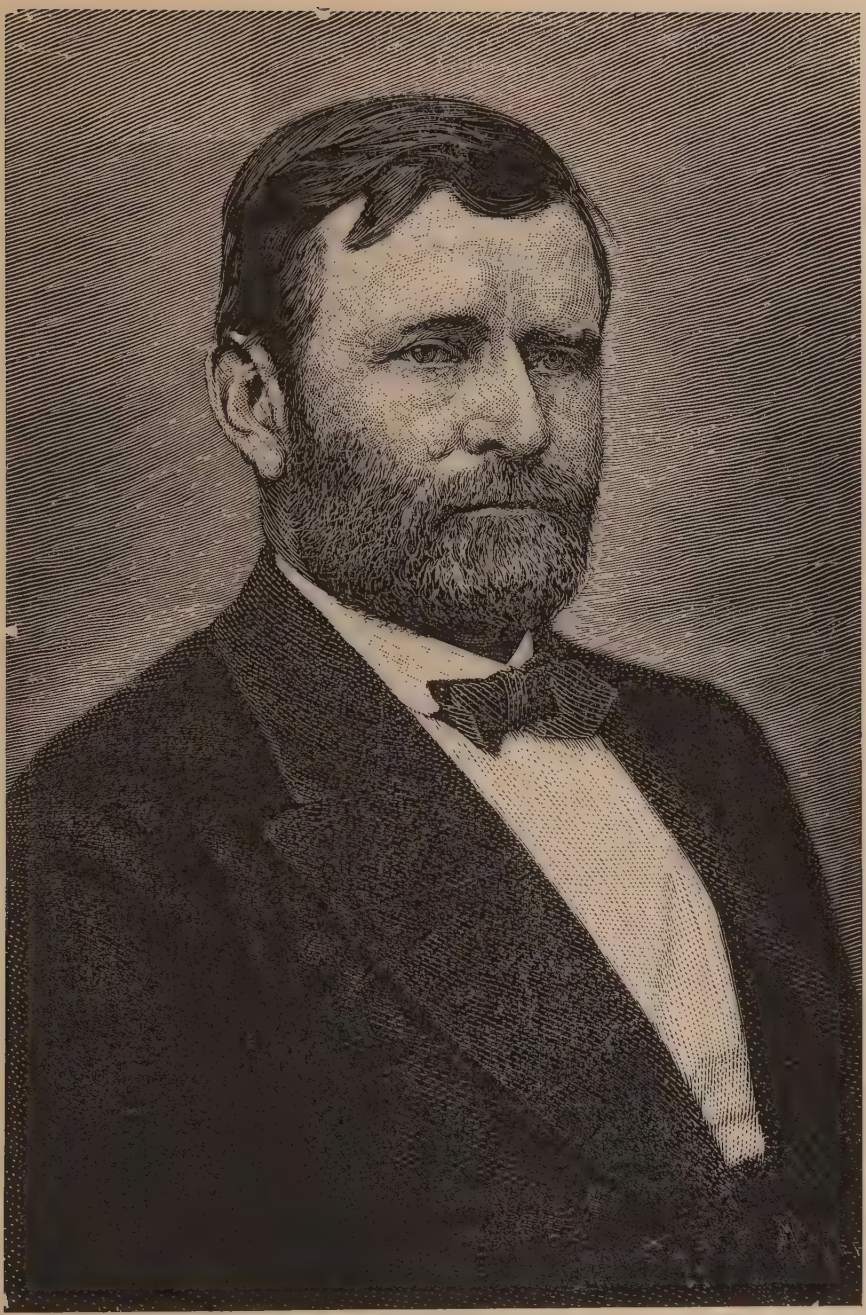
1864.

THE year 1863 had been full of disaster for the South, or rather for the cause of its leaders. The trivial successes gained in Virginia were more than neutralized by the great blow of Gettysburg, while the fall of Vicksburg had remanded to the control of the North the whole course of the Mississippi river. Then there were two proclamations by the President of the United States that had all the moral effect of additional victories for the national arms—the emancipation of the slaves, and the amnesty offered to all armed insurgents under certain of the highest grades. The year 1864 began with every prospect of a speedy ending of the war of the rebellion, but the South seemed as hopeful, resolute and energetic as ever. Abroad, her statesmen were enjoined to represent her as rapidly nearing her final triumph, and so material aid kept coming in from England and from France. At home, her government cheered the people by promises of speedy satisfaction for the heavy losses of '63, and more rigorously enforced its conscription of able-bodied citizens to ensure it.

In the North all was high hope and confidence. Three great generals, who had risen to prominence and won resounding applause on western battle-fields, had been placed at the head of the armies of the Union, and of these men great things were expected. First was General U. S. Grant, whose dogged resolution, persistence, and keen knowledge of soldiers and soldiering had enabled him to win battle after battle, and finally to gain the crowning triumphs of Vicksburg and Chattanooga, and

who now appeared in the east as lieutenant-general commanding the armies of the United States, supplanting Halleck, who remained at the capital as chief of staff. Second was Major-General W. T. Sherman, whose tireless energy and brilliant attainments had made him Grant's right hand man and most trusted lieutenant. To him was now intrusted the chief command of the armies in the west. Third was General Philip H. Sheridan, who had won universal praise and admiration for the dash and vigor with which he handled an infantry division; and when General Grant, reaching Washington, had his first interview with the President, the secretary of war, and General Halleck, and announced to them that the Army of the Potomac must have a general to reorganize and command its entire cavalry, General Halleck asked, "How would Sheridan do?" "The very man," said General Grant, and Sheridan forthwith, and very much to his disgust at first, was transferred from the Army of the Cumberland to the Army of the Potomac. With Grant, Meade and Sheridan in Virginia, it was believed that the gallant army of General Lee would soon be penned within the walls of Richmond; and with Sherman, Thomas, McPherson and Schofield in the west, it was believed that there the confederacy would be cut in two.

In the Army of the Potomac there had been much discord and jealousy, as we have seen. In the armies of the west there was unanimity, and high spirit of cordiality towards the present commanders. Of course there had been the same experiments with various generals in high commands, which had been so marked a feature of the first two years of the war in the east. Generals Don Carlos Buell, Rosecrans and Halleck had all commanded in the field south of Kentucky, and had failed to satisfy the demands of the public or the government, but the leaders and the men had pulled together with a will, and now, early in '64, it was the intention of General Grant that the armies east and west should act in concert, and no longer be "like a balky team," as he characteristically expressed it. Early in the spring, he and Sherman moved simultaneously—Grant on Richmond, Sherman on Atlanta. General Lee successfully



GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

defended the approaches to his capital, and forced Grant to halt before the walls of Petersburg; but nothing could stop Sherman, who, on the 2d of September, had taken Atlanta.

Things looked desperate for the South, but the people were as brave, the leaders as daring as ever. Jefferson Davis hurried westward to revive the spirit and hopes of the people; pointed out to them that, though Sherman had succeeded in reaching and seizing Atlanta, he was in a very critical position. His sole line of supplies was a long single-track railway that was liable to be cut in a thousand places. It had to be heavily guarded, and, running through hostile territory for 300 miles, it could not be relied upon. Mr. Davis urged all absent or skulking soldiers to return to their colors, promised that Sherman should be driven back in a retreat as disastrous as Napoleon's from Moscow, and that the armies of the South should march jubilantly to the Ohio. He had most injudiciously removed General Joseph E. Johnston from the command of the army in Georgia, and assigned in his place a daring and brilliant soldier, General John B. Hood; and, giving the latter instructions to cut Sherman's communications everywhere and prepare to march northward, and promising him that strong forces should join him from west of the Mississippi, Mr. Davis went back to Richmond, leaving General Hood to carry out his orders.

Hood was active and energetic. He aimed blow after blow at the railway, and sent his cavalry raiding all along the lines, giving General Sherman much uneasiness, but never for once breaking his hold on Atlanta. No, General Sherman had resolved on a glorious move. All he needed was a reliable man to hold the States of Tennessee and Kentucky against any northward march of the Southern army in his absence, and he chose the right man when he named for this important trust Major-General George H. Thomas.

Taking the very best of the combined armies of the Tennessee, the Ohio and the Cumberland, with him, General Sherman swung loose from Atlanta late in the fall on his never-to-be-forgotten march to the sea, leaving General Thomas with a very mixed command to defend the line of the Tennessee against the south.

"I will send back into Tennessee the Fourth corps," wrote General Sherman; "all dismounted cavalry; all sick and wounded and all incumbrances whatever," and on the 26th of October he issued formal orders placing General Thomas in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi during his absence, headquarters to be at Nashville.

On October 31st General Stanley, with the Fourth corps, was ordered to concentrate at Pulaski in southern Tennessee, and General Schofield with his command was ordered to move from Resaca, Georgia, towards Columbia, Tennessee, a little town on the Nashville and Decatur railway, about thirty miles north of Pulaski, for it was now apparent that General Hood with a powerful army intended crossing the Tennessee and advancing by this line upon Nashville.

It was late in the autumn; the rivers were low; the gunboats could not reach the threatened crossings of the Tennessee. General Forrest, a born cavalry leader, with some 6,000 troopers, was raiding along the railway and the river, and General Thomas had no horsemen to send against him. In order that his own cavalry might be well mounted for the march to the sea, General Sherman had taken most of the serviceable horses of the western armies and sent back to Thomas only cavalrymen in name. They arrived at Nashville by brigades and regiments, afoot, and had to be remounted before becoming available for field service.

In plain words, the task allotted to General Thomas was to improvise an army with which to repel a bold invasion that would carry ruin and desolation with it if not checked. General Hood's army was strong, compact and admirably led. It consisted of three divisions of infantry under Cheatham, S. D. Lee and Stewart, at least 40,000 strong, and of some 10,000 cavalry under their renowned leader, Forrest. Hood himself we have seen before in command of the Texans at Manassas and Gettysburg; a braver man probably never lived, and as a division commander he had no superior in the South. As a general commanding an army he had been but a short time before the people, and having been designated to supersede a favorite officer,

J. E. Johnston, he could not at once command the entire sympathy of the army. But he was admired and respected. His fighting qualities none could question. Gettysburg had ruined an arm for him; Chickamauga had robbed him of a leg; nevertheless he was ready to take his part in the great campaigns of '64, and now was determined to lead his army to the doors of Louisville. He and his antagonist were well known to each other. They had served together as officers in the same regiment of cavalry in the old regular army before the war.

Against Hood's force General Thomas had in front of Nashville some 25,000 infantry and 4,500 cavalry. These troops were effectives in the field. He had additional garrisons in Chattanooga, Decatur, Murfreesboro', Nashville and other important towns, and in block-houses along the railways, but these garrisons were needed just where they were posted. The troops with which he could expect to confront Hood's army were the Fourth corps under Major-General Stanley, a famous fighter, and the remains of the Army of the Ohio, under Major-General Schofield, a very able and distinguished officer. Reinforcements were to be sent to Nashville from Missouri and the north, and horses for the cavalry, but before they came Hood had leaped the Tennessee and rushed forward to beat the concentrating troops in detail. The idea was Napoleonic. He hoped to cut off Schofield on his march for Columbia, but although Cheatham was in readiness to assault Schofield's flank as the Union column hurried along, he failed to attack, and was severely rebuked by Hood for the neglect.

General Thomas at Nashville was now in a position to try the nerve of any man. He had thrust upon him, so to speak, a vast array of ineffectives and non-combatants. Nashville was crowded with men to feed, but wofully short of men to fight. His cavalry was still unhorsed; thousands of convalescents had gone home to vote and had remained to hear the result of the election. He had not a division of organized and veteran troops in his lines. He could only make provisional brigades of what were there, telegraph for the instant return of all soldiers belonging to his army, urge the sending of horses, and form for defence as best

he might; meantime he sent word to Schofield to fall back fighting; to assume command towards the front and delay Hood as long as possible; then with superhuman energy he devoted himself to the task of preparation. He was a man of uncommon mould—calm, firm, full of high purpose, of the loftiest patriotism, of the most unblemished honor. He had risen to prominence at Mill Spring, where he routed Zollicoffer's army. He had fought superbly at Perryville and at Stone River. He had immortalized his name at Chickamauga, where his inflexible courage and firmness saved the Union army from utter ruin. He had won high distinction in the advance on Atlanta. He was the most perfect defensive fighter in the western army; but —said some superiors and many inferiors—he was slow. "He could not fight an aggressive battle." "Old Slow Trot," the soldiers used to call him. "Old Safety" was a name he won early in the war; "Old Pap Thomas" his men lovingly called him before it was over. He had stood like a rock against the Southern host at Chickamauga; he was now to be subjected to an ordeal an hundred times more trying—that of standing like a rock against the ignorant demands of the press and the public, and against the ill-considered orders and impatient criticism of superiors hundreds of miles from the scene of action.

Obedient to his orders, Schofield faced about at Franklin on the Harpeth river, twenty miles south of Nashville. He had fallen back slowly, keeping a bold face to the foe, while his great superior was straining every nerve strengthening the fortifications and organizing his forces at the capital. With a much inferior command in point of numbers, Schofield had at Franklin an intrenched position, which Stanley thoroughly knew how to defend. Hood attacked here at 4 P. M. on November 30th and was repulsed with great loss. Again and again the daring leader ordered his men to repeat the assault. It was useless. It was even foolhardy. In proportion to numbers engaged, Franklin was the bloodiest battle of the war. Cleburne and five other Southern generals and seventeen hundred and fifty Confederate soldiers were killed that day, and the loss to Hood's army was over 6,000 combatants. A terrible blow, indeed.

Schofield's loss was only one-third as much, but included his right-bower, Stanley, among the severely wounded, and, having thus crippled his rash antagonist, Schofield withdrew to the lines of Thomas, who now felt better prepared to receive Hood when he should appear before Nashville.

Let us glance at the ground on which the decisive battle is to take place. Nashville stands on the south or left bank of the Cumberland river, in the heart of a boldly undulating limestone country. The city itself is compact and handsome; the capitol a fine building, with a commanding view towards the heights to the south. The city lies in a large amphitheatre, as it were, for it is encircled by ranges of knobs and ridges that are almost concentric. Southeast of the city, grazing it in fact, the first circle begins and the hills are steep and nigh. South they open out a little farther from town and sweep around to the Cumberland again on the west. On this range was built the inner line of strong redoubts and earthworks that defended the city. Fort Negley, at the base of which runs the railways to Murfreesboro' and Franklin, was the highest and most important. From here another line was thrown out on a second range of knobs and ridges that swept around like the first, to the Cumberland, a mile outside. This was the outer line of works, averaging an hundred feet greater height than the first, and between this second or outer line and a series of bluffs spanning the southern horizon was a fertile valley cut up into numerous little ridges and "swales" of its own. Back of these bluffs, directly south of the city and about five miles from the capitol, are the Overton hills, the highest of all.

From Nashville three railways ran out south of the Cumberland—one to Chattanooga southeast by way of Murfreesboro; one to Decatur south by way of Franklin, and one to Johnsonville on the Tennessee, nearly due west. Besides these there were no less than ten broad high roads or "pikes" radiating out in every direction, east, west and south. Three of them ran nearly south. Passing right under Fort Negley and the Overton hills is the Franklin pike. Next to the west of it is the "Granny White" pike, and west still farther is the Hillsboro

pike. The three leave Nashville almost at the same point, but gradually spread apart until, crossing the line of the Overton hills, there is a good long three miles between the outermost; and it was mainly between the Franklin and Hillsboro roads that the great battle of Nashville was fought.

On December 3d General Hood, with his whole army, smarting and raging after his sèvere punishment at Franklin, appeared before the lines of works. They were too strong for him to assault. He therefore threw up rifle-pits and earthworks, extending from the Chattanooga railway on the east, circling around the Union lines, and ending at the Hillsboro pike on the west. From there, around to the Cumberland his cavalry kept actively scouting. Between the Hillsboro pike and Granny White road the lines approached each other to within half a mile at one point, then stretched apart. East of the Franklin pike they were separated by a distance of two miles. Hood placed his guns in formidable and commanding positions, and apparently dared the Northern army to come out and fight him; but Thomas was not ready. He was making all haste, however; and his batteries opened a lively fire at the Confederate works.

Now the mere presence of this Southern army in front of Nashville was something the Northern press could not tolerate. The same "on to Richmond" spirit that had plunged a raw and unprepared command into the fire of the first Bull Run, began to clamor at Thomas. He was implored, urged, then ordered to attack at once. There never is a time when a newspaper editor does not think he knows more about handling an army than the man who happens to be at the head of it. Then came columns of threats and abuse at Thomas because he would not attack. Feeling sure that every day added to his own strength and his opponent's weakness, Thomas desired to wait until he had mounted his cavalry. He had promised Sherman that if Hood came north of the Tennessee he would ruin his army, and he meant to do it; but to "ruin it" he must not only beat it, he must pursue and grind it to pieces. This he could not do without cavalry.

Then the cabinet and the war department began to worry

General Thomas. Knowing full well that his cavalry was still afoot, and that most of his men were the "discards" of commands that had gone with Sherman, it was considered necessary to prod and push him into action. "He should have fallen on Hood right after Franklin," said the wiseacres at Washington. "He should have pounded him with his fresh troops."

Mr. Stanton, early in December, telegraphed to General Grant that Thomas' conduct looked "too much like the McClellan and Rosecrans' strategy of do nothing." General Grant began sending urgent telegrams from City Point near Petersburg to Thomas at Nashville, setting forth the theory that Hood should be attacked at once; but not, most fortunately, giving positive orders. On December 5th, however, he wired: "Time strengthens him, in all probability, as much as it does you." On December 6th, 4 P. M., he sent these peremptory orders: "Attack Hood at once, and wait no longer for a remount for your cavalry."

This was hard. General Thomas had but one brigade in the saddle. Forrest was whirling all around Hood's flanks with over ten thousand horsemen, but orders were orders. Thomas replied that he would make immediate dispositions and attack as ordered, but thought it would be hazardous. Nevertheless his troops were not yet concentrated, and not until the 9th was he in readiness to strike. All the intervening hours he had been compelled to read or hear of all manner of criticism, injustice and abuse from the press or the authorities. It was enough to drive most men to desperation, but General Thomas remained calm and determined. On the 9th he issued his orders for attack, and that very day orders were telegraphed to Washington relieving him from the command, and placing General Schofield in his stead. A terrible storm of rain, freezing as it fell, began at daybreak on the 9th and nobody *could* attack, and this gave General Grant time to think better of his order relieving General Thomas. It was suspended. The storm lasted for three days. The whole country was covered with sleet and ice. Men could not march or move at all. Horses slipped and fell and seriously injured their riders; but the whole nation was clamoring now, and on the afternoon of the 11th General Grant again telegraphed

from City Point to delay no longer for weather or reinforcements. Thomas replied on the 12th that he would attack the moment the sleet melted; and on the 14th General Grant himself started for Nashville *via* Washington, under the mistaken impression that he could get there before that long-deferred attack would be made. At Washington on the night of the 15th the strained anxiety of all the cabinet was allayed by the brief despatch which there met General Grant:

"Attacked enemy's left this morning; drove it from the river, below the city, very nearly to Franklin pike, distance about eight miles."

In these modest, soldierly words General Thomas reported the result of as scientific, masterly and gallant a battle as ever was fought on our continent, and the outcry against him gave place to a burst of admiration and enthusiastic applause.

Noon of the 14th of December came, before the south winds had thawed away the armor of ice and sleet that had made, for nearly a week, all movement on either side an impossibility. Then that afternoon the calm and patient leader called together his principal generals, explained to them in quiet words his plan of attack, and gave his orders. There were assembled Schofield, the victor of Franklin; A. J. Smith, of the Army of the Tennessee; T. J. Wood, now at the head of the gallant Fourth corps, in place of that fierce fighter Stanley, who had been painfully wounded at the Harpeth; Steedman, in whose command were many regiments of colored troops destined to make their maiden battle; Donaldson, who recruited his brigade from the army of quartermasters' employés; and Miller, who commanded the little garrison of the city proper. These were the leaders of the line; but with them stood the energetic head of the cavalry corps of the Western army, Major-General Wilson, who among his division commanders had some admirable and experienced cavalrymen; and now and not until now was Wilson able to report his corps ready for work. Only three-fourths of their number were mounted, to be sure, and only one-half well mounted; but the others could and would fight as infantry, and there were 6,000 at least who were in splendid trim. On the

12th, leading their horses, these fellows slid and stumbled across the river from Edgefield, where they had been encamped, and went into bivouac under the guns.

The meeting at General Thomas' headquarters was long. Every point was thoroughly explained, and when it broke up and the generals scattered to rejoin their commands, every man knew to the last detail the duty expected of him. That night there was an unaccustomed stir in the camps around Nashville. Hours before the dawn the men were summoned to arms, and, sleepily rousing from their pallets, the soldiers buckled on their accoutrements, turned the overcoat collars well up about their ears, and silently took their places in the ranks.

Just as at Leuthen, at Austerlitz, at Jena, a dense fog hung over the earth, obscuring all movements, and deadening the sound of tramping hoof or rumbling caisson. Just as at Leuthen the heavy columns moving forward into the mist turned to the right when within cannon-range of the enemy, and in compact order marched away parallel to the Southern lines until they reached the Hillsboro and Hardin pikes. Out these they tramped in solemn silence, while Miller and Donaldson with their brigades quitted the muddy suburbs of the capital and occupied the redoubts and earthworks vacated by the men of the Fourth, Sixteenth and Twenty-third corps. Just as at Leuthen the plan was to hurl a powerful force on the enemy's left, deceiving him meanwhile by a feint at assault on the other end of his line, and, by "turning" and driving him in from the Hillsboro road, to double up the line, force it back on the centre, and then, in grand assault from the west, sweep it across the Granny White road, and, if possible, cut off the retreat towards Franklin. Once driven in and "turned" on his left, Hood would be compelled to abandon his hold on the heights near the river on the east, and fall back from the line of intrenchments he had thrown up, then accept battle in the open country, man to man and gun to gun; and of the issue of that combat Thomas had no doubt whatever. All that was necessary was secrecy, and prompt and cordial co-operation on the part of his officers.

To Steedman, with Cruft's, Miller's and Donaldson's troops,

was left the care of the defensive works and the duty of making a formidable assault on the rifle-pits and earthworks of Hood's right flank, while the main army essayed the difficult feat of working around the other flank in the face of their active cavalry.

Steedman early designated the troops for his trying duty. It is far harder to get cut up with killed and wounded in a pretended assault, than in one which holds forth the glorious possibility of carrying the coveted position. Steedman's men were to make believe desire and attempt to carry a position far too strong to invite actual attack in front, and, in order to successfully deceive the enemy, it was necessary that they should advance with every appearance of determination. Three columns under Colonels Morgan, Thompson and Grosvenor, composed mainly of troops from Ohio and Indiana, with several finely drilled regiments of hopeful colored troops, were in readiness, and two light batteries were posted on their flanks to aid in the movement.

In the earliest gray of the misty dawn, the troops of the Union army poured forth from their earthworks to the southwest of Nashville, and pushed boldly out over the rolling, open country. On the extreme right, in widely dispersed order, so as to cover a large tract of the neighborhood, marched the horsemen of Wilson's cavalry corps. One small division under General R. W. Johnson, following the river road, moved westward in search of any of Forrest's people who might lie in that direction—a wise precaution that rendered the thoughtful commander-in-chief secure of his right flank, for long before the roar of the guns from the distant eastern front of the city told Johnson that Steedman had begun his attack, he himself found his advance confronted by a brigade of Forrest's men under General Chalmers.

A mile to the south of Johnson's division, Croxton's cavalry were feeling their way out across the open ground between the Charlotte pike and the Johnsonville railway: Knipe's brigade cautiously advanced along the Hardin pike, while the fine division of General Edward Hatch covered the ground between

him and the right of the infantry lines. The entire front thus covered and patrolled by the cavalry was something like four miles in extent, but it was not here that the enemy was expected in any force.

Marching out southwestward along the Hardin pike came the corps of A. J. Smith, its leading division commanded by General Kenner Garrard, and an odd circumstance occurs to us at this moment as connected with the battle of Nashville. Four of the principal participants, Generals Thomas, Hood, Garrard and R. W. Johnson, at the outbreak of the war were brother officers in the same regiment, the old Second cavalry of the regular army, and little did Thomas and Hood then suppose that the winter of '64 would see them commanders of two hostile armies grappling in a deadly struggle for the control of the western border States.

Following in the track of the cavalry a mile beyond the works, Garrard's division then turned to the left and moved out through the fields towards the Hillsboro road, and here Smith's three divisions were ordered to form their line; McArthur's division, groping out between the Hardin and Charlotte pikes, had a harder and longer road to travel, and before he was a mile outside the works, the skirmishers, well to the front, stirred up the outlying pickets of the Southern cavalry. It was barely daylight. Hardly an object could be distinguished at ten yards' distance through the fog, but even as the sudden crack of carbine and "Springfield" burst on the startled ear, down among the rough slopes and hummocks to the southwest, there came from east of Nashville a thundering roar that woke the valley into vehement life. Covered by the huge Dahlgrens and rifles of the gunboats on the river, masked by the fire of the entire line of eastern works, Steedman's devoted column had marched out from the shelter of the heights along Brown's creek, crossed that narrow stream, deployed along the Murfreesboro pike, and now, facing south, was advancing upon the Southern right flank, whirling in their skirmishers before the long blue lines. The great battle had begun.

At eight o'clock on this dismal wintry morning, through fog

and drizzle, through yielding and muddy by-roads, through rough, untrodden fields, the army of General Thomas had pushed its way into the assigned positions, and three strong and enthusiastic corps were massed in front of the left of Hood's lines, waiting only for the word "forward," while that buoyant commander himself, deceived by the roar of battle to the east into the belief that the main attack would come from that point, was hurrying troops thither from his centre. Thomas' plan was working to a charm.

Sending his chief of staff, Colonel Whipple, whose well-won pet-name of "Old Faithful" fully describes the man, to order Steedman to press the assault with all apparent energy, Thomas now rode forward to direct the grand turning movement in person. At this moment all three corps commanders, Smith, Schofield and Wood, were west of the Hillsboro pike, and the Union line, covering a general front of about two miles out in the fields, was facing a little east of south. On the left stood Beatty's division of the Fourth corps; next on his right was Kimball's and then Elliott's, all formed in double battle-lines with strong veils of skirmishers. Beyond the Fourth corps and farther advanced, in readiness to wheel to the left, were the three divisions of General A. J. Smith; McArthur's being on the right, Garrard in the centre and left, while Moore's division was formed in reserve.

In rear of the centre of the line thus formed by Wood and Smith stood Schofield with the Twenty-third corps—Cox and Couch being his division commanders; while on the extreme right, aligned with McArthur's men, yet ever eagerly, impatiently edging forward as though bound to get an advantage at the start, were the troopers of Hatch's division. Dismounted, and with their horses led well to the rear, these extemporized footmen were bent on showing their more experienced infantry comrades that they could head a charge even if they had to crawl to do it. Croxton and Knipe, finding the country clear for miles out to the southwest, had wheeled to the left and come up in rear of Hatch. Johnson, way down the river towards the Davidson house, was just beginning to exchange compliments with Chalmers' guns.

Beyond all question, Hood had not looked for this advance on his open left. Perhaps he too was thinking of the old regimental name by which the troopers had been wont to call their grave, earnest major in the days gone by. He did not give "Old Slow Trot" credit for a brilliant move; he had forgotten the fable of the tortoise and the hare. But here at half-past eight A. M. stood his former battalion commander ready to double him up, the moment the fog lifted, and, except for some heavy skirmishing with McArthur's men as they swung around across the fields, he had no idea of his coming.

Nine o'clock. Off to the east, gunboat and battery, Rodman, Parrott and Dahlgren are thundering on the heavy air with redoubled fury; the housetops of the distant city are thronged with awe-stricken spectators; the brown parapets on the slopes are alive with eager blue-coats peering through the thinning mists for the first signs of the opening battle. Steedman has received his orders, and now the long blue lines, heavily backed by supporting battalions, sweep forward in grim earnest; stern, set, white faces march side by side with the nervous and excitable black, but there is no falter—no craven in either. In front lies the railway; across it the Southern guns; and now as the skirmishers draw aside and the solid battle-lines come on at the sharp double-quick, the barred battle-flags of the Confederacy leap to the crests; the gunners spring to their deadly work; the long kneeling lines of gray-clad infantry train their rifles on the still mist-crowned ranks and wait for the word "fire." It comes soon and sudden, and a denser fog, the thick, stifling cloud of battle, hangs like a pall over the lightning flashes on the field. A ringing cheer, a roaring volley answer the crash of the Southern guns, and on go the blue-clad ranks; down into the shallow trench of the railway leap the lines; up the steep slope of the cut they climb, and Steedman's feint becomes despite him an attack in dead earnest. Ohio, Indiana and Ethiopia have bearded the lion in his den; the stars and stripes are actually in among the cross-bars, and a hand-to-hand fight rages over the rifle-pits along the railway.

This is unlooked for, but is none the less effective. Hood

sends whole brigades in rapid run to strengthen his right. The furious thunder of the guns, firing at random through the fog, makes him believe the assault five times as serious as it is. He concentrates a heavy force against Steedman's bravely fighting column; batteries are run up to sweep that long chasm of the railway cut with their fire, and presently, taken in flank, stormed by grape and canister along the whole length of their line, Morgan and Grosvenor find their position no longer tenable. Their duty is most faithfully, gallantly done; the whole object of the attack is accomplished—*more* than was expected of them those stubborn brigades have finished, and now Steedman issues the order to fall back still threatening the works. The defenders pause for breath and mutual congratulations over the repulse of the Yankee lines, and even as they are wondering what will come next, the answer is heard booming over from the far west. Covered by his brilliant feint on Hood's right, Thomas has turned the unguarded left and is storming down upon the astonished centre.

It is high noon. The fog has gone and Hood's eyes are at last opened. For hours the men of the Fourth and Sixteenth corps and Hatch's impatient dragoons have been waiting for the signal to push ahead, and at last it comes. Leaping from ridge to ridge the dismounted troopers have rushed upon a small brigade of Confederate infantry posted in the woods and sent it scurrying beyond the Hardin house out by the pike, then wheeling around to the left, where the rolling volleys of McArthur's men seem to call them to support, they find their infantry friends halted before a couple of stout little forts perched on knobs a few hundred feet apart and bristling with field-guns. Never stopping to dress their ranks, the cavalry no sooner catch sight of these works than they go at them with a ringing cheer, and McArthur's brigades, not to be outdone, throw their muskets over the shoulder and join in the rush. The very impetus of the onset is too much for the defenders. In ten minutes the brown parapets are covered by madly cheering men in blue—cavalry guidons waving over the redoubt on the right; infantry banners over that on the left, and so far "honors are easy" with

Hatch and McArthur. Each has taken four guns and a fort. The light batteries have done their share in glorious style, for they drove the gunners from their pieces before the rush was made, and Coon's brigade of troopers with their Spencer carbines —those terrible shooters the Southern soldiers used to say we "loaded in the morning and kept shooting all day"—swarmed over the infantry supports with such a hell of fire that there was no withstanding them.

Meantime the Fourth corps had been doing capital work. Squarely in front of Wood's left stood the steep and rugged height known as Montgomery hill, east of the Hillsboro' pike. Here the Southern lines and earthworks jutted forward in a strong salient, for the trees had been cut away, branches falling toward the Union lines forming an "abatis" of most approved construction; the slopes were everywhere commanded by field-guns in position, and, properly garrisoned and defended, those works along the Brentwood ridge were capable of resisting most formidable assault in front; but Hood, as we have seen, had been drawing upon his left and centre to resist the supposed attack in force over on his extreme right. No real attempt was looked for here, and when all was ready and Wood's light batteries dashed forward to open on the frowning guns on the heights, the Confederate officers were astounded at the supposed audacity of the move, and still more astounded when, in long blue lines supporting a heavy charging column, the Fourth corps swept out across the Hillsboro' pike, and, Post's gallant brigade leading the rush, charged cheering upon the works. Then for a few moments the roar of cannon was appalling, but despite shell and canister, abatis and wire-and-stake-entanglements, with which the Southerners had covered the slopes, the Union troops swarmed over the works, driving the gunners before them, and even before Smith and Hatch had carried the redoubts out to the southwest, the banners of the Fourth corps were waving over Montgomery hill, the highest point on the advanced line, and Hood saw with dismay that old Major "Slow Trot" had pulled the wool over his eyes and dealt him a disastrous blow. Now, with all speed, he orders back his divisions to the west, and

with eager zeal they come—but too late. The left is turned; the works are gone, and Hood's advanced line is no longer tenable.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Southern lines that at daybreak were defiantly facing northward towards the dome of the State capitol, were now sullenly facing this unlooked-for assault from the west. The Twenty-third corps under Schofield, quitting its position in reserve, was pushed out southward beyond Smith's divisions, and there, facing eastward, formed line, still further encircling the Southern left; and while this was being done Hatch, Croxton and Knipe, with their plucky dragoons, whirled up all the picket and skirmish lines they could find in the woods to the south, and then lapped around to the left again, prolonging Schofield's line, thus working to the rear of Hood's army. It was all part of the preconcerted plan, except perhaps that originally it was intended that Schofield should come up into line between Smith and Wood; but once out in the fight it was found far easier to move him over to the south while masked by the lines of Garrard's and McArthur's divisions.

And now once more the general advance begins. The cavalry and the divisions of Schofield find nothing in front of them but open fields, patches of woods and little country roads over which their steady advance in line sends reeling back the few scattered commands that oppose them. Smith's three divisions, all up in one general alignment by this time, have harder work, for they have to drive strong bodies of Southern infantry and well-served batteries from height to height, and across the Hillsboro pike, where, behind the heavy stone walls, the gray-clad lines make stubborn and bloody fight. McArthur's men, who have led all the morning and are wild with enthusiasm over their success, hang on to their advantage with reckless daring. Hill's little brigade dashes forward upon a battery near the pike, captures two guns, the fort and many prisoners, but loses its own gallant chief and an hundred men.

Still farther to the Union left is still harder fighting. Here ridge after ridge, height after height bristles with field-artillery, and bids defiance with well-planned works to assault from the

northern front; but Wood's Fourth corps men, having carried Montgomery hill, train scores of guns upon the heights beyond; battery after battery is run to the front, unlimbered and set to work, and, under cover of the fierce storm of shot and shell, the infantry creep forward into position close under the Southern guns. For an hour the thunder of cannon goes on uninterruptedly; then there is a sudden lull; the blue-clad ranks spring to their feet, and, with Kimball's whole division leading, the Fourth corps dashes at the second line of works. At four o'clock Beatty, Elliott and Kimball have carried everything in their front, and now, facing eastward, the Fourth corps rolls up the Confederate line as it pushes forward in stern determination. It is growing dark. The short wintry day is almost over, and from the heights close in front of Nashville far out to the southwest the whole country is lighted up with the flashing glare of battle, and covered with the low-lying cloud of smoke. Baffled, beaten and bewildered, but still fighting savagely, Hood has loosed his hold on the entire line of works and is drifting back towards the Overton hills, crowded in thither by the resistless pressure of the Union army. Kimball has captured half a dozen guns and the battle-flags of some over-confident battalions that too long clung to their works. Garrard's men, aligned with the right of the Fourth corps, have leaped upon another battery in time to dispute its ownership with Wood. Hatch, way out on the right, has run down and captured a third battery as it desperately strove to get back under cover, and everywhere there is triumph and success. One thing only can and does stop the matchless advance—darkness.

Oh, for three hours more of daylight! Wood has actually swept away one-half of the Southern line and has crossed the Granny White road; Smith has driven division after division back from ridge to ridge; Schofield, seizing the heights overlooking the Granny White road two miles south of where Wood has crossed it, is now fiercely battling with Lee and Cheatham's old men for the road itself; and, far out to the south, Wilson's restless troopers are forcing their way through wood, ravine and cross-road in the effort to reach the Franklin pike. Three hours

more of light, and even retreat would have been impossible to Hood; but the sun goes down upon the scene of his great disaster, and there is respite until the morrow.

Seventeen guns, twelve hundred prisoners and several lines of works are the trophies of the day for Thomas, and his losses in killed and wounded have been surprisingly small. Skill, science and indomitable firmness have won for him, and for the nation he so loyally has served, a triumph far greater than any that could have resulted from an earlier attempt, and at an infinitely smaller cost in precious lives. It may be true that the beloved old hero in his care and thought for his men was sometimes slow; but, how fortunately, how utterly was he sure!

All that night the despatches came flashing in from Washington. The President, the war office, the general of the army, the cabinet, all joined in enthusiastic tribute to the calm, self-poised soldier whose strategy and science had astonished them as much as it had Hood.

General Grant, who had left the Armies of the Potomac and the James to shift for themselves, and started for Nashville to fight the battle according to his own ideas, concluded that night at Washington that he could trust it to Thomas after all. Logan, who had been ordered to hasten to Nashville with the probable intent of supplanting Thomas, was stopped by telegraphic order at Louisville, and the editorial wit and wisdom of the North, that for a fortnight had been levelled in all manner of abuse at the devoted head of General Thomas, was bottled for future use. The sole reply—the only satisfaction for all the prodding, criticism, abuse and vituperation that the sturdy soldier permitted himself, was contained in the brief words of that most characteristic and modest despatch: "Attacked enemy's left this morning; drove it from the river, below city, very nearly to Franklin pike, distance about eight miles."

So ended the first day.

All that night Hood's wearied people were worked to get in readiness for a fiercer battle with the coming morrow. Falling back to Overton Heights, five miles from the city, Hood there

planted the right of his new line, while his left extended out westward across the Granny White pike. The position was far stronger naturally, and much more contracted than the one occupied on the previous day. The infantry lines, behind their hastily constructed rifle-pits, extended along the base of a rocky ridge on which were posted a score of batteries commanding every approach. Following the trend of the hills the right and left of the line were thrown back at right angles to the front, securing it against flank attack, and, though greatly reduced in force after the sharp fighting of the 15th, Hood had now only some two and a half miles of front to defend instead of six or eight, as he had before. He was still in trim to make a splendid struggle, and there was no doubting Hood's courage.

Early on the morning of the 16th the Union army was again in ranks and eager for the fray. There had been cavalry skirmishing since dawn. Johnson had come up from the river reporting the enemy disappeared below, and from Schofield's right far around to the southward and actually along the Granny White road, a continuous line of cavalry skirmishers now extended. In front of the city Steedman's divisions on the extreme left moved cautiously forward across the open fields, while the Fourth corps, seizing the Franklin pike, faced southward, deployed its lines and pushed out over the abandoned position of the day before, in search of the new line of the enemy. Not until noon were the troops halted in front of the Southern works and reformed for the coming assault. It was soon seen that some hard fighting was to be done, but the men were in the mood for it.

Riding along his entire front from Wood's left to where Schofield threatened the western flank of the enemy's lines, General Thomas carefully studied the position before giving his final orders. Well knowing the spirit and temper of his army by this time, he had no doubt of his ability to whip Hood out of the new works; but the problem was how to do it with the least loss of life to his devoted men. Overton hill with its earthworks and abatis was undoubtedly the strongest part of the line, and Steedman's columns and Wood's left division were confronted

by batteries in position, and by finished fortifications as they had been on the previous day. These had to be carried by assault, and once more Wood called upon Colonel Post with his brigade to take the lead. A furious cannonade of an hour's duration was the prelude to the attack; then, with Post in the van of the Fourth corps, and Thompson and Grosvenor with their enthusiastic darkies on the left, the grand assault began. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and General Thomas was at the moment farther over to the west in rear of McArthur's division of the Sixteenth corps. Wood and Steedman had ordered their charging columns to march steadily forward with ranks aligned until they reached the abatis immediately in front of the parapets; then to make a rush for the guns. It was a stirring sight as those solid battalions moved calmly out upon the low ground at the base of the heights, and in disciplined order began the advance upon the slopes. For a few moments the Union batteries hurled their shells far over the heads of the columns to keep down as much as possible the opposing fire; but, regardless of this, the Southern gunners depressed their muzzles, dropped solid shot and shell for case and canister, and opened on Post and Grosvenor, dealing havoc in the ranks. But out sprang the officers, some seizing their colors and waving them way in front of the advancing lines; and so, despite the cruel gaps and rents torn through the battalions, they pushed sturdily ahead, black and white vying in the onset, crashed through the stiff-branching abatis, down into the muddy ditches, and then, officers leading, up they clambered to the parapets. Another moment and all along the lines the Stars and Stripes were waving on the works, and with flashing swords and mad cheering the officers were urging on their men.

Then up rose the reserves, and from thousands of levelled rifles the Southern infantry poured in deadly volleys, sweeping the parapets and hurling the assailants back into the ditch. Once more the gunners sprang to their work, and—it was no use trying—the blue overcoats went reeling back down the slopes, leaving hundreds of upturned faces, black and white, writhing in the death-agony upon the bloody slopes of Overton hill.

Down at the base their leaders rallied and reformed them for another charge. Once again brave Colonel Post was called for, to command, but there was no answer from his cheery lips. He lay among the dead and wounded, crippled but still living; and for the moment Wood and Steedman held off their men while waiting for news from the right.

Here things were going gloriously. Too impatient to wait for the flank attack expected of the Twenty-third corps, General McArthur begged permission to lead his division to the assault of the position in his front; and Thomas, hastening off to the right to push matters in that direction, gave what McArthur was eager enough to regard as sufficient assent, and so designated McMillen's brigade to lead. Square in his front was a wooded height on which rested the left of the Confederate line, a strong and threatening position; but McArthur felt that his men were capable of anything by this time. Five regiments sprang forward at McMillen's call—Illinois, Indiana and Minnesota in the first line; Indiana and Ohio in the second. "As soon as you are half way up the height," said McArthur, "Hubbard and Hill's brigade will advance;" and, ordering his men not to fire a shot until squarely in among the rifle-pits, McMillen led them forward. They went springing up the western slope of the heights; gun after gun whirled around and opened on them; the rifle-pits blazed with the sputtering fire of the infantry defenders; but on they scrambled, and, long before they were half way up, Hubbard, finding it impossible to hold back his men, who, like hounds in the leash, were struggling to get free, struck spurs to his horse, and with half-laughing "*Come* on, then!" dashed out to the front, and with one wild cheer the brigade sprang after its young leader. Then Hill's men took up the rush; Garrard's whole division swept to the front in determined support; and so it happened that, before the Twenty-third corps could attack the left flank, the Sixteenth was tumbling over it. Then came a scene of wild enthusiasm, of the thrilling delight of battle-triumph. Confident in their ability to repel the assault, the Southern commander held his men to their work, and two plucky divisions and half a dozen batteries deluged the

blue lines with death-dealing fire; but, somehow or other, they *would* not stop. Without a halt, without a waver, *on* they came; and, before they could fully realize their peril, the defenders of the Southern left were caught between two sweeping lines of fire—McArthur and Garrard all along their front, McMillen on their left and rear. They could not stand; they could not repel; they could not get away. To rise and attempt to fall back was certain death. There was no help for it. Up went the empty hands; down went the guns; to earth sank the barred battle-flags; and, riding in among the prostrate grays as the signal "cease firing" rang along the lines, and mad cheers went up from thousands of loyal throats, McArthur found three generals, twenty-seven cannon, a dozen battle-flags and a whole division of infantry, the prizes of his gallant assault.

The thunder of the guns only seemed to give emphasis to the storm of cheering which swept along the Union lines at this moment. Right and left the grand volume of sound was taken up and prolonged to the distant flanks. It could have but one meaning—victory—and in wild emulation the entire army sprang forward to the attack or pursuit of anything that might appear in its front. Off to the south, their horses far behind them in the woods, Wilson's dismounted troopers plunged through brush and brake, driving the cavalry skirmishers before them, Coon's brigade working its way in front of the lines of the Twenty-third corps. Cox's division came up in time to seize some of the hastily constructed works on the southern left, and, with them, eight guns and a number of prisoners. Wood and Steedman once more led forward their divisions to the assault of Overton's hill, and this time, reanimated by the wild cheering from the west, there was no stopping them. Kimball, Beatty and Elliott swept over the works in their front; nine more cannon, hundreds of prisoners and small arms and two stands of colors, were their share of the trophies; and now, with night fast closing in upon the scene, and with the Union lines almost as fast closing in upon the fleeing remnants of his beaten army, Hood in despair turned southward his horse's head. All was now rout and disorder; all were in wild retreat for Franklin.

Fast as the horses could be brought up from the rear, Wilson's troopers were remounted and hurried eastward to cut the line of retreat on the Franklin pike; but the horses came too late; the darkness came too soon. Hatch, Croxton and Knipe, after a long day's fighting, went into bivouac far in advance on the Granny White road; and the Fourth corps, pushing along the Franklin pike in hot pursuit, only stopped when they could no longer see their way, and then threw themselves by the roadside for such sleep as they could snatch.

Dawn of the 17th revealed the fact that the utmost demoralization attended Hood's retreat. Arms, accoutrements and "impedimenta" of every kind strewed the road. The only real army that maintained the cause of the Confederacy in the west was utterly routed; and, true to his promise, Thomas had "ruined" Hood. From the "initial feint to the final charge," as Van Horne justly says of it, "this battle moved on gloriously." It was skillful, scientific and complete from beginning to end. Every contingency was provided for; every detail planned; every movement studied. Its immediate fruits were the capture of fifty-three field-guns, twenty-five battle-flags, thousands of small arms, four thousand five hundred prisoners, including four general officers, and the complete clearance of Tennessee from the presence of any organized enemy.

In the pursuit that followed, many more prisoners and battle-flags were captured. Storm and sleet, and swollen rivers prevented full and vigorous action here, and many a command was enabled to get back across the Tennessee that, under other circumstances of weather, would have been captured entire; but the rout was complete. The army never rallied, and in all the annals of the great war no one battle had proved more crushing and decisive in its results than the great victory of Nashville. Here at least the defeated army was so utterly whipped as never again to be driven into the field.

Early in the spring of 1866, describing by the aid of large maps the battle of Nashville to his classes at the Military Academy at West Point, Professor Mahan, the venerable head of the department of military engineering, strategy and grand

tactics, turned impressively to his audience at the close of his lecture: "Gentlemen," said he, "it deserves to be ranked with Leuthen and with Austerlitz. It was science itself."

On the 29th of December, addressing his army, old "Major Slow-Trot" quietly summed up the results of the campaign. He was never known to exaggerate, and this was what he wrote:

"You have diminished the forces of the rebel army since it crossed the Tennessee river to invade the State, at the least estimate, fifteen thousand men, among whom were killed, wounded or captured eighteen general officers. Your captures from the enemy, as far as reported, amount to sixty-eight pieces of artillery, ten thousand prisoners, as many stand of small arms, and between thirty and forty flags."

In closing the story of Nashville, the writer cannot forego the pleasure of quoting from Captain Price's history of the Fifth Cavalry of the regular army, so many of whose officers had been prominent in this great battle. No words can too fervently tell the love and reverence in which the memory of George H. Thomas is held by those who knew him, and no tribute more just, more feeling has ever been written than that with which Captain Price closes the record of that honored life:

"General Thomas was prominent in four campaigns, two of which he commanded in person, while he was second in command in the others. His enduring fame rests upon five battles, and in these he made no mistakes. He was grand and far-seeing at Mill Springs; magnificent in fortitude and judgment at Stone River; sublime in tenacity at Chickamauga; impetuous in attacking the enemy's centre at Missionary Ridge; and terrible in execution at Nashville, the only battle of the war, except the minor one at Mill Springs, which resulted in the annihilation of the opposing army."

General Thomas "did not believe that victories should be won by an immense sacrifice of life. He always aimed to accomplish the best results with the least possible loss; hence he was always economical of life and suffering." We have seen that at Nashville, where, with the minimum of loss, he accom-

plished a maximum in results. "He moved slowly, but with resistless power, being a ponderous hitter and as unyielding as a rock." It was this latter quality that enabled him to save from destruction the Union army at Stone River, and later that won him the proud name of "The Rock of Chickamauga." "His loyalty to the country, devotion to duty and invincible courage made him one of the noblest figures in American history, and won him a position among the first soldiers of the world."

But not as a general alone was Thomas distinguished. His private life, his personal character were stainless, were beautiful in simplicity, strength and unblemished honor.

"He never knew what envy was, nor hate;
His soul was filled with worth and honesty. . . .
He neither wealth nor places sought;
For others, not himself, he fought. . . .
So, blessed of all, he died; but far more blessed were we
If we were sure to live till we again could see
A man as great in war, as just in peace, as he."

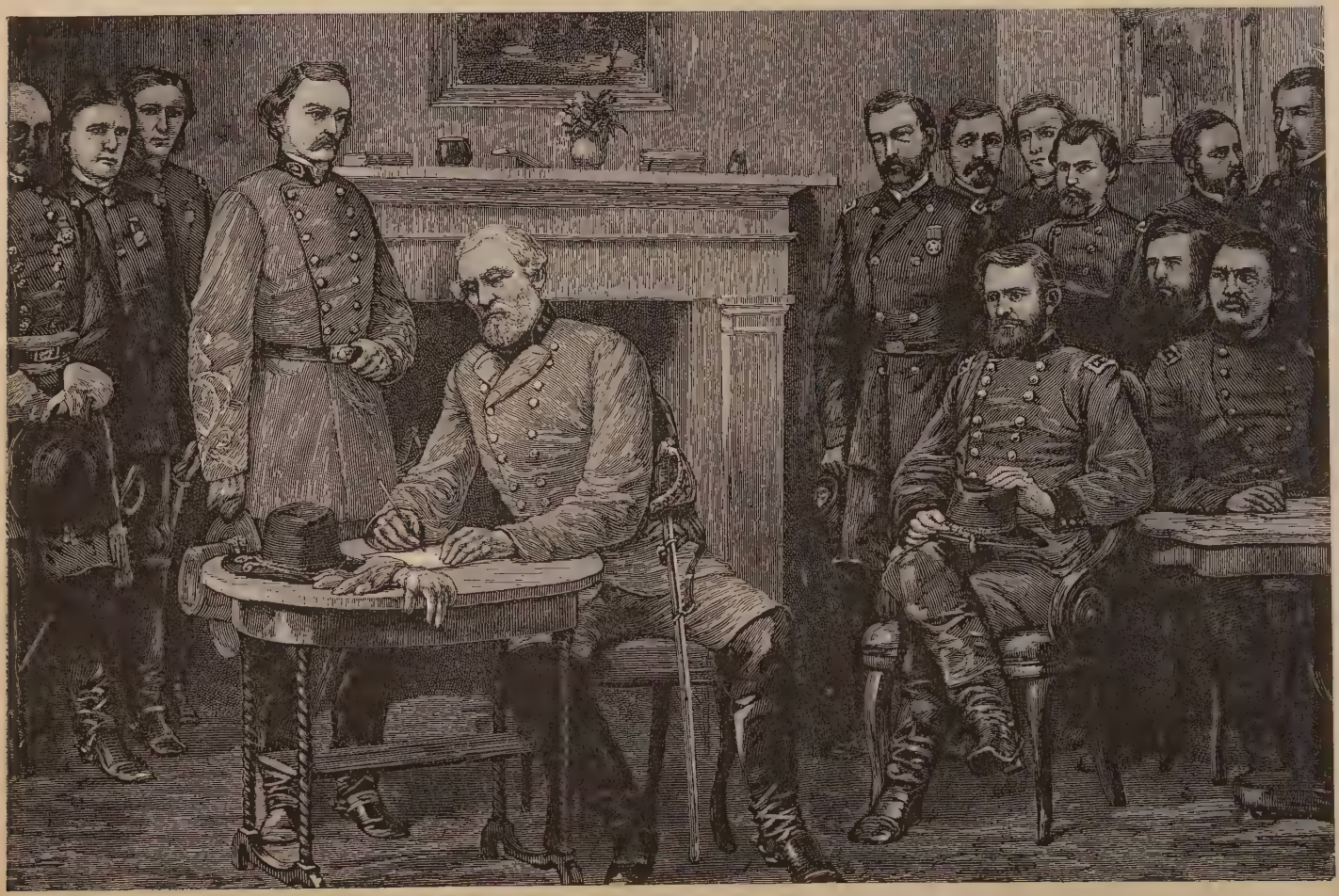
FIVE FORKS

AND

LEE'S SURRENDER.

1865.

RETURNING again to the Army of the Potomac we find it in winter-quarters and intrenched before Petersburg, at whose walls it has been vainly battering ever since the early summer of '64. A terrible experience has it encountered since we saw it last at Gettysburg. The winter was passed in the bleak Virginia woods watching the fords of the Rapidan and waiting for a chance, that seemed never destined to come, of striking the enemy at an unguarded moment. Meade had made a well-planned move on the Southern lines at Mine Run. The corps of Lee's army were widely separated. Prompt action on the part of the Union commanders would have enabled Meade to cut the lines in two, but a corps commander who had failed him before failed him again. Twelve hours of valuable time were lost, and when morning dawned on the day after the appointed day of battle Warren, who was designated to attack the Southern right with the gallant Second corps, of which he was now the chief, found in his front, instead of feeble and open lines, height after height seamed with intrenchments, bristling with abatis and frowning with a score of batteries. The Union lines were to advance at the signal of Warren's guns from the distant left, and in grim expectancy the veterans stood in line. An hour passed and still no sound. "What's the trouble?" queried a knot of officers near the centre of an aide-de-camp



SURRENDER OF LEE AT APPOMATTOX. (*A. R. Waud.*)

who went galloping by. "Oh, it's Warren's benefit and he won't play!" was the impatient answer, and, for the time being, an impression went abroad that Warren, who had done so much to save the day at Gettysburg, was turning timid when intrusted with a great command. But Warren was wise; and Meade himself, riding over to inquire the reason of his subordinate's apparent failure, justified the hesitation. It was no fault of Warren or the Second corps. They had done their part and were ready for more, but the failure of others had permitted the concentration of the Southern lines in his front, and, when the veterans of a score of battles gazed at dawn upon the position they were expected to attack, those Second corps soldiers said not a word, but each man quietly scribbled his name, company, regiment and home address on a scrap of paper, pinned it conspicuously on his breast, then picked up his musket ready to attack if need be, but well knowing that now it was too late for possibility of success. There was something sublime in the calm courage of that scene, but a still higher order of courage was demanded of their young chief. Knowing well that the whole situation in his front had changed since his orders to "attack at dawn" were written, and that against such an array of batteries and field-works direct attack would now be worse than useless—could only result in fruitless slaughter—Warren dared to withhold his men and to send word to his commander that attack would only be disaster. He braved the censure of his chief; the sneers of the army; but he was right, and Meade, a just and honorable gentleman, sustained him. Yet from that time there was talk of Warren's being "sluggish," and that led on to further complications, as we shall see. A board of three officers of the highest rank, all accomplished soldiers, have lately overruled by their opinion, the verdict of a court-martial composed of three times their number of officers of equal grade; the question at issue was the conduct of a distinguished predecessor of General Warren in command of the Fifth corps; and the board declares that in failing to obey his peremptory orders to attack the flank of an unintrenched, and by no means numerically superior, enemy in his front, that predecessor was right, because the commanding

officer of the army could not have known that certain troops had arrived as reinforcement to the enemy. The board declares such conduct "soldierly and subordinate." It follows therefore that Warren's refusal to lead his men to assault the front instead of the flank of an intrenched and expectant, instead of an unprotected and half-formed enemy, must have been worthy of praise beyond all power of words, and, even in the Army of the Potomac, his name should be revered.

However, Mine Run was a bitter disappointment. Nothing was accomplished. It seemed as though nothing *could* be accomplished in that army against those active, skillful veterans of Lee. The North was sore at heart; "Hope deferred" too often had broken down many a high spirit, and then it was that the nation called Grant and Sheridan from the western armies, placed the former at the head of affairs military, and virtually told him: "Here—we have been trying to teach general after general how to fight. We are tired of it. Perhaps our ideas are wrong, after all. You take the reins and we will stand aside. Now do the best you can."

The whole world knows the story from this on. Heretofore the Army of the Potomac after each battle seemed to have to stop a while and think. If the South had had the worst of the battle it took this opportunity of recuperating, and by the time the North swooped forward again, Lee was ready, and smote her "hip and thigh." There were hundreds of eager officers, thousands of gallant men who felt that this was no way to achieve success, and when Grant came with his reputation for stubborn, persistent, bull-dog fighting, it was a positive relief. He seemed to know that in those Virginia fastnesses, against those skilled fencers of Lee, manœuvring was more than apt to lead to being out-manœuvred, and hard, ceaseless, unrelenting hammering was the order from this on. From May, 1864, until they halted breathless before Petersburg, it was one record of bloody, persistent pounding on the part of the Army of the Potomac at Lee's superbly handled command of sixty thousand veterans, and when at last, after the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, and the frightful sacrifice of Cold Harbor, Grant's

army reached the James, with Lee still between him and Richmond, it was found that the gallant Army of Northern Virginia had actually whipped its weight in numbers out of the ranks of the Union army—that no less than 60,000 men, killed, wounded and missing, had been stricken from the rolls of present for duty; and still, with his vast resources at his back, that inflexible leader, Grant, was as strong as ever. Terrible had been the losses on both sides, and in the armies that confronted each other at Petersburg many a familiar face and distinguished name had disappeared. Noble John Sedgwick of the Sixth corps and gray-haired Wadsworth had fought their last battle in the Wilderness. Longstreet, Lee's old war-dog, had been crippled for life, and "Jeb" Stuart, the cavalier leader of the Southern horse, had fallen before Sheridan's troopers at Yellow Tavern. These among the most prominent; yet of generals of brigades there were dozens, and of field-officers hundreds who would never draw sword again.

The North held its breath in awe at the tidings of fearful slaughter, and marvelled at the grim determination of the silent man who wrote from Spottsylvania: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" but all had hope that Grant would be able to "pulverize" the army of Lee. Once across the James it was expected that something brilliant would be accomplished in front of Petersburg. Then came the fiasco of the mine. Admirably as the whole attack had been planned by General Meade, disastrous failure was the result. Luck still seemed to side with the Confederacy; but there was small wonder that this attack should prove a failure when two of its chosen leaders, Ledlie and Ferrero, were found to have been skulking in a bomb-proof far at the rear, while their divisions were fighting their way to the front. Then, winter of '64 and '65 found the army intrenched, as has been said, in front of Petersburg, with no apparent prospect of getting out. Very much had been lost, very little had been accomplished, so it seemed to the impatient and bleeding hearts at the North, and when December came, all was deep despond. "The war is a failure," was the cry among the Peace party all that fall. Gold

had soared up to the nearest figure to 300; and, though the South was living on parched corn, and shivering in tatters, though its own cabinet had pronounced it impossible to subsist the Army of Northern Virginia through the winter, it was still undaunted, still brave, hopeful and determined.

Then the tide turned. Hood's army was shattered to fragments at Nashville. Sherman exploded the shell of the Confederacy, and handed over Savannah as his Christmas present to the nation, and '65 was rung in with joy-bells all over the North, for now at last there was light ahead and no mistake. Sherman came pushing up through the Carolinas. Johnston could not hold him back. Nearer and nearer he strode, and now at last—at last Lee began to look wistfully, nervously, anxiously to his flanks and rear. His men were starving, shivering to death; he was surrounded on every side; he had fought superbly, scientifically, grandly; but—little by little the ground was crumbling away beneath his feet. Then Sheridan—that new, meteoric, dashing leader who had at last waked up Virginia to a realizing sense of what Yankee cavalry could do when properly led—whipped his way through the Shenandoah, came trotting down the valley of the James, tearing canals, roads and railways into ruin as he rode, joined his great leader now reaching around the southern limits of the threatened lines, and then, one finger at a time, the failing grasp of Lee on his last position began to let go; and on the 1st of April Sheridan once more had shot around the now quivering flank, fought and won the brilliant battle of Five Forks, the real wind-up of the war, and leaped like a blood-hound at the throat of the fleeing quarry. One short, breathless week of unavailing struggle and all was over with Lee.

It was a wonderful week. So accustomed had the North become to hearing that their armies had been repulsed before the strong works of the enemy, that for quite a while people continued to shake their heads and say, "Wait a day longer and we will hear the old story;" but this time the old story was buried. It had been told far too often. To understand the closing struggle of the war we need a glance at the map, and a brief reference to the country in which that struggle was fought.

Petersburg lies some twenty miles south of Richmond, and on the south bank of the Appomattox, the largest tributary of the James. One railway connects it with the capital, and then, east, south and west, three others branched out from Petersburg, connecting it with Norfolk, Wilmington, and with Lynchburg and Danville. The roads to Norfolk and Wilmington had already been seized and held by General Grant, though the capture of the latter, known as the Weldon railroad, had cost him much hard fighting and many lives; but the most important line of all, the South Side railway, connecting Petersburg with Danville, Lynchburg, and, through them, with the entire Confederacy, was still covered and held by General Lee. It was of vital importance to him, for it was almost the only line by which he could receive the supplies slowly and painfully gathered and forwarded by his agents. Petersburg was not provisioned for a siege, and, if it had been, its supplies would have been gone long ago. Grant could only "invest" it from the south and east, for Richmond and Petersburg were connected by strong defensive works against which all efforts had been fruitless. Grant had made several attempts to break through from the James river side, always without success; and at last he began to see that the only way to make Lee let go of Petersburg would be to reach around behind him and seize that South Side railway; and to do this he needed Sheridan. It was on the 27th of March when that now renowned leader of cavalry reported with his command after his long ride from the Shenandoah down the James, and, barely giving him twenty-four hours rest, Grant pushed his daring lieutenant out upon this new enterprise.

The Appomattox river runs a general course from west to east, except for one deep bend—a circular sweep northward about midway between the Court-House where it rises and the city near which it joins the James. Cutting across this bend like the chord of an arc, the railway runs otherwise nearly parallel with the Appomattox from Lynchburg to Petersburg. Midway it is crossed by the Richmond railway, running southwest to Danville; and beside this South Side railway there led westward and southwestward from Petersburg several tolerably

well-graded and passable thoroughfares. Two are nearly parallel to the railway—the river and the Cox roads, one on each side of it generally, though the Cox road occasionally crosses it. Then running out southwestward is the Boydton plank road; east of that, and nearly parallel with it, the Vaughan road. Just where the Boydton crosses a little stream known as Hatcher's Run a branch leaves it in a westerly direction, the White Oak road; and the whole country hereabouts is a net-work of little wood-roads and streamlets criss-crossing one another in every possible direction. The forests are dense, sometimes nearly impenetrable; the ground low and swampy. There were no slopes, no heights to speak of; the country from the Weldon railway out towards Dinwiddie Court-House on the Boydton plank, and Five Forks on the White Oak dirt-road, was just one thickly timbered flat, ready to be overflowed far and near should a heavy rain come; and just such a heavy rain did come at the very moment when Grant pushed out his columns in their attempt to feel their way around the right of Lee's lines and get that railroad.

At this moment the Southern forces were holding a line of intrenchments and field-works that virtually reached from Hatcher's Run, seven miles southwest of Petersburg, around that city to the Appomattox, thence to the James, across the James and completely encircling Richmond. The main army was posted south of the Appomattox—General A. P. Hill, with his old corps, commanding from Hatcher's Run to Fort Gregg (which lay about two miles southwest of town), and having the Boydton plank road running behind him parallel with his line. On Hill's left and extending around to the Appomattox, holding all the forts, were Generals Gordon and Anderson, with their strong divisions of war-tried veterans; while in chief command of all the lines north of the Appomattox, Longstreet, disabled, suffering, even crippled with his wounds, reappeared in the field. The length of the line thus held from White Oak Swamp on the north to Hatcher's Run on the south is given by General Humphreys as thirty-seven miles, and this carries the line out to the Claiborne crossing of Hatcher's Run, fully ten miles from

the city of Petersburg. The earthworks were heavy and were strengthened everywhere by thick slashing and abatis. To defend this long, encircling line, General Lee had, all told, some 57,000 men, but they were admirably commanded, were fighting on the defensive, and the nature of the thick and tangled country, the scientific planning of their earthworks, gave them advantages that were worth more than mere numbers.

Against them there were mustered on the effective lists of the combined armies of the Potomac, the James, and Sheridan's cavalry, very nearly 125,000 men; and when General Grant began his favorite movement of swinging round the right flank of the enemy, he left Generals Parke and Ord with some of the Army of the James to hold the works in front of Petersburg, and the military line of railway to City Point on the James; General Weitzel, with two divisions well up near Richmond at Bermuda Hundred; and on the 29th of March, with Sheridan leading, and our old friends of the Second and Fifth corps close behind, he pushed out boldly through the unknown country to the west. It was the beginning of the end, and we want to look well at the men who are with him in this, the closing scene of the great war. There is no need to speak of the general-in-chief in these pages. His is now a national history and a world-wide reputation; but of his great lieutenant, that eager, restless, daring trooper who is foremost in the final campaign, whole volumes might yet be written. By this time the cavalry of the army has learned to follow and to fight for Phil Sheridan as it never did for mortal man before—even the lamented Buford. And the Sixth, Eighth and Nineteenth corps have learned to know him well: they fought under him at Winchester, at Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill; and the Sixth corps had come back from the Shenandoah full of stories of the way Sheridan sent Early whirling up that valley. *They* would be glad to back him up again to-day; but as luck would have it, the Fifth corps is farthest out of all the infantry, and, should he need infantry-backing as he doubtless will, these are the men on whom he must rely. Sheridan has some 13,000 admirable troopers as his own command, and with Merritt at the head of this cavalry

corps, and Custer, Devin and Crook as division leaders, his is the most complete and independent organization in the army. Perhaps there is some little jealousy in the ranks of the hard-used Army of the Potomac; for, while they have been slowly groping and struggling or freezing about the lines of Petersburg all winter, these gaudy yellow-trimmed horsemen have been gayly riding all over Virginia, winning big names for themselves (and deserving more than they got at Winchester, for that matter), and now here they are again, far in the lead as usual, say the plodding infantrymen with the growl that all old soldiers must have: "Way out until they strike something: then they come back and let us tackle it." Perhaps that *was* the reputation of the cavalry up to the time Sheridan took command, despite John Buford's superb stand that first day at Gettysburg and "Grimes" Davis' brilliant charge and soldierly death at Beverly Ford; but there is no "come back" where Sheridan leads, and all preconceived notions on the subject are going to have a sudden shock in the Army of the Potomac. Men of the Fifth and Second corps were seen curiously watching the long column of Sheridan's troopers as they trotted easily around from the James to the extreme left over by the Vaughan road, and there was a good deal of the "chaff" and "billingsgate" in which our soldiers will indulge at such times—a constant interchange of wordy compliments between horse and foot through the lowering March day, and though the Sixth corps cheered their comrades of the valley campaign, it is probable that not a few of Sheridan's men were ruffled by this sort of reception. However, there was no time to squabble over it now. They might have to show the very "chaffers" how to fight. Who could tell what a day might bring forth?

Grant's infantry and artillery had been reorganized for the new move through this timbered and swampy country. The batteries had been cut down to four guns each; Hancock had been called to Washington some time since to organize the new First corps, and his old corps, the Second, is now led by Major-General Humphreys, who fought so hard the second day at Gettysburg. Miles, William Hays and Mott are the divisior

commanders. Alexander Hays was killed before Spottsylvania. The Fifth corps is led by General Gouverneur K. Warren, he who showed such brain and bravery at Little Round Top, such brain and prudence at Mine Run, and who has become conspicuous throughout the army because he *will* wear his broad yellow sash in the hottest action, where it has become the fashion to drop all such ornament. The Fifth is still the "dandy" corps of the army, and Griffin, Ayres and Crawford command its divisions. Major-General Wright heads the Sixth corps, with Wheaton, Getty and Seymour as division commanders. General John G. Parke has the Ninth corps, a comparatively new command, and for that reason, probably, selected to remain behind and man the works in front of Petersburg.

Besides these old troops of the Army of the Potomac there came, to swell the ranks of the moving columns, Turner's and Foster's divisions of the Twenty-fourth corps, now commanded by John Gibbon, whom we have seen rise from the head of the Iron Brigade at Second Bull Run to his present high rank, and a little division of cavalry from Butler's old army, not 2,000 strong, but led by a brilliant and brave young soldier—General Ranald MacKenzie: and this was the force with which General Grant essayed to pin the Southern leader to the wall.

On March 28th, when all was ready, Grant had summoned Sheridan to headquarters and there read to him his instructions, winding up by saying to him in his blunt way: "I mean to end this business here;" and Sheridan's face beamed with enthusiasm and delight. "That's what I like to hear you say," he answered. "Let us end this business here." A very few hours afterwards, he with the cavalry was crossing Rowanty Creek way down to the south, and striking out 'cross country for Dinwiddie Court-House; while Warren and Humphreys were pushing across the stream or rather its upper fork, Hatcher's Run, miles to the north of him. Sheridan was to make a wide sweep, and the whole idea of the movement was to induce Lee to come out from behind his works and fight in the open.

The President himself had come down to City Point to see Grant and his officers before the final start, and to wish them

God-speed. None of the party—and his own son, then Captain Lincoln of the general's staff, was one—can ever forget that parting. It was the noble-hearted Lincoln's last look at his fighting soldiers—two weeks more and cowardly assassination had laid him low. He stood on the rude platform of the railway station as the train bore the general and his staff away, gazing hopefully, yet wistfully, after them. God alone knows the weight of care, anxiety, agony, that patient and loyal soul had undergone during the four long years of the war—a suffering from which the martyrdom of his death would have been release had it come before, but it came, a ten-fold martyrdom, to rob him of all earthly fruition of his dreams of ultimate success, yet in robbing him of this earthly triumph, to replace it by an eternity of reward a thousand times more glorious. "God bless you all," he had said, and with this parting benediction they had hastened forth to their appointed task. Another hour and they were in saddle at the left.

That night Sheridan was bivouacking around Dinwiddie, Warren and Humphreys among the thickets across Hatcher's Run, and then it was that it came on to rain in soaking torrents. Morning of the 30th found the whole country one vast quagmire, and a general feeling of depression seemed to have settled down on the army struggling through the mud along Gravelly Run. Horses floundered up to their girths, wheels sank to their hubs in the quicksands in front of the tents where the general himself had stopped for the night. The 30th was a gloomy day. Even among his own staff-officers, it is said that there were some who urged the silent commander to give it up and go back; and, in the Army of the Potomac, if Badeau can be cited as authority, "Meade was not sanguine and said little; but others strongly urged a retrograde movement." Evidently there was little heart in the move in such vile weather, but Grant was inflexible. If he could not burst through an enemy's line, he at least had found means to get around. Go back was the one thing he never yet had done, and even his own army could not force him to go back now. Yet he would have given much, or have been less than man, for some cheery, hopeful, buoyant spirit to

FIELD OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF 1865.

stand by him in this atmosphere of general gloom; and it came —came like a burst of sunshine when Sheridan, "all mud and pluck," rode into the midst of the dripping group around the camp-fire at headquarters to report progress at Dinwiddie, and to almost beg for orders to push ahead. With Sheridan in such a mood, there was an end to all hint of failure, and in half an hour the vehement, sturdy little trooper was spurring back through mud and rain with the coveted instructions to strike northward for Five Forks. Could he gain it in time, before Lee could seize, intrench and hold it? It lay so near the South Side railway—not more than three miles—that if lost to Lee the road would go—and with it, his last hold on Petersburg.

As early as the 28th, General Lee had learned that Sheridan's cavalry was being transferred way around Petersburg to the extreme left of Grant's lines. He knew at once what that must mean—a blow at the South Side road from that quarter. The first undefended track along which the blow might come was the Ford road from Five Forks. Anderson's men were already moving over to the west to man the works across the Claiborne road to Sutherland Station, but some one must make a leap for Five Forks, and the choice fell on Fitz Hugh Lee, who had been far over towards the Chickahominy swamps. He and his cavalry division rode like mad all day of the 29th, reached Sutherlands that night, sprang upon Five Forks the next morning, and, that afternoon, March 30th, he and Merritt had grappled along the Dinwiddie road, and Sheridan's impetuous advance was stemmed. At this moment there were at least five miles of mud and quicksand between Warren's left and the nearest flank of Sheridan's adventurous horsemen. Guns and wagons were stalled and could not budge an inch until the roads were corduroyed. What if Lee should push still farther, thrust other cavalry through that five mile gap, cross infantry by the White Oak road to Five Forks, and hem Sheridan in at Dinwiddie? It was practicable. It *could* be done, and then the vaunted hero of the Shenandoah would be at their mercy, and Grant's eyes, yes, and his right arm, gone. Full information had reached the Southern general of the situation by this time, and he strained

every nerve to meet the emergency. By sunset on the 30th, Rosser and W. H. F. Lee had reinforced Fitz Lee's division south of Five Forks, and Pickett, he of the heroic assault at Gettysburg, with five brigades of veteran infantry, was pitching up earthworks along the White Oak road from Five Forks eastward. Eighteen thousand men had been launched out to "gobble," as the saying went in those days, Sheridan and his 13,000.

Late on the night of the 30th, Grant determined, on learning how Lee had weakened his lines at Petersburg, that the time had come to assault the works around the town, and far to the south of it. At this moment Parke, with the Ninth corps, covered the front to the east; Wright, with the Sixth corps, from Parke's left, well out to the southwest; then came Ord's men, from the Army of the James, confronting the lines five and six miles southwest of the town; then Humphrey's Second corps, stretching across country near Hatcher's Run and almost to the Boydton plank road; while close on his left was the Fifth corps under Warren, covering the plank road and picketing the country to the crossing of the Claiborne and White Oak roads. Then came that five mile gap to Sheridan, off southwestward in the woods above Dinwiddie, and both Sheridan's right and Warren's left flanks were in jeopardy.

That night too, Grant from his headquarters near Gravelly Run wrote to Sheridan that he would detach the whole Fifth corps and send it to him on the following day if he thought that by aid of it, and acting independently of the rest of the army, he could swing round the right flank of Lee's army and so hem them in; and Sheridan's reply came on the morning of the 31st. He was willing—eager to try it, with the Sixth corps. They knew him and he them, but, he shook his head at mention of the Fifth corps. They could and would fight superbly for men they knew and liked, but somehow or other that Fifth corps seemed to want to know too much about what some other corps was to do while they were doing this and that, and Sheridan had possibly heard that Fifth corps commanders had before now been singularly liberal in their interpretation of orders

coming from superiors who had learned obedience in the west. He had never led the Fifth corps. He only knew Warren from what had been said of him, and some vague talk around the camp-fire, and as bad luck would have it, he had been prejudiced against as brave and cool and scientific a fighter as the army possessed, far too cool and deliberate as a mate, to pull with fiery, magnetic, all-daring Sheridan.

But his old standby, the Sixth corps, was far over to the right in front of Petersburg. Warren alone was available; and Warren it was who finally received the orders to support Sheridan at Dinwiddie, and act under his orders; but meantime grave changes came. Early on the 31st Lee's men rushed into the gap; doubled Warren up like a pocket-rule; sent Ayres and Crawford reeling back on Griffin, and if Miles, of the Second corps, had not come to the rescue when he did, might have driven him still farther. The subsequent rally and advance was fine, but the 31st of March cost the Fifth corps nearly 1,500 men, and its chief a vast amount of severe criticism, which added to the impression at three headquarters—Grant's, Meade's and Sheridan's—that, with all his acknowledged ability and personal courage, Warren was not the man for this place. All day long in mud and mist his men were fighting, marching and meeting or making charges, and night found them worn out, and their leader somewhat dejected. This was their condition when, at eleven o'clock at night, Warren received his orders to march Griffin down the Boydton road, and move with his whole corps to strike in rear the enemy then enveloping Sheridan. "Urge him not to stop for anything," said Grant to Meade, for all day long Sheridan had been fighting like a tiger between Five Forks and Dinwiddie. Merritt and Custer, Devin and Crook had been furiously attacked by Lee, Rosser and Pickett's advanced infantry, and step by step they had been driven back toward the old Virginia country court-house. Merritt at one time had been well-nigh cut off, but had most skillfully withdrawn his men to the Boydton road, drawing the yelling Southerners in a sweeping left wheel after him, and got back safely to Sheridan, while that indomitable leader launched in the brigades of Gibbes and Gregg

on the flank presented by the pursuing enemy, brought them to bay, and caused them to turn once more on him at Dinwiddie, while Merritt trotted back by way of the Boydton plank, and once more deployed on the general line. All day long Sheridan's generalship had been brilliant, his fighting most gallant. Dinwiddie was held; and now as night came down and the cavalry—Northern and Southern—bivouacked in the woods not a hundred yards apart, the question was: "How soon can Warren come down and pitch into the enemy's rear?" for at nightfall the lines of Lee lay between Sheridan and the Army of the Potomac.

Counting on his coming, believing that by three A. M. at the latest Warren would be there in force behind the enemy, Sheridan felt confident that at early dawn he could fall upon and destroy the Southern force. "Attack at day-break" were his orders, and the men crammed their pouches and pockets with fresh cartridges, and eagerly awaited the coming day. Notified by General Grant of Warren's instructions to join him at once, he listened with impatient ear for the rattle of his musketry as the 1st of April dawned damp and chill; but he listened in vain. Warren was still at the other end of that five mile gap. He had roused Ayres and his men, it is true, sent them instead of Griffin down the Boydton road; but the bridge was gone at Gravelly Run, and not until two A. M. could it be replaced; his men were greatly fatigued; he feared that his withdrawal in the darkness would bring the vigilant lines of the enemy in rapid pursuit, and he hung on where he was until five in the morning. Not until eleven A. M. did he report in person to Sheridan, now fuming with exasperation and disappointment, for it was too late. Warned of Warren's tardy coming the Southern leaders had promptly slipped out of the trap, passed westward across Sheridan's front, and as the latter sprang forward to the attack, faced him and fell back, skillfully fighting towards the intrenchments at Five Forks, closely followed by Merritt and his charging squadrons. The chance was gone. Noon came, and Pickett's men were in strong position behind their earthworks along the White Oak road.

But Sheridan would not give it up. One chance was gone to be sure, but there was still time to fight and win a battle. New dispositions, new plans had to be made at once; but galloping hither and thither over the field, the very epitome of soldierly dash and daring, he quickly discovered that Pickett's earthworks came to an abrupt end a mile east of Five Forks and turned back at a right-angle to the north. From this angle or salient eastward along the White Oak road there was a stretch of four miles of undefended ground. Calling up MacKenzie and his eighteen hundred troopers, he hurried him out eastward at a rapid trot; told him to hold that road against all comers until he could bring up the Fifth corps, and having thus headed off any reinforcements that might be coming from Lee to Pickett, he set to work to entrap the latter in his stronghold at the Forks.

Facing southward, Pickett held about two miles of newly-built earthworks, with Five Forks in the middle. Ordering Merritt to deploy all his cavalry along this front, and to make a vigorous feint as though striving to turn the right or western flank of Pickett's line, Sheridan hastened to his own right and ordered Warren to bring up the Fifth corps with all possible speed. He meant to repeat the old Winchester move, assault along the front, but to hurl Warren's whole corps against that salient—the eastern angle of Pickett's line—and by a gradual wheel to the left of the three infantry divisions, to double up the Southern line and literally smash it. If Pickett escaped at all from between the enveloping corps of Warren and Merritt, it could only be to the westward, *away* from Lee, away from help or support of any kind. But time was everything. The short spring day would soon be over, and that chance too would then be gone forever. Splendidly the cavalry carried out their part of the game. MacKenzie, far over to the east, gave a sound drubbing to the advance guard of the reinforcements coming from Lee. Merritt, dismounting his troopers in front of the works, formed his long lines in readiness for attack, while the led horses, the fluttering guidons and the reserves stood well back among the trees, but ready to leap forward after their regi-

ments. Far over to the west, yellow-haired Custer with two brigades in the saddle, and Pennington's men afoot, made the dashing charge which was to be the feint upon Pickett's right; but here, W. H. F. Lee met him with horsemen as enthusiastic as his own, and these two had a rattling cavalry fight all to themselves, while other and graver matters were going on at the right. Oddly enough Pickett and Fitz Hugh Lee were far behind their lines at the time, holding some consultation in the thick woods north of Hatcher's Run. Accustomed only to the kind of fighting they had seen in Virginia for three years past, they probably imagined that, as usual, the Yanks would stop when they came to those earthworks; but they did not know Sheridan. At two o'clock he and Warren were talking over the plan of attack together, and that interview has become historic.

The Fifth corps was only some two miles and a half away at the time Warren was ordered to hurry it to the front. It was then just one o'clock. The roads were heavy with mud, the men so tired that at every halt some of their number would throw themselves by the roadside, be sound asleep in an instant and almost dead to any summons to be up and moving. Still, in his eager enthusiasm, Sheridan counted on their coming in an hour, or an hour and a half at the utmost. Every now and then, as he strode nervously up and down under the trees, where he and his staff had dismounted, his fiery eyes would glance toward the western skies where, through the low hanging clouds, the sun was fast sinking towards the horizon. Then he would halt short and address some words to Warren. The latter had made a rough sketch of the proposed attack, showing the position of the Southern force along the White Oak road; the lines of Merritt and Custer and Devin; the very fields into which his own divisions were to be turned on coming to the spot. He was carefully studying the situation, calm, placid, methodical; a calm that, to Sheridan's restless impatience, savored of apathy, a method that seemed to be a critical analysis of his superior's orders under his superior's very eyes. Still no signs came of the longed-for infantry. Again and again Sheridan glared down the Dinwiddie road in search of the sloping

rifle-barrels, and the more impatient he grew, the more imperturbably placid seemed Warren. Just or unjust, Sheridan could only estimate such conduct from one standpoint. He had, from the very start, been accustomed to handling men whose natures seemed to leap into instant and eager life at the kindling contact of his own. His old Michigan cavalry regiment; his little brigade in the Army of the Cumberland; his fighting divisions at Stone River and Chattanooga; then his brilliant cavalry corps in the Army of the Potomac, and the sedate infantry of the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, all, all had seemed to become imbued with his vehement dash and daring. Men who had fought and marched with Sheridan had learned to jump when he spoke; he loved to see snap, life, vim in officer or man; he could not tolerate a laggard. Never yet had he met a subordinate whom he could not inspire; but now here was Warren—Warren, whom he had been taught to look upon as slow; Warren, who represented the manœuvring engineer element among our generals, as opposed to the hard-hitting, practical fighters of the line; Warren, whose men had been fattening and getting "soft," perhaps timid, behind bomb-proofs and earthworks all winter, while his cavalry-men were doing rough, lusty work in the saddle and the open field. Sheridan simply *could* not understand Warren. What the latter's warmest friends considered evidences of "intense concentration," looked, it must be confessed, vastly like apathy to soldiers such as Sheridan, who had never seen him light up under fire. Three o'clock came, still the Fifth corps was not up, and then it was that in his fuming impatience Sheridan gave way to the impression—a most natural and justifiable impression after all the disappointments of the day—"that he (Warren) wished the sun to go down before dispositions for attack could be completed." When at last the Fifth corps was placed in position, facing northwest toward that gloomy salient on the White Oak road, four o'clock had come, and Warren rode into the attack heavily handicapped with his superior's strongly-rooted distrust.

But of this he knew little or nothing. Intent in his own way on carrying out his orders, and recognizing with a soldier's eye

the brilliancy of Sheridan's battle-plan, he hastened to the right of the road on which lay the Gravelly Run Church, where Crawford's division in two lines, with a brigade in reserve, had taken its post, moved Griffin's splendid division in support of Crawford, and awaited the signal to advance. Ayres' division, the last to arrive, and the smallest of the three, took post between the Gravelly Run Church road and that leading from Five Forks to Dinwiddie, nearly joining hands with Devin's cavalrymen on the left, and facing northwest like the rest of the corps. Then, at last, all was ready and advance was the word. Leaving the cavalry to take care of themselves, Sheridan galloped out in front of Ayres' division, he and his staff riding rapidly along between the skirmish and the main lines. That red and white swallow-tail flag was a new sight to those Fifth corps fellows, and they looked upon Sheridan's standard-bearer with live curiosity. "I will ride with you," said Sheridan to Ayres; and with that, under the sputtering skirmish-fire to the front, the division burst forward, while Warren and the greater portion of his corps pushed ahead through the tangled woods, expecting every instant to be met by the volleys from the Southern lines. In ten minutes the skirmishers were leaping across the White Oak road under the vigorous peppering of the opposing light troops, who fell back slowly before the coming host until close under the muzzles of the main lines, when, with sudden rally and rush, they disappeared entirely from Ayres' front. The next instant, as the long blue ranks with waving colors and steady fronts swept forward across the open road, there came from the left and left front, a sudden flash and thunder-clap, followed by the rattle and ring of a thousand muskets. In one moment the sparse woods leaped with flame and the leaves came fluttering down from overhead swept by the storm of hissing bullets. It was a savage reception; many a gallant fellow was laid low by the sudden storm; but Ayres was a staunch fighter, and, instantly divining that he had found the point where the earthworks turned back to the north, and that the fire came from that face, he ordered his two brigades to wheel at once to the left, and sent word to his supporting line, under gallant Fred

Winthrop, to come forward into line on his left at double-quick. It was promptly, splendidly done; but the Third brigade (Gwyn's), on the extreme right, had to fight its way through some thick undergrowth to the open plain beyond. They plunged through in some disorder, but kept going until reaching the edge of the thicket and the skirt of the woods; here greeted by a sharp and sudden volley, and being much broken by their "bushwhacking," the whole brigade reeled and staggered. It was a critical moment. It would never do to let them go back; Warren, with Crawford and Griffin, was still shoving ahead through the woods, somewhere off to the right, but out of sight now, and a great gap was forming between Ayres' right and Crawford's left. Not an instant could be lost. Staff-officers struck spurs to their horses and dashed off into the woods to turn Crawford to the left. Gwyn needed their support; but as Gwyn's men still clung timidly to their cover and huddled together among the trees, Sheridan could stand it no longer. Seizing the battle-flag he leaped out to the front, shouting to the amazed infantrymen to "Come on." Somewhere back of the line a Yankee band struck up a rollicking Irish air; others chimed in with the first tune that happened to strike the leader's fancy; Ayres and his staff rushed forward to aid Sheridan as that fiery little rider rode storming, and swearing, and cheering along the lines, heedless of the hissing lead that tore through the silk of his precious standard, or struck down officers of his eager staff.

The example was all they needed. Up sprang Ayres' men, now all delight with this new and magnetic leader, and with mighty rush and cheer they swarmed at, and over the fire-flashing parapet, grappling with the gunners, seizing battle-flags and guns, and capturing an entire brigade. It was barely five o'clock when they struck the salient, and in twenty minutes Ayres had carried all before him, had faced westward, and, hastily securing his prisoners, was preparing to roll up Pickett's line along the White Oak road. But already the losses had been severe; and of these, none so lamentable as that of the brilliant young general who led his brigade to the support of the left

of the staggered line—brave Fred Winthrop! It was said of him that only the night before he wrote a prophetic farewell to the woman he loved and who was so soon to have been his bride; and yet, believing firmly that he was not to survive that fight, he rode into action all spirit, energy, enthusiasm, "the best-dressed man on the field," says Colonel Newhall, and fell dead at the head of his charging, cheering brigade at the very instant of glorious victory.

Edging off to the right, as though to escape that fire from the earthworks, Crawford had contrived to get too far away to be available at this juncture, and Griffin, moving as his support, followed his tracks until the rage of battle on his left, the vehement cheers of Ayres' men, the wolf-like yell of the defiant Southerners, and the crash of volleys told him that it was there he was most needed; and even as he was wheeling to the left Sheridan's aides came tearing through the woods to order the move. Brother artillerists were Ayres and Griffin in the old days before the war, and now almost at full run the latter "changed front forward" in rapid wheel to the left, and came crashing through the brake and thickets on the right of his comrade in arms, and not too late; for, as his lines straightened out and swung round until they faced southwestward before the eager "forward" rang along from battalion to battalion, they came upon a confused throng of gray-clad infantry drifting back through the woods from the now raging battle front, and, leaping upon them, added fifteen hundred prisoners to the swarm already being disarmed by Ayres.

Meantime there had been a glorious scene to the west. No sooner did Merritt hear the crash of musketry and the thunder of guns over to the right, than he gave the long-awaited order to attack along the whole line, and, while the Fifth corps pushed through open fields or unresisting forest, Merritt's cavalrymen unslung carbines and sprang forward to the assault of the line of earthworks. Theirs was the brunt of the battle, for the attack of parapets lined by infantry is no bagatelle at any time, and for horsemen, turned for the nonce into foot-soldiers, it is especially trying. With strong skirmish lines, and inspired by

the music of cheers, volleys and martial bands over at the right, and the ringing, stirring signal calls of their own trumpets, the cavalry corps made its spirited advance. Superb leaders had they—men who rode with the foremost skirmishers, and whose flashing sabres pointed the way: whose joyous voices cheered on every charge. Devin, Fitzhugh and Gibbes on the right; Custer, Pennington and Capehart on the left, while Merritt from the centre, directed every move and vigilantly watched the changing phases of the battle. Far off to the left, Custer had two brigades still in saddle, and with these led charge after charge on the Southern cavalry west of the intrenchments, but all the rest of the line fought dismounted in front of the parapets, and this was trying work. At first but little headway could be gained, for the infantry defenders made the air hum with bullets and the entire front was a "dead-line," but as Ayres' men came tumbling over the lines along the "return," and Griffin's volleys crashed through the woods behind them, the gray brigades along the White Oak road began to slacken the vigor of their fire. Seeing this, Fitzhugh, of Devin's division, called on his brigade and in a gallant charge dashed over the parapets in his front, capturing three guns and a thousand prisoners with their battle-flags. Pickett's left was now gone. One brigade, Mayo's, was retiring in fair order through Five Forks, but others were caught between the sweeping lines of Warren and Merritt, just as Sheridan had planned, and all was up with them. Crawford by this time had been caught and turned to the left by Warren, whose divisions and brigades were so hidden in the densely wooded country that it was impossible to see more than one or two at a time. He himself had sent Griffin orders not to follow Crawford, but to turn to the aid of Ayres, and then had plunged on after his most distant division. MacKenzie too had come trotting back by this time, and, forming out on Crawford's right and swinging westward with him in a wide sweep that carried him far over Hatcher's Run, Warren leading and directing, they had now reached the rear of Pickett's lines, seized the Ford road and were pressing on, picking up prisoners by the hundred. Griffin had found a strong brigade posted to face

him, and had had a stubborn struggle of half an hour before they broke, but now, now as sunset came, everywhere along the left and centre of his lines Pickett saw only rout and disaster—he himself had almost had to fight his way through MacKenzie's and Crawford's skirmishers before he could reach the field.

All this time Warren had been most energetic, riding to and fro—first with one, then with another division; but never, as luck would have it, being seen by Sheridan. The latter was still aflame at the thought that he himself had had to rally and lead the Fifth corps, and that his staff officers could not find Warren. Crawford's long *détour* had delayed matters, and darkness was coming on. No half-way victory would satisfy Sheridan. He aimed to destroy Pickett entirely, and his plans, if promptly executed, meant destruction. It seemed an interminable time to him after Ayres seized the works and prepared to sweep westward before he heard Griffin coming in from the northeast. It seemed as though he never would hear Crawford. At last came the glad chorus of cheers from behind the Five Forks woods, and then, as the entire army leaped forward to "wind the thing up," then and there, he had his first news of Warren's personal movements and sent his indignant and wrathful reply.

Custer and Devin were now sweeping over the parapets along the whole line, and Pickett himself, striving to rally his centre, was suddenly pounced upon by a brawny cavalryman astride of a mule, who leaped the earthworks and with conventional soldierly blasphemy demanded his surrender; Pickett barely escaped with his life. Still his right hung pluckily together. Crawford's division, once more led by Warren himself, was far around behind Five Forks at this moment; had captured a four-gun battery and was still pressing on. Here, near an open plat, called the Gilliam field, Pickett's men were making their last stand, and as Crawford's division emerged from the woods greeted them with a scathing fire. The men were in loose order after long pursuit and 'cross country fighting, and were halted and a little staggered by the discharge, but it was no time to delay them, and even as Sheridan had done in front of Ayres,

Warren, corps-flag in hand, sprang into the front of Crawford's men, officers and color-bearers dashed forward, and though the hot fire swept down Warren's horse and his own orderly, and wounded officers immediately around him, the gallant leader himself was unhurt—the last of Pickett's lines was swept away, and Custer's brilliant division of cavalry thundering up from the south sent the fugitives whirling into the woods along the road to the west, and Five Forks was over and done with.

It was even at this moment of almost breathless triumph that Warren received the order relieving him from the command of the Fifth corps, and ordering him to report in person to the general of the army—the saddest feature of this most brilliant and gallant day. Prejudiced, in all probability, by what he had heard of him, exasperated by the delays of the previous night and the apparent apathy of the present day, virtually invited that very day by the lieutenant-general to send him back and put some other man in his place, and, finally, unable to see or to hear of him during the danger and daring and heat of the battle, Sheridan had at last lost all patience; had availed himself of the authority expressly conferred on him by General Grant; had placed Griffin in command of the Fifth corps, and sent Warren to the rear. Years afterwards, when Warren finally succeeded in having a thorough investigation of the whole matter by a court composed of just and distinguished officers, it was determined that his conduct during the battle was all that it should have been, and that there was no unnecessary delay in bringing up his corps that afternoon; but it was held at the same time, that Warren was culpable in not coming sooner to Sheridan at Dinwiddie on the morning of the 1st of April, and as Sheridan began to judge him then, could only see during the day what looked like apathy or lack of energy, and did not see any of his superb conduct during the battle itself, there is little need of wonderment at his strenuous action. It was simply in keeping with his vehement, uncompromising nature, and had there been a Sheridan in the Army of the Potomac earlier in the war, there would have been fewer Bull and other Runs.

Five Forks was the one brilliant tactical battle fought and won

by the aid of the Army of the Potomac, and it was all planned, fought and won inside of eight hours. Morally and materially its results were most important. One-third of Lee's army was knocked into splinters; 4,500 prisoners, thirteen colors and six guns fell into the hands of the victors, and the fragments of Pickett's army were pursued till dark and scattered over the Virginia woods in sore dismay and suffering—clothing in tatters—food they had none. One only marvels that they fought so well. Aided by troops hurried out along the South Side railway, Pickett managed to rally some few thousands of his men north of Hatcher's Run by the following day; but that night Sheridan's troopers and the worn-out Fifth corps bivouacked around Five Forks, while couriers pushed off through darkness, mud and mire to find General Grant waiting eagerly at Dabney's Mills for tidings from his trusted right-hand man, that he might transmit them to the President, still more anxiously waiting at City Point.

Badeau well describes the scene at Grant's headquarters that glorious night. All day long they had been intently listening. Three of Grant's aides-de-camp had ridden over at different hours to find Sheridan near the Forks, but when nightfall came, only one had returned, and he brought tidings of sharp, stubborn fighting. The rain had at lasted ceased, and, two hours after dark, the general-in-chief was seated by the camp-fire in front of his tent "wrapped in the blue overcoat of a private soldier." At 7.45 he had sent word to the President that Sheridan must have had a severe fight, and that he hoped to send particulars in a short time. Suddenly there came the sound of distant cheering. Far off in the dark wood-roads the soldiers were taking up and eagerly repeating the brief words of an officer who was hurrying along towards headquarters: presently he appeared, and before dismounting had told the gist of his story. "The rebs were whipped this time," but he had left the field when victory was assured, and could not tell how decisive it had been. Soon, however, there came the third and last aide-de-camp—Colonel Horace Porter, the most impassive and taciturn of men under ordinary circumstances, a man vigorously

temperate in his meats and drinks, and the model generally of all soldierly reticence and virtues; but now, to the scandal of some of his associates, Porter seemed absolutely drunk. He sprang from his horse, wild with delight and enthusiasm, and in detailing the results of Sheridan's glorious victory, in the fulness of his joy and congratulations he had the hardihood to slap the general-in-chief on the back, and comport himself otherwise in a most unusual manner. It was one of the comical features of the campaign. Nobody had ever seen Porter so worked up before; but Grant, it is assumed, readily forgave this ebullition of spirits. The colonel had not tasted a drop of stimulant: he was simply "drunk with victory." He brought complete tidings. The utter rout of Pickett and his men had been accomplished with comparatively small loss to the Fifth corps (634 killed, wounded and missing), and though the cavalry had lost heavily in officers, its aggregate was not greater than that of the infantry, and only 8,000 cavalry had been engaged. "Sheridan has carried everything before him," telegraphed Grant to the President at City Point; and then stepping for a moment inside his tent he reappeared with a written order, quietly saying, "I have ordered an immediate assault along the lines."

That was a wonderful night in the Army of the Potomac. From left to right; from Hatcher's Run far around to and across the James, the soldiers poured forth from bivouac, tent or bomb-proof madly cheering over the glorious news; the bands were brought out and kept playing by the hour; and then, long before midnight, the loud-mouthed cannon belched forth in furious bombardment. At four in the morning a general advance was to begin, and meantime, Miles, of the Second corps, pushed down the White Oak road to strengthen Sheridan should Lee send a heavy force against him. To all his corps commanders Meade sent the particulars of Sheridan's victory, and their replies to the orders for attack were full of hope and spirit. Ord wrote to Grant that his men would go into the works like "a hot knife into melted butter." Wright promised "to make the fur fly" on part of the Sixth corps; and at five o'clock on the morning of the 2d of April the Grand Army of

the Union was pushed into the final assault of the lines of Petersburg.

But Lee fought to the last. He was not yet ready to give up his position, for he was the only defence of the Southern capital and cabinet. He still had some 40,000 men, and they were snugly ensconced behind their earthworks. Wright did indeed "make the fur fly" and burst through the lines, as was to be expected of him and the old Sixth corps, but Parke found the main line still defiantly strong, and his men could make but little headway. He carried some outer works, but lost severely in officers, while Wright, though losing 1,100 men in fifteen minutes, swept everything in his front, and in the headlong impetuosity of their attack, some of the Sixth corps, after bursting through the intrenchments just southwest of Fort Gregg, plunged on across the Boydton plank road and never stopped until they reached the South Side railway, which they began to pull up at once. It was at this time that one of the most gallant and distinguished of the Southern generals met his fate: Ambrose P. Hill, who had so brilliantly handled his corps during the last two years of the war, was shot dead by a Sixth corps soldier whom the general had come upon suddenly in the woods and ordered to surrender. Once through the lines, Wright had wheeled westward and southward, swept up the defenders as far as Hatcher's Run; then the Sixth and Twenty-fourth corps faced about, and marching back towards Petersburg enveloped the city on the south and west. Lee could now only escape by the north bank of the Appomattox, and that very day, April 2d, he sent word to Mr. Jefferson Davis that he could no longer hold Petersburg. He would strive to carry his army back to Danville, and there renew the fight.

Sunday morning, and the pious people of Richmond were listening to the gospel of peace in their churches, while the boom of the distant bombardment fell sullenly upon the ear of the sentries at the fortifications; while only twenty miles away, in most gallant, desperate battle, fathers, husbands, brothers, sons were fiercely striving to hold their last bulwarks against the savage attack of the Twenty-fourth corps. Forts Gregg and

Whitworth fell before overpowering numbers even as the church bells summoned the worshippers to morning service in the all unconscious capital. It was a mild spring morning, soft, balmy, sweet with the odor of early buds and blossoms. Hearts were beating high with hope in Richmond, for the news had gone abroad that Pickett and Fitz Hugh Lee had terribly punished the vandal Sheridan down back of Petersburg the evening before. Mr. Davis sat in his accustomed pew, while his devoted and long-suffering people sent up their heartfelt prayers for Divine blessing upon him, and the cause he represented—the cause they firmly believed to be as righteous and just as was the cause of the colonies in '76. Suddenly, through the open doorway, there came a messenger who strode up the aisle, handed one paper to the head of the Confederate government, and sent another to the officiating clergyman. Mr. Davis opened and read his letter; then quickly rose and left the church. People wondered, but said no word. Then the minister in as calm a voice as he could command, announced that the local forces were ordered to assemble, and that no afternoon service would be held. With that the congregation dispersed, yet seemed to have no idea of the impending disaster. That evening, however, Davis, his cabinet and the legislature fled by railway and canal. Ewell withdrew his garrison, setting fire to warehouses, bridges and stores as he was ordered, and, leaving not a man to guard the thousands of helpless women and children, leaving the sick and wounded, turning the city over to the mercy of a mob of escaped convicts, drunken desperadoes or half-starved laborers. Taking all the plunder they could conveniently carry, the great leaders of a brave and deluded people sought their own safety without so much as an act of protection, a word of farewell or advice for those who had trusted and followed them to the bitter end. Of Mr. Davis' subsequent adventures, his ignominious flight and undignified masquerade, his capture, imprisonment and final release, far more has been written than the subject really deserves. After pondering a while as to what punishment might most suitably be inflicted, the nation eventually turned him loose as being no longer dangerous, and has permitted him to

live to a green old age, a dreamy witness of the total failure of his treason.

It is of the men who fought, and dared and never flinched even when the supreme moment came, that we love to think to-day. Theirs is a name of honor, a record of deathless courage, that all true soldiers, North or South, must hold in respect and admiration. Even the victors could not see the dejected gray columns filing slowly westward in the dawn of that April Monday, without a thrill of sympathy for the brave fellows who had fought so long and well, only to come to this. We all know the story. That night of the 2d of April, blowing up the forts, burning the bridges behind him, Lee slowly fell back from Petersburg, making for Amelia Court-House, twenty-five miles to the west; and Ewell, leaving Richmond in flames, pushed southwestward to join him. Early on Monday morning the Sixth Michigan sharp-shooters were waving their flags on the court-house in Petersburg, and a little squadron of cavalry, escorting two of General Weitzel's staff-officers, trotted through the curious throngs in the Richmond streets, dismounted at the capitol, and there, taking from the pommel of his saddle the flag he had had in readiness for several days, Lieutenant J. L. DePeyster, a New York boy of eighteen, leaped up the steps with Captain Langdon of the First regular artillery, and in a few moments the stars and stripes were thrown to the breeze in place of the humbled standard of rebellion. Richmond and Petersburg were at last taken, and there could be but few days more for the Southern army.

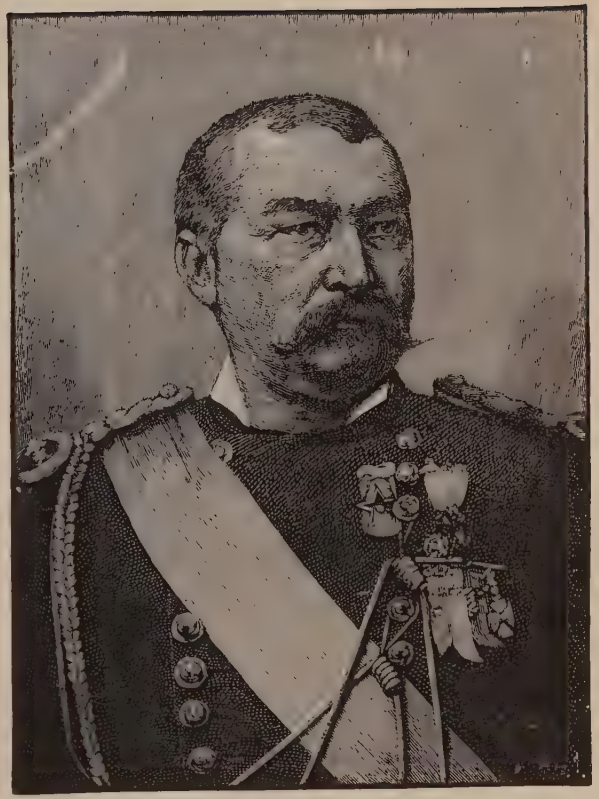
It was Lee's hope to reach the Danville railway at Amelia Court-House, concentrate at that point, then fall back southwestward to Danville, and make a junction with the army of Joseph E. Johnston. It was the determination of Grant and Sheridan that he should do nothing of the kind. Lee expected Grant to follow on his track; Grant decided to race and head him off; and once more Sheridan was called on to take the lead. At Amelia Court-House Longstreet, Gordon and Ewell united their wearied and hungry troops. Here was the railway, but where were the hoped-for supplies? Sheridan had seized the

road ten miles to the southwest of them, and, with his troopers and the swift-footed Fifth corps, held and barred the way. Meade, with the Second and Sixth, was but a short distance behind him; Grant, with Ord and the Twenty-fourth, farther to the south along the South Side railway. Lee found that he could not reach Danville; but there was another hope: Lynchburg, fifty miles west—Lynchburg and the neighboring mountains. Thither he turned his weary eyes, and, with Sheridan hanging to his bleeding flanks and worrying the column over every mile of road, the Southern leader strove to keep his men together and still push ahead. Almost every hour he had to turn and fight; first on one side, then on the other, in front, flank and rear; small detachments of cavalry leaped upon his batteries or trains, lopping off a few guns, a score of wagons or an hundred prisoners at every cross-road, while behind him and on his left, pushed relentlessly ahead the now enthusiastic infantry of the Army of the Potomac. Lucky were Lee's men who had an ear of corn to nibble; lucky were Grant's who could snatch an hour of sleep. Night and day, for five successive suns, it was one vehement, never relaxing pursuit, varied only by the savage combats that attended Lee's every halt for breath. At Sailors' Creek, at Farmville, at High Bridge, where again they strode along the banks of Appomattox, there was bloody fighting; but never for an instant could the Southern general shake off the death-grip of Sheridan; never could he distance the inexorable pursuit of those long blue columns. Every day, every hour his men were dwindling away by whole thousands. He had full 40,000 at Amelia on the 5th, and at least one-fourth of these were gone when his staggering columns pushed on for the last march of all—the 8th of April. He had succeeded in crossing to the north side of the Appomattox now, leaving Ewell's corps, with Ewell himself, Kershaw, Custis Lee, Dubose, Hunton and Corse, as prisoners, a loss of fully 8,000 men sustained in one day; and now, with Humphreys and Wright close behind him on the north side, and Sheridan's cavalry, Ord and Griffin's corps on the south side and even with his leading columns, Lee was striking for Appomattox Court-House, where

supplies were awaiting him. Which could reach it first, Lee or Sheridan?

On the 7th Grant had written a few words to General Lee, pointing out to him the hopelessness of further resistance, and asking his surrender as the only means of avoiding further bloodshed. Lee replied that he did not regard his situation as hopeless, but inquired what terms would be offered. On the 8th Grant had offered most lenient terms—the mere disqualification of all surrendered officers or men from again taking up arms until properly exchanged; but Lee still hoped to escape. He counted on getting those supplies at Appomattox and then breaking for Lynchburg, only a long day's march away, and he declined. This correspondence was really conducted on the run, for both armies were pushed to the utmost in the race. But Lee stopped twice on the 7th and 8th to fight Humphreys, who was clinging to the rear with a grasp that threatened to pull him to earth, and the delay was fatal. Stopping for nothing, Sheridan's cavalry shot forward along the lower road, sprang upon the railway station beyond the Court-House, Custer's cheering troopers rode recklessly in among the coveted trains, and, long before the morning of the 9th, had whisked every vestige of supplies out of sight; brigade after brigade came trotting up from the southeast and, deploying its skirmish lines up the Richmond road toward the Court-House, five miles away, whither Custer had already driven the advanced guard of Lee's army, sent forward with empty wagons for those desperately needed rations. Poor fellows! Hungry, tired and foot-sore, they never thought to find the Yankees there first, but that night Lee knew that Sheridan's cavalry had "headed" him, and that now he must not only fight back the fierce pursuers so close at his rear—he must cut his way through those daring troopers in front. Still, thought he, it is only cavalry, and Gordon's men can brush them away like a swarm of gnats.

But that night Sheridan was driving back staff-officers and couriers to Grant, to Ord, to Griffin, urging, demanding "full speed ahead." He had at last thrown himself squarely across the beaten army's track. He would hold it firmly as cavalry



GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

could hold anything, but to block Lee entirely, to oppose infantry and batteries with infantry and batteries, he *must* have the Fifth and Twenty-fourth corps. "We will finish the job in the morning," he wrote, if Gibbon and Griffin could only reach him.

Reach him they did; but what a march! Ord pushed the Twenty-fourth corps from daybreak on the 8th to daybreak on the 9th with only three hours' rest. Griffin trudged through the muddy roads twenty-six miles, until two o'clock in the morning, took a cat-nap in the woods until four, pushed on again, and reached Sheridan at six: just in time.

Facing northeastward now, so as to confront the gray columns coming down the Richmond road, Sheridan deployed his dismounted skirmishers far out to the front, backed them up by strong cavalry reserves, and behind this veil of horsemen Ord formed the long solid lines of the infantry across the silent valley west of the Court-House. All unconscious of what was in store for them, Lee's men, obedient to the last, sprang forward with rolling volleys to dash aside the insolent troopers barring their path. Slowly the long lines fell back towards their waiting horses; "Rally" and "Mount," rang the trumpet-calls, and, leaping lightly into saddle, the horsemen trotted gayly off to right and left, drawing the curtain from a picture before which Lee recoiled in dismay—the infantry, the Army of the Potomac.

Then at last was he brought to bay. Forward he could not go. Sheridan, Ord and Griffin barred the way. Back he could not turn—Meade, Humphreys and Wright were thundering at his rear. Prompt action too was demanded, for Sheridan was fuming for instant attack. Lee sent requests to Humphreys begging him to hold off his men until he could communicate with Grant, but that thorough-going soldier replied that the request could not be complied with, and went on forming for attack on Longstreet who was facing him; but just as he was about to launch his corps in to the assault, Meade arrived and ordered an hour's truce. On the other side, too, just as Sheridan was about to charge, a white flag was waved over the Southern lines and Generals Gordon and Wilcox rode forward to say that negotiations for surrender were already going on.

If this were so, said Sheridan, what business had they to attack him and to persist in the attack up to the moment they discovered he was backed by infantry? He was half-inclined to think it all a trick, a deception, and was fiercely striding up and down a little farm-yard when one of Grant's staff-officers rode up to him. "I've got *'em!*" said he, vehemently; "I've got 'em *like that*," clinching his muscular fist and setting his teeth, and it was plain to see that he hated to let go.

But it was no trick. Grant himself speedily arrived, and, while his army completely encircled that of Lee, the two great leaders met at the humble house of farmer McLean, and there the surrender was quietly accomplished. In a few calm words the generals settled the preliminaries, and then affixed their signatures to the paper that disarmed and disbanded forever the gallant Army of Northern Virginia.

One week ago, this still Sunday morning, the flight from Richmond and Petersburg had begun. Now in this humble farm-house, nearly an hundred miles to the westward, in this obscure and hitherto unmentioned valley, the closing scene of the greatest drama of our history was being enacted. In the bare country room, furnished with a plain wooden table and two or three rude chairs, Grant, Lee, each with an aide-de-camp, and subsequently Ord, Sheridan and a few staff-officers, were gathered. The two great chiefs presented a striking contrast. Lee, erect, soldierly, dignified and formally courteous, the beau-ideal of a chivalric soldier, accepting with calm fortitude his defeat—buttoned to the throat in his newest and most becoming uniform; its stars and gold-lace fresh and untarnished; his gauntlets embroidered and spotless; his boots polished; his beautiful sword burnished and glittering; his aide-de-camp as accurately attired as himself. Lee certainly had the advantage in personal appearance over every man in the party. Grant, in a loose-fitting, unbuttoned uniform coat, with waistcoat and trowsers of unmilitary cut, and much splashed with mire, with muddy boots and not a symptom of sword or spur, with plain, Western manners, unkempt beard and a figure somewhat slouchy and round-shouldered—Grant assuredly looked very little like a conquer-

ing hero, and probably felt very little like one. He had been ill on the march, and was sorely jaded and tired. The real hero of the picture, next to Lee—the real hero of the vehement pursuit and capture, next to nobody, was the sturdy trooper Sheridan. His form was snugly buttoned in the double-breasted frock coat of a major-general, the dress he wore on all occasions in the field; his short legs were thrust deep into huge cavalry boots; his eyes were still snapping with the flame of the morning's fight; his whole manner was so suggestive of the trick he had of hitching nervously forward in the saddle when things were not going exactly to suit him, that he looked to some present as though he were still half disposed to suspect some ruse —some trick, and was ready to spring to horse and pitch in again at an instant's notice. But there was no need. Lee's surrender was an accomplished fact, and having signed the formal papers, the Southern leader remounted, and, saluted by all present, rode back to his own lines—back to the starving and still devoted men for whom he had this moment to beg bread. Here the calm fortitude that had borne him with gentle dignity through that painful interview at last gave way, and as he gazed down into the wan faces that thronged about him, great tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks. No such terms had ever been granted to insurgent armies in any previous surrender: his officers retained their swords and personal effects, and all were allowed, officers and men, to take home with them their horses. They were to be fed and cared for at once, and given free transportation over any government lines on their journeys homeward; they might continue to wear the old uniform so dear to them, except the insignia of rank; all that was required was the surrender of their arms, standards and munitions of war, and the individual pledge of the officers to take no further part in the war against the Union. "We have fought through the war together," he said brokenly to them: "I have done the best I could for you."

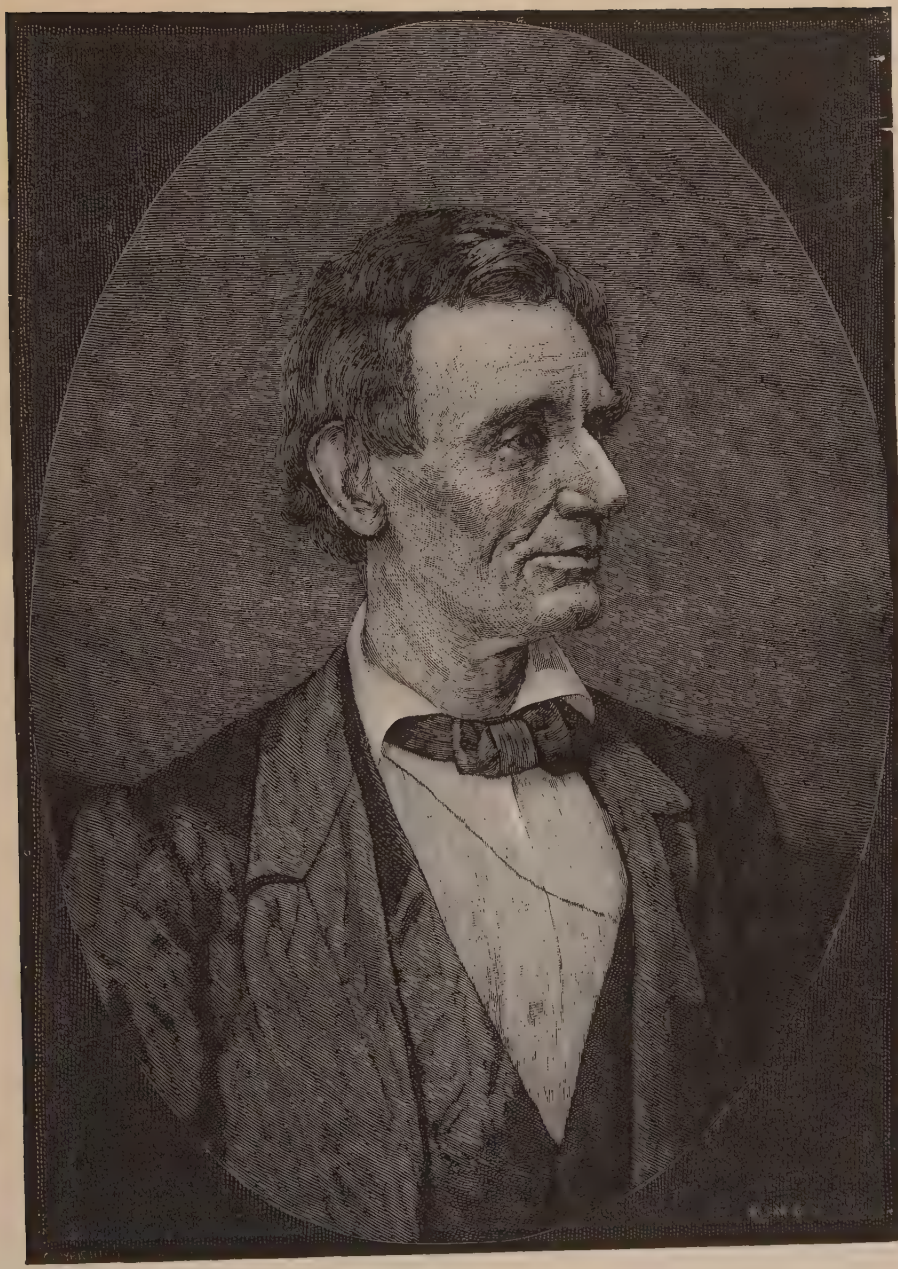
Two days afterwards the muster-rolls of the Army of Northern Virginia were completed, and on the lovely morning of the 12th of April, while the Union troops stood at a distance, the Southern

divisions marched forth for the last time, halted, dressed their lines with old-time precision, then in solemn silence fixed bayonets, stacked their arms, unbuckled and unslung the worn old belts and cartridge-boxes, hung them on the stacks, placed with them the tattered, smoke-stained flags, which many of them bent to kiss with reverent farewell, and then, falling back from the lines, this last remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia dispersed forever.

On the Union side no sign of exultation, no cheer, no taunt, no strain of stirring music was permitted. In soldierly silence —even in soldierly sympathy, the last act was witnessed, and then came the homeward march. The work of the Army of the Potomac at last was done.

By actual figures the number of men turned over at Lee's surrender at Appomattox was 28,356. Of these nearly 15,000 were of Longstreet's corps; 7,200 of Gordon's; only 287 of Ewell's (the rest having been killed or captured around Sailor's Creek and Farmville), and the others belonged to the cavalry, artillery and navy battalion and provost-guards. Some assertions have been made by Southern writers that only 8,000 of those surrendered bore arms, but the circumstance would have no especial significance even were it true, for it was an easy matter to throw their rifles into the little streams or ponds or bury them in the thick woods, and whether in their hands or not, over 22,000 small arms were actually turned over at the surrender; while from the 29th of March to the 9th of April a total of 74,000 prisoners had been taken from the Southern ranks by Grant's army in Virginia. His losses during the same period were 9,944, and are given by General Humphreys, whose history of the closing campaign of the war is accepted by all soldiers as the most reliable and complete yet written.

On the 25th of April General Johnston with his army surrendered to General Sherman; others soon followed, and, except for a guerilla warfare across the Mississippi, speedily settled by "that inevitable Sheridan," as the Southerners had learned to call him, the war of the Rebellion was at an end. Foiled in their scheme of ruling or ruining the Great Republic, abandon-



A. Lincoln

ing the people whom they had dragged into such widespread misery and destitution, the leaders of the movement sought safety in flight, leaving behind them for the final blow one wretched yet fit instrument of their shameful and malignant hate. Even as the loyal North rejoiced in the glad incoming of peace—even as he, the patient, the gentle, the all-merciful, the generous, who had stood to the helm through all the fearful tempest, was now seeking how best to aid, how surest to bring back into the fold the suffering people of the South, cowardly murder robbed the Nation of Abraham Lincoln, and the war that had leaped into flame from the torch of treason sputtered out at last in the quenching life-blood of our martyred President.

GRAVELOTTE.

1870.

APOLEON THE GREAT, the conqueror of Austerlitz and Jena, has been called a military despot, which he undoubtedly was: more than this he was a household despot and ruled the affairs of kith and kin as relentlessly as he did those of conquered states. He had raised the family from obscurity to fame and position, and demanded the right to dispose of them as he would. In furtherance of this doctrine he compelled his brother Louis Buonaparte in 1802 to marry Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine. As Louis was avowedly in love with a cousin of the young lady in question, and the young lady herself was engaged to General Duroc, the match was unhappy from the start. Three sons were born to Hortense, and the third, Charles Louis Napoleon, who came into this world on the 20th of April, 1808, rose to prominence in history, as Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

The eldest son died when a child; the second in 1831, and Charles Louis Napoleon became heir to the Buonapartist claims to the throne of France. He led a life of adventure, conspiracy and intrigue; was twice imprisoned for political crimes, when hanging would have more adequately punished the offence; he was a fugitive from justice, and an exile here in our own country, where the New Jersey and Maryland Buonapartes turned the cold shoulder on him, and where neither his conduct nor his associates were particularly creditable; and the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, the only legitimate son of the Emperor Napoleon, was followed by plot after plot on the part of this

exiled nephew of the great emperor, aimed at the overthrow of the Bourbon king. In 1848 France broke out into another of her revolutions and essayed again to start a republic. Louis Napoleon, watching and waiting in England, slipped over at the opportune moment, and the old name was enough for the mercurial, sensation-loving people; he was elected President by an overwhelming vote. Three years afterwards, having obtained complete control of the Army and the Press of the nation, he seized and imprisoned the National Assembly, placed Paris under martial law, demanded an election for a term of ten years with power to name his own cabinet, and, when the people rose against such outrage, he slaughtered them without mercy; 5,000 men, women and children, natives and foreigners, were butchered; thousands were sent away into exile or penal servitude, and having thus stamped out the "insurrection," crushed the leaders of the people, muzzled or bought the Press, and taken the nation by the throat, he demanded the free will offering of their votes. Naturally he carried the polls, and in December, 1852, this Prince-President became Napoleon III., Emperor "By the Grace of God and the will of the French people."

There is no question as to the ability of the man, and the brilliancy of his rule both as President and Emperor. France throve under his guidance; industries and improvements of every kind flourished throughout the land, and commerce developed as it never had before. The navy was built up and manned so as to rival even that of England, and the military spirit of the people was fostered by exercises and manœuvres that made the army the pride and delight of the nation. Skillfully avoiding all dissensions with the powerful monarchies around him, ignoring the slights of the crowned heads of Europe, he worked steadily, building up his strength and developing his resources, until France became a power that had to be conciliated and fawned upon, and then even proud England was glad to enter into an alliance with her. Wily, scheming and unscrupulous, the new emperor successfully felt his way. Railways, harbors, arsenals, manufactories sprang up in all directions, labor was everywhere worthy its hire, money flowed in

profusion, all was prosperity. Then came the Crimean war, and, while England fought and blundered with her invariable courage and accustomed stupidity, suffering all the hard knocks and getting none of the credit of the war, France laughingly praised her ally's pluck, condoned her faults, good-naturedly put up with her temporizing and delay around Sebastopol, helped her out when she got in a tight place, as at Inkermann, and reaped all the credit and glory that could well be extracted from that mismanaged war, while dexterously letting England foot the bills and butt her own head against the walls of the Russian stronghold. Napoleon III. came out in a blaze of triumph; the French people were as ready to stand by him as ever they were to rally to the eagles of his uncle, and England's Queen had to decorate him, so lately an outcast in the London streets, with that priceless Order of the Garter, and to greet his beautiful but unknown wife with the kiss of royal sisterhood. The birth of the Prince Imperial in 1856—a baby-boy who was said to strongly resemble his renowned grand-uncle—had strengthened the Napoleonic hold on the French people; and when the emperor himself went forth to lead the eagles of France in the Italian campaign against Austria in 1859, Europe had no sovereign so popular, so fortunate. France had forgotten the bloody scenes of the *coup d'état* of eight years before.

But Louis Napoleon was now growing old; disease had begun to tell upon him; death might come at any time, and he felt that, to secure the throne to his son, still further glories must be brought through his guidance, to France. At the moment there was no opportunity in Europe, but our own civil war enabled him to make a lodgment in Mexico—a blow aimed as much at the United States as at the struggling republic on our borders. England would not join him in his scheme for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Mexico proved too strong for Maximilian, whom the emperor had planted on the throne, and then abandoned when he found that our quarrel was settled and his troops would be useless. Then he turned back to the frontiers of France. The outbreak of a war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 gave him a coveted opportunity.

CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON,

(NAPOLEON III.)

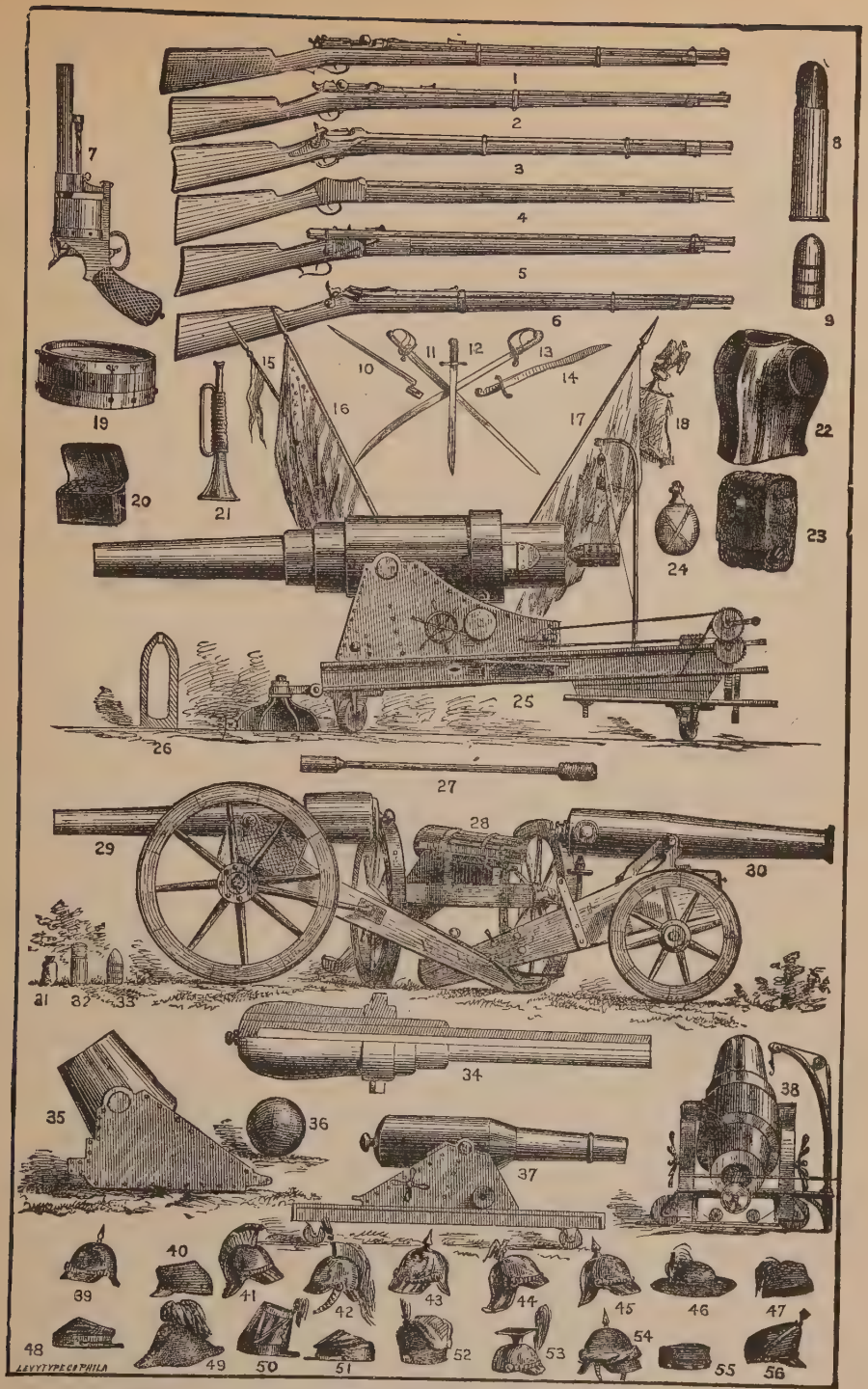
He offered Austria the aid of France provided she would make over to him the Rhine provinces and Belgium as his share of the to-be-conquered territory, and Austria declined. Then this two-faced plotter turned to Prussia and offered to help her for the consideration of Baden and Wurtemberg; and Prussia did not need his help and would not have it if she did, and told him so in diplomatic but emphatic terms. Then, to his amaze, in seven weeks Prussia had completely thrashed the armies of proud Austria, and Napoleon woke up to a realizing sense of the fact that here was a military nation it behooved him to beware of. Now his whole attention was turned to Prussia, the nation that had so relentlessly striven against his uncle and patron saint—and that was destined to humble him and his forever.

Led by old "Marshal Vorwaerts," the Prussian armies, as we have seen, had come in just at the opportune moment at Waterloo, and chased the dejected Frenchmen back to Paris; but the humiliation of the Jena year was not to be avenged by a divided triumph. Under Frederick the Great the military system of Prussia rose superior to all Europe, but her stern preparations languished with his death, and the wars with Napoleon showed her soldiers that they had fallen behind. England took a long breath and a national nap after Waterloo, fondly imagining that British pluck and brawn and loyalty would win anywhere and against anybody, and that study, drill and exercise were only for nations less favored by Divine Providence with the attributes of conquerors. Prussia went to work with a will. Surrounded as she was by old-time enemies on every side, her geographical position made her cautious. Sweden, Russia, Austria, France and Denmark lay around her like a cordon of wolves, and all the beautiful German provinces—Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria to the south, and the Rhineland and Belgium towards the west, were only half-friendly to Prussian interests. Nothing but the possession of the most perfect military machine in the world would enable the Prussians to hold their own; and with rare patience, skill and diligence they set themselves at the task. Every able-bodied man became a soldier; every brilliant mind was levied upon for its contribution to the perfection of that

machine on which the nation was at work. Forty years after Waterloo, when France, England and Turkey clinched with Russia in the Crimea, Prussia calmly compared their military shortcomings with her own advancement, and marvelled at the unprogressive management that sent the armies of three great powers into conflict, armed with the despised old smooth-bore musket, or the faulty and untried rifles of Minié, Delvigne and the new Enfield system; while she, Prussia, had since '48 taught her troops the use and benefit of the breech-loader—the now famous needle-gun of Dreyse.

Wonderful changes had been made in the fire-arms of Europe in the last century. The old match-lock and wall-piece had disappeared before Marlborough fought at Blenheim, and "Brown Bess," the flint-lock, stepped in as the British soldier's pet and pride. So conservative is the Englishman, that for a century and a half that long, cumbrous, unreliable old musket, with few modifications, remained his favorite weapon of war. Adopting the bayonet from the French, he dropped the match for the flint and steel, and, for years, that clumsy appliance satisfied the armies of Europe, though the Americans, with their squirrel-rifles, well-nigh annihilated the British grenadiers on a dozen fields. Then came the handy little percussion-cap, and the military mechanism of "load" was reduced from fifteen to nine motions. Still it was Brown Bess that went to war late as 1846. In the 50's the armies of Europe had to adopt the grooved rifle-barrel, the elongated ball, and practice at long range; and still they were a decade behind Prussia; for all Christendom was aghast when, in 1866, the armies of that rigid little kingdom marched to Sadowa, and there, despite a blunder that ought to have cost them the battle, swept out an empire with their breech-loaders. Prussia became the nucleus, the acknowledged leader of the North German Confederation. Austria fell back discomfited, and Louis Napoleon, on the throne of France, marked with infinite chagrin the leap to prominence and power of the most implacable enemy of his house.

Of course all Europe saw the necessity of immediate change of armament. Inventions of breech-loading rifles were eagerly



ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

(*For description, see next page.*)

Arms and Accoutrements of the 19th Century.

Numbers refer to Illustrations on preceding page.

1. Needle Gun.
2. Chassepôt.
3. Springfield Rifle.
4. Martini-Henry Rifle.
5. Vitterlin Gun.
6. Werndl Rifle.
7. Revolver.
8. Cartridge and Ball.
9. Rifle Ball.
10. Bayonet.
11. Officer's Sword.
12. Sabre.
13. Cavalry Sabre.
14 Sabre Bayonet.
15, 16, 17, 18. Standards.
19 Drum.
20 Cartridge Box.
21. Trumpet.
22 Cuirass.
23. Knapsack.
24. Canteen.
25. Krupp 12-inch Gun and Cartridge.
26. Section of Conical Steel Shot.
27. Ramrod and Wiper.
28. Gatling Gun.
29. Parrott Gun.
30. Siege Gun.
31, 32, 33. Artillery Cartridges.
34. Armstrong Gun.
35. Mortar.
36. Round Shot.
37. Sea-Coast Gun.
38. Krupp Mortar and Carriage.
39 to 56. Modern Military Caps, Hats and Helmets.

rewarded, tested, and several systems were adopted. Let us take a brief look at those which were best known in 1870. First the "Zündnadelgewehr," Prussia's famous needle-gun. Thirty years Herr Dreyse labored over his invention, and the principle on which his splendid arm is working to-day is precisely that which secured its adoption in Berlin in 1848. Slight modifications appear in the cartridge, but the gun is substantially the same. Compared with the beautiful weapons turned out of late years in American armories, the Prussian needle-gun looks somewhat old-fashioned and clumsy; it certainly weighs too much—twelve pounds; but it has stood the test of three wars, and, bulky as it is, the mechanism works admirably, rarely gets out of order, and it shoots straight and well, far as a man can see to aim with any precision, so the Prussians swear by it.

The breech apparatus and needle-lock consist substantially of three hollow cylinders working smoothly one within the other; the innermost contains a solid steel bolt, and to this bolt is firmly fastened the steel needle. To load the gun, the breech-handle is drawn back, a long slit opens in the upper side of the breech, the cartridge is dropped in the slit, the handle pushed forward and locked, by which movement the cartridge is firmly set in its position with the point of the needle just touching the base of the paper shell. A short upright handle back of the chamber brings the gun to full cock, and compresses the spiral spring which controls the needle-bolt; a firm pull on the trigger releases the spring, the heavy bolt flies forward driving the needle through the paper base and through the powder, until its point strikes a cap of fulminate placed at the base of the bullet, fire flashes at once, the piece is discharged and the bore is wiped out by the cartridge-paper. The odd thing about the explosion of this cartridge is, that it begins from the front instead of the base, as is the system with all other modern war rifles.

Now when France decided that she too must have a breech-loader to match that of Prussia, the inspector-general of arms, M. Chassepôt, came out with his invention in 1863, and, with improvements adopted in 1866, the gun became the arm of the French infantry in time for the next great war. It was lighter,

it was handier, it shot with what is called a flatter trajectory; that is, its bullet in going a given distance did not have to *rise* as high as the Prussian; but it had serious defects. The breech was closed by the method known as "internal obduration," the escape of gas being checked by thrusting the chamber into the barrel; the barrel would foul in rapid firing, in which case the chamber would not enter, the excitable Frenchmen would hammer, shake or blow into their guns and so make bad worse. The Chassepôt proved one of the many failures of their great war, and, in common with some other European nations, France came to America for her next gun, and America by this time was ready to supply the world. Of our own systems of breech-loading fire-arms (single-shooters), the best known to-day are those which were already leaders when France, Turkey, Egypt and other old-world nations sent agents here for the purpose of selection and purchase. The Sharp, the Remington, the Springfield, the Ward-Burton and the Peabody-Martini, have all had enthusiastic adherents and marked success; the Peabody-Martini has proved to be the most wonderful gun for long-range fire in the world, as the Russians found when it came to the last war with Turkey; but while they all differ in principle and construction, all have their merits, and all have stood the wear and tear of hard service (except the Ward-Burton, which did not prove a success on our dusty frontier), none were well enough known in Europe to be available when the great Franco-Prussian war broke out. After that, France sent for our Remington, and Prussia clung the more enthusiastically to her honest old needle-gun. Soldiers are the most conservative of men. Every improvement in fire-arms leads to a change in tactics, but soldiers hate to change, and the older they get the more are they prone to cling to the systems and methods of their early days. The writer well remembers how contemptuously the rank and file of a German volunteer regiment rejected in 1861 the beautiful Springfield rifle just turned out from the national armory. A neighboring organization from the same State had been temporarily supplied with the cumbrous, brass-bound, big-bored Belgian *tige* rifle, and our Germans demanded the same. "Dis

vass no goot," said the spokesman, disdainfully dandling the new Springfield. "*Dat* vass bei Vaterloo," and, as young soldiers are apt to be led by the traditions of the "old hands," it was with difficulty the regiment could be persuaded that the Belgian gun that possibly "fought at Waterloo" was far behind the age. France, in ordering her first breech-loader of M. Chassepôt, made but one restriction—nothing must be copied from Prussia. The Chassepôt was adopted, but before it had been fairly tested—long before the nation had learned how to use it—Louis Napoleon led them into a terrific war, and was a ruined man in thirty days.

Now the French had long laid claim to the distinction of being the most martial people of Europe. Led by Napoleon the First, Frenchmen had been well-nigh invincible. Algeria, the Crimea and Italy had seen much that warranted the belief that no other nation possessed such soldiers. They conquered Arabs and Algerines, and readily adapted themselves to the brilliant tactics and dispersed order required in fighting over sandy wastes. They battled with far greater skill (though none could fight with greater pluck) than their allies, the English, around Sebastopol; and Napoleon III. reaped glory and dominion from the successful campaign in which his armies fought and whipped the Austrians at Magenta and Solferino. He prided himself upon being, like his uncle, a skilled artillerist, and, having bought the invention of an impoverished captain, he introduced as his own creation the light twelve-pounder—a bronze, smooth-bore, chambered gun that was admirable for short-range fighting, and was immensely popular in America during the war of the rebellion. Indeed, many of our most distinguished battery commanders, from first to last, preferred the smooth-bore Napoleon with its resonant roar and its ponderous mass to the lighter, handier, ten-pounder Parrott rifle, or the three-inch rifled "ordnance gun." Certainly Napoleon III. had good reason to be proud of the gun that bore his name even when he experimented with rifled cannon against the Austrians, for at all ranges under two miles, his gun-howitzers proved the equals, if not the superiors, of the French-made muzzle-loading rifles. But, feeling

the need of a machine gun to cope with the American Gatling, which began to be known about the close of the war of the States, and was being vastly improved and offered for sale abroad in 1869, Louis Napoleon had caused to be adopted a volleying gun of French invention and manufacture, a cumbrous machine that looked like a huge pepper-box on wheels; and, with much mystery of manufacture and ominous whisperings of its death-dealing power, the *mitrailleuse* was introduced to the French artillery, and other European powers curiously sought an opportunity of testing this new engine of which so much was promised. It would sweep away whole regiments; it would *squirt* ounce bullets a mile and a half; it would be artillery and infantry combined, for, unlike other batteries, it could defend itself against infantry attack. All manner of things were promised for this French invention; yet the Prussian agents who took a look at it went back to Berlin without being much impressed. Napoleon would copy the ideas of no other nation. He declared his belief that with his *mitrailleuse* and the Chassepôt, he could fight any power in the world. Wise counsellors whispered to him of new breech-loading field-guns manufactured by Herr Krupp of Essen. They were of steel, very light, and very powerful. Three men could serve them with rapidity and ease, and they would carry three miles with the accuracy of a target rifle; but Napoleon pinned his faith to his antiquated smooth-bore—a "boomer" that would have delighted Frederick the Great, but made his grandchildren laugh in their sleeves. Wise counselors pointed out the ease and rapidity with which Prussia "mobilized" her armies, and could put 500,000 men into the field and *en route* for the frontiers in forty-eight hours. France could do more than that. *According to his papers* the emperor of the French had in readiness for action, completely armed, equipped and instructed, 800,000 men—one-half in the active army, one-half in the reserves; and to further strengthen this array, there stood half a million of national guardsmen. Sublime in his faith and fatuity, Napoleon never looked behind the face of the returns—never dreamed that more than half these numbers were in verity but paper soldiers. Bent on his project of firmly planting him-

self and his race on the throne of France, and in the hearts of the French people, knowing well that no influence would be with them so potent as military renown, he determined on challenging the most powerful nation of Europe to mortal combat, and the nation of all others that from hereditary hatred France would be most willing to fight. He threw down the gauntlet to Prussia, who, all these years, had been studiously, diligently, scientifically training for just such a contingency. Far-sighted statesmen knew it must come, and so, while the light-hearted soldiers of France were dancing, singing and chatting over the glories of the past, the solemn Prussians were studying every line of French topography, every stone of French fortifications, and, when the great war finally burst forth, Prussia launched through "the corn-fields green and sunny vines" a host of skilled, vigilant, practised staff-officers, any one of whom knew more about the roads, resources, forts, bridges, railways, stores, arsenals and supplies of the "pleasant land of France," than the best of her gallant generals. "In time of peace prepare for war," was the advice of our great Washington. We laud his memory, but scoff at that much of his advice. The Prussians are wise in their generation, and had been preparing for years. Let us glance at their leaders, and then go on to the armies of the two nations.

In 1870 the head of the Prussian nation was Friedrich Ludwig Wilhelm, better known as William I., King of Prussia. He was seventy-three years old when the war broke out, was the second son of Frederick William III., and a grand-nephew of Frederick the Great, who, having died childless, had left his throne to a nephew. Following the warrior-King of Prussia came in succession three rulers, whose reigns were as ingloriously weak as grim old Fritz's had been superbly strong. Frederick William II. died in 1797, after a brief and disastrous tenure of office. Frederick William III. was virtuous, amiable and meek, and Napoleon trampled him under foot in merciless and inhuman style, humiliating him in every possible way. His two sons were witnesses in their boyhood, to all the indignities inflicted by Napoleon upon the king and his people. Later they

had the satisfaction of seeing the oppressor vanquished in 1814, and crushed at Waterloo. Frederick William IV., the elder of these two sons, reigned from 1840 until his mental health gave way, then the younger brother took the reins, and, in 1860, became king on his own account. From that time forth Prussia has had a ruler to be proud of. Educated a soldier, leading a soldier's life from earliest boyhood, William, King of Prussia and Emperor of United Germany lived beyond the allotted three-score years and ten, to a robust and vigorous manhood—to an old age of honor, wisdom and strength seldom attained by any modern monarch. Firm, positive, obstinate as was his disposition in early life he became unpopular among the people; but better counsels prevailed with advancing years, and the purity, integrity and dignity of his character won their way into the hearts of the earnest Germans, and "Kaiser Wilhelm" was, at eighty-six years of age, as deservedly loved as he is deservedly honored. His army was his especial care and pride, and never has military science been so thoroughly taught or so keenly appreciated as during his wise and provident reign. Old almost as his imperial master, the modest-mannered little man, who guided the armies of Germany, stood intellectually head and shoulders over any soldier in Europe. Count von Moltke was the military giant of his day. To him is due the absolute perfection of the German military system and the unrivalled proficiency of the German staff. With von Moltke and von Roon at the head of the War Department, and that long-headed chancellor, Bismarck, directing the affairs of state, with her regular army of 450,000 men admirably led, disciplined and equipped, Prussia stood in no especial fear of France, yet courted no difficulty. All the same if Napoleon saw fit to be aggressive, one can fancy the grim satisfaction with which the rumors of entanglements were received. Napoleon expected to find Prussia single-handed. Prussia knew that the South German States would stand by her in a war with France. In threatening Prussia, Napoleon menaced the whole North German Confederation. In assaulting her, he aroused all Germany. Differences that might have existed when no common

FRIEDRICH LUDWIG WILHELM.

(WILLIAM I., KING OF PRUSSIA.)

enemy hovered over the frontier, were forgotten at his appearance. Baden and Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and even Saxony, leaped into line side by side with Prussia, of whose power all had grown jealous, but whose power and prowess made her now the acknowledged leader—the nucleus of the grand defence of the beloved Fatherland. Napoleon the Great would have made no such miscalculations as these, which, at the very outset, stamped with the seal of ruin the designs of his nephew. The war of 1866 had taught the latter only half a lesson. He had learned to look with jealous dread upon the vast strides made by Prussia, but he had failed to look within and satisfy himself as to whether corresponding improvement had been maintained in the military system of France. He could see how, left to themselves, jealousies and bickerings might disturb the harmony of that family of sisters—the German States. He could not see how, when threatened by an outsider, the entire sisterhood would rally like a flash to the support of the eldest and strongest, against whom, but a moment before, they lavished their spiteful comments. South Germany, that is to say, such States as Baden, Bavaria and Wurtemberg, had largely, and Saxony had unanimously, sided with Austria in the war with Prussia, but when Prussia's three armies leaped across their frontiers the instant their defection became apparent and drove their astonished forces back upon Austrian territory to the supporting arms of the renowned Field-Marshal Benedek, and then, daring to concentrate his armies *upon* instead of before, the day of decisive battle, the Prussian king fearfully whipped the entire disposable field-forces of the empire, these wise South Germans decided that in future wars their safest plan would be to stand by Prussia, for, despite the military blunder by which King William utterly underrated the Austrian force in his front at Königgrätz, and which prompted him to undertake the attack while the army of the Crown Prince was still fifteen miles away, he won the bloody fight at an expense of 9,000 killed and wounded among his own forces, against over 16,000 Austrians dead and crippled, taking, too, over 20,000 prisoners and 174 cannon. This great victory of Sadowa settled the question as to who was to be mistress of United Ger-

many; but Napoleon III. was wild enough to believe that at his beck and call, the South Germans would cut loose the new ties that united their interests with those of Prussia. He never made a worse mistake, unless it was when he thought to establish a French-made monarchy in Mexico. Prussia must be humbled, he said; a pretext was all that was necessary.

All this time he had, unsuspected, a powerful ally in his scheme—ally and enemy in one; a man who meant to help him find a pretext for war with Prussia, meant to make the pretext so flimsy as to render the demands of France tantamount to insult, throw the whole burden of the blame on Napoleon, and, having goaded, guided and snared him into a declaration of war, then to turn to and thrash him with vehement and irresistible power. That man was Bismarck, the shrewdest statesman in Christendom, the subtle ruler of both the German king and the German people.

Spain needed a new monarch. Queen Isabella had been exiled; the provisional government sent to invite Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern—a Prussian subject, and *very* probably Bismarck's own candidate—to take the vacant throne. With hostile Prussia on his eastern frontier, Napoleon wanted no better excuse than this project of seating a Prussian on the throne to the southwest of France. His nation was burning with eagerness for a fight somewhere, and none so welcome as with Prussia. Napoleon demanded that the king should refuse to permit Prince Leopold to accept the Spanish crown on the ground that his reign would be a perpetual menace to France. Count Benedetti, a fiery and impetuous little Corsican, was the envoy of France at Berlin, and his conduct was such as to justify the impression that on the 13th of July flashed throughout Germany, that France had instructed him in a studied insult to the Prussian king. Two interviews had already taken place, in which the manner of the count was characterized by a vehemence and energy that is considered discourtesy in diplomatic affairs; but France's excuse for war was at an end when Prince Leopold of his own accord signified his withdrawal. It even looks as though this too had been the move of Bismarck, who meant to

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN.

leave to the Emperor of France no valid pretext for his dictatorial course; but not to withdraw *every* exciting cause until so much had been done in the way of menace and bluster that France could not then escape the toils.

On July 12th Benedetti *knew* that Prince Leopold had withdrawn, and that some further pretext must be resorted to. King William on the 13th was calmly promenading near the public fountain at Ems, when Benedetti, regardless of all etiquette governing such matters, then and there demanded of the king a pledge that never in the future would Prussia permit one of her princely houses to take the Spanish crown, and the bluff old soldier-monarch very properly and promptly refused. France swore he turned his back on her envoy, and whether he did or not, the snub would have been deserved. The very next day all Europe knew that war would be the result, and, at two o'clock on the afternoon of July 15th, France flashed her declaration to the world. War was announced with Prussia because of—first, the insult offered at Ems to Count Benedetti; second, the refusal of Prussia to compel the withdrawal of Leopold as a candidate for the Spanish succession (the idea of compelling a man to do a thing he had already done voluntarily!) and third, the fact that the king refused to interfere with the prince's personal liberty in the matter of accepting or declining the throne.

Both nations had been preparing for five years for this very emergency—Prussia with all diligence and care, France with apparent assiduity. *On paper* the army of the latter was considerably the stronger, and in point of naval force Prussia was far behind; but with the war, the navy had little to do. Relying on the reports of his ministers and generals, Napoleon believed his army, both in point of numbers and efficiency, fully equal to that of Prussia. In point of daring and devotion he believed it far superior. Relying on the power of his own machinations, he believed that the South German States would now abandon their alliance with Prussia and leave her to her fate. But all Germany sprang to arms when the arrogant demands of France and the rudeness of her minister were made

known; and at the very outbreak of hostilities, Napoleon the Third was confronted by two unlooked-for catastrophes. First: United Germany, not unaided Prussia, replied with defiance to his challenge. Second: Fraud of the worst order had been practised with the army returns for years past. Pay and clothing had been drawn for men whose only existence was by name on paper, and, among the reserves at least, nearly three-fifths of the entire force were absolutely not to be found when summoned to the colors; France had been systematically swindled by officials high in public trust. Even in the regular army there had been astonishing fraud, and, not until too late to retract, did Napoleon find that his reliable force fell short of his estimate fully one-half.

But France had a population of some 38,000,000, and the nation took up the war in glorious earnest. Senate and people in a flush of enthusiasm pledged unlimited men and money and devotion for the cause, and for the moment all was loyalty to Napoleon. "On to Berlin!" was the cry. No Frenchman could doubt that there along the banks of the Spree, the nephew of the conqueror of Jena would dictate a peace as glorious as that of Tilsit. "Where shall I address your letters?" asked eager Parisians of the departing soldiery. "*Poste restante, Berlin,*" was the confident reply. On July 19th the formal declaration of war reached the Prussian cabinet. Both nations leaped forward to grapple on the frontier. The little river Saar became the dividing line; Saarbruck, a little village just outside the French territory, the point where the first blow fell. On July 20th a French skirmisher was shot by a Prussian fusileer. On the 23d, Prussia sent a reconnoitring party over towards St. Avold, and exchanged shots with the light dragoons of France. On the 26th a scouting force of Frenchmen fell back before the German Uhlans, and so on to the 1st of August, while the armies swarmed to the front, there were lively little rallies and skirmishes among the first arrivals. On the 2d of August France had her available force on the frontier, and thought herself ready to leap into Germany. On the same day Prussia had the bulk of her army west of the Rhine, and *knew* herself ready to leap into France.

According to returns, which, even as late as August, exaggerated his numbers, Napoleon had gathered along a line of some eighty-five miles about 350,000 men. His right wing faced the Lauter; his centre the Saar; his left the Moselle. Against them marched three German armies, with a fourth in support, aggregating on that front alone some 560,000 men. The First Army, composed of the First, Seventh and Eighth corps, and led by General Steinmetz, advanced against the French left along the Moselle. The Second Army, composed of the Second, Third, Ninth and Tenth corps, and led by Prince Friedrich Karl (the Red Prince), advanced upon the French centre along the Saar. The Third Army, composed of the Fifth, Sixth and Eleventh corps, the two Bavarian corps, and led by the Crown Prince of Prussia ("Unser Fritz"), advanced against the French right along the Lauter. The Fourth Army, composed of the Fourth and Twelfth corps and the Saxon and Prussian Guards, and led by the Crown Prince of Saxony, marched with the German centre. The Fifth Army, mainly Wurtemberg and Baden troops, under General Werder, was directed to attack Strasburg on the Rhine. The Sixth and Seventh Armies defended the northern coast. Each German corps had a nominal strength of 40,000 men.

Gallant soldiers, so far as courage and devotion went, were they who confronted these disciplined German masses. The emperor had not yet reached the front, and the army corps were for the moment acting somewhat independently of one another. They were composed, with one exception, of 30,000 men each (the First corps had 45,000), and commanded as follows: First corps, MacMahon; Second corps, Frossard; Third corps, Bazaine; Fourth corps, L'Admirault; Fifth corps, De Failly; Sixth corps, Canrobert; Seventh corps, Douay; Eighth corps (Guards), Bourbaki. The cavalry was estimated at 34,000. Artillery and reserves 40,000 more.

On the 2d of August the emperor and his boy-prince arrived and witnessed the skirmishing between Frossard's men and the Prussians at Saarbruck. "Louis has received his baptism of fire," telegraphed the emperor to Eugénie, whom he had left at Paris.

Poor mother! Her only child was at the front when the crash came. One can but look with sympathy and sorrow upon the wreck of all those high hopes and fond aspirations when the gallant boy who had his soldier's baptism at Saarbruck, faced his soldier's death, dauntless though deserted, fighting England's savage foes when English friends had fled, in that wretched jungle in South Africa only so short a while ago. "The soldiers wept at his tranquillity," wired Napoleon. They would have wept the more could they have foreseen his hopeless rally and lonely struggle for life against those swarming Zulus. It would have been better for the Napoleonic cause had the bullet he picked up at Saarbruck found its billet then and there in his boyish heart.

On August 4th the Crown Prince of Prussia swooped with his army across the Lauter, and, to the amaze of France, whipped MacMahon and seized Weissenburg, the key to Alsace. On the 5th the First Army crossed the Saar. On the 6th two great battles were fought, and, despite severe losses in killed and wounded, and most determined gallantry on part of the French, German system, science and tactics prevailed; MacMahon was terribly beaten at Woerth by "Unser Fritz," losing 18,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners, and being driven back in great disorder towards Metz; while, still farther to the north, old Steinmetz with the First Army fought and won the bloody fight of Forbach or Spicheren Heights, and drove Frossard back on parallel roads with MacMahon's dismayed remnants, until they met the sheltering forces of Bazaine. The grand advance of France on Berlin was turned into ghastly rout. Napoleon was stunned. On the 7th a proclamation to the French people, signed by the Empress-regent, Eugènie, reluctantly confessed the disaster; and by orders of the emperor Marshal Lebœuf was dismissed from the command of the army; Bazaine was raised to his place; Trochu, hitherto disliked by the emperor, was made military governor of Paris; Ollivier was required to resign his office as prime-minister, and Palikao became premier in his stead. Napoleon was just waking up to the realization of the befogged condition in which his chief advisers had kept him.

But it was too late now. Like a mighty torrent the armies of Germany surged over the frontier and pushed forward towards the great fortifications of Metz. The king himself had come with the army of the Red Prince. With him were two wonderful men, Bismarck, the statesman, and Moltke, "The Silent." The former to advise, almost to dictate, every move in statecraft; the latter to be the real commander-in-chief. Modest, shy in manner, unassuming in dress and deportment, having only two apparent passions, whist and snuff, this marvellous little general came upon the field and quietly took general charge of the advance. Nothing had been a surprise to him. He expected just such results. He counted upon just such victories. He knew every inch of the French territory. He knew that now only one hope remained to the beaten emperor—that of uniting his shattered commands and falling back fighting to the lines of Paris. And now, as though it had all been discussed and planned years before, Moltke made his moves to destroy those hopes and projects.

MacMahon, with some 60,000 men, all he could rally from half a dozen corps, was by this time falling back to the towns of Nancy and Toul, with the intention of retreating to Paris by way of Châlons on the Marne, where was an immense fortified camp. Bazaine, with a much larger army, fully 150,000 strong, was retiring before the hammering Prussians towards Metz. MacMahon expected to reach Châlons undisturbed; to be joined there by vast reinforcements now hurrying forward from Paris, and to keep in communication with Bazaine. To his amaze, the army of the German Crown Prince leaped the Moselle in pursuit, raced his rear-guard through Nancy and Toul, and cut off all communication between him and his baffled and bewildered emperor, then waiting at Metz for the result of Bazaine's manœuvrings. Bazaine could not strike at the Prussian Third Army rushing past his right flank in vehement pursuit of MacMahon, for there, with the Second Army, stood the Red Prince daring him to try it, and all the time old Steinmetz with his superb First Army was beating him back from village to village. On the 13th of August Frossard breathlessly reported his arrival

in front of Metz to his new general-in-chief, adding the mournful tidings that all Prussia was at his heels; and Bazaine, drawing in his lines for one gallant rally on the east bank of the Moselle in front of the city, learned, to his dismay, that it was useless to fight there. That bold rider, the Red Prince, was crossing the river twenty miles above him (to the south) at Pont-à-Mousson. What *could* that mean? It flashed upon him quick enough: Von Moltke was circling around him from the south; meant to pen him up in Metz, and thus rob France at once and for all of the services of her most powerful army. He had not an instant to lose. The emperor, taking the boy-prince with him, slipped out while there was yet time, leaving to the inhabitants of the city an ingenious proclamation, beginning: "On quitting you to fight the invaders," and confiding to them the defence of the great city of Metz. Bazaine did his best to get his army across the Moselle and out of the trap; but while Freidrich Karl with the Second Army was sweeping around his right flank, racing him over the river, Steinmetz leaped like a panther on the retreating columns before they reached the cover of the forts. The Second Army threw its foremost corps up from the south, and Bazaine had to turn to fight them off. All day Sunday, the 14th, the savage battles raged east and south of Metz; severe losses were sustained by both sides, but despite all the devoted heroism of the French, those stolid, marvellously disciplined Germans pressed on, and by night their left wing was facing northward along the heights commanding the great highways from Metz to the west. *Now* Bazaine could not escape that way. France woke up to the realization of another most unwelcome fact: "Those hated Prussians could fight like the very devil." Despite the severity of their losses—despite the absolute slaughter of some of their advanced battalions, nothing seemed to check their predestined moves. With relentless purpose their corps commanders hurled their men at the designated positions, and, though thousands might fall, other thousands swarmed over them, and weight and numbers told with fatal force.

The main road from the great city to the greater cities to the west runs a tortuous course through rock and ravine. over boldly

rolling country, among wooded heights and boulder-strewn hillsides until it reaches the town of Gravelotte—eight miles out. Here the highway forks, one branch going north of west through Conflans, the other through Rezonville, Vionville and Mars la Tour to Verdun. This latter road led too to Châlons, and MacMahon, and by night of the 14th the Red Prince threatened it all along west of Gravelotte. Bazaine determined on a desperate effort to beat him off. He and the emperor were at the village of Gravelotte. Their army was formed in two lines along the Conflans road facing the southwest, and on the 16th Bazaine hopefully moved Frossard's corps forward towards the lower road; there he was savagely attacked by the advanced divisions of the Second Army; while on this very day the rest of the forces of the Red Prince were all up in line and Steinmetz had crossed the Moselle with his hard fighting army, the right wing pontooning the river below Metz towards Thionville, the left wing crossing above and supporting the army of Friedrich Karl. All day the combat raged along the Verdun road. Mars la Tour and Vionville were turned into charnel houses; the losses on both sides were even greater than on the 14th, but there was no shaking off the hold of those relentless Prussians. Night fell on thousands of corpses of the magnificent Imperial Guard of France, sacrificed in vain effort to regain the road to Verdun and Paris. The emperor had slipped away by the other route and pushed on to Rheims. The 17th was spent by Bazaine in calling in all his troops for another grand effort to beat back the Prussian invaders; by the Germans in concentrating in front of and to the west of Gravelotte; while Steinmetz with the right wing of his army was preparing from the north to swoop down upon the French rear; and then on the 18th came the great battle of Gravelotte.

First we want to have a look at the general features of the field, and for this purpose let us take our stand on the heights south of the Verdun highway—south of the little village of Vionville, around which there was such desperate fighting two days ago. Here let us face eastward, and now we are looking towards Metz, lying somewhere down there in the lovely valley

of the Moselle, but hidden from our sight by a dozen miles of billowy upland, of cultivated slopes and ridges, of densely wooded ravines. Everywhere, north, south, east and west are cosy little hamlets and villages, some nestling down by brook sides, some standing boldly on the heights. Stretching nearly on a straight line east and west is the broad highway from Metz to Verdun, lined and shaded by stately poplars. Criss-crossing the landscape are little country roads. Those nearest us run down southeastward through that little hamlet of Flavigny to Gorze, down on the lowlands of the Moselle. Up those roads two days ago came the scores of batteries that the Red Prince had thrown across the Moselle. From our point of view there is seen a deep fissure or seam across the face of the country a mile to the east of us. It is a gorge running north and south. On the western brink stands a little town, Rezonville, and here the great highway bends northeastward that its descent into the gorge may be more gradual. Then up it climbs to the plateau on the eastern side, and there is lost in the walls and spires of another village. That is Gravelotte. Beyond Gravelotte is another black gorge—deeper, darker, steeper than the first; and south of Gravelotte and the broad, white ribbon of the highway the tilled fields give way to forest. All the huge shoulder of the ridge between the two ravines is a mass of green—the people call it the "*Bois des Ognons*," or Onion Wood. Across the second and deeper gorge it is called the "*Bois de Vaux*," after a little hamlet that lies close down by the Moselle at the eastern edge of the forest. To carry the highway down into this second gorge east of Gravelotte and up to the plateau beyond was a tax to the engineers; but the road no sooner reaches the summit to the east than it turns sharply southward, passes little Bellevue and some big stone quarries, then, more sharply still, turns eastward again, and twisting, turning, doubling on itself, it goes winding down past the valley-sheltered roofs of Rozerieulles, and is lost to sight under the bluffs of the west bank of the Moselle. Mark well that grand plateau east of Gravelotte—east of the second gorge, for there is to be the fiercest struggle of the day—there is France to make her final stand; and there,

before she can crown it with her colors, Prussia must bathe every foot of its rugged slopes with the blood of her best and bravest.

No village stands upon its crest—Chatel and Rozerieulles are down in the ravines on its eastern slope—but there are two little farm enclosures north of the highway—northeast of Gravelotte, and, oddly enough, they have been named Leipsic and Moscow, names pregnant with disaster to the arms of France.

Beyond this second plateau we can see little to the east until the distant hills across the broad valley of the Moselle loom mistily up against the eastern horizon. Southeast we can look down towards the flats of the Moselle—toward the wood of Gorze, where Prussia had to fight her way inch by inch, shouldering out the French skirmishers by sheer force of numbers—down farther still to the broad blue winding stream fringed with its peaceful vineyards and pleasant homes—down towards Pont-à-Mousson, twenty odd miles away, with its heavy stone bridges and massive walls. And all this lovely landscape is alive with Prussia's swarming soldiery; dense columns of infantry; gay squadrons of Uhlans or hussars; divisions of heavy cavalry; battery after battery of powerful field-guns and long trains of ammunition and provision wagons. Metz was to have been France's bulwark against invasion; Prussia scorned its frowning guns, and turned it into a prison-pen.

Looking northeastward, far across this second plateau which towers in places one hundred and fifty feet above that of Gravelotte, powerful glasses can make out the lines of fortifications on distant heights. Those are the strong permanent works of St. Quentin and Plappeville on the bluffs overhanging Metz, and not until Bazaine's men are huddled under the shelter of those guns will Prussia halt.

Looking northward we see a gently rolling plateau, fields, farms, copses and country villages. The distant streak of white is the northwest fork of the Verdun road, coming down from Conflans and into Gravelotte from the north. San Marcel and Villers are those two hamlets north of Vionville; then farther away are Verneville, Amanvillers, and beyond them still, perched

on seamed and rugged heights, the faintly glinting spires of St. Privat. Mark well that spot, too, for to win it the Royal Guards of Prussia have to make the fiercest fight of their history of heroism. There is another little hamlet just south of Metz by the same name. Do not confound them. The one now pointed out lies a good ten miles west of north from Metz, and its full name is St. Privat la Montagne. Somewhere in sight of that spire it is that fierce old Steinmetz with the right wing of the First Army is waiting the signal to come up from his pontoons and assault from the north, for now at this moment, dawn of the 18th of August, the main force of Prussia faces *north* along the Verdun road, and is to begin a grand wheel across country to the right, pivoting down here on "the woods of onions," and as soon as the wheel is completed, enveloping distant St. Privat, Steinmetz is to finish the circle to the Moselle, and Bazaine will have the whole army of Prussia between him and Paris. Cut off from his emperor, cut off from McMahon, cut off from every hope of reinforcement, this gifted but unfortunate soldier will be cooped up in the lines of Metz.

And that is the battle-plan of von Moltke the Silent. Now let us watch its execution.

The sun is not yet up. The mists are creeping over the silent stream down in the Moselle valley, but the eastern sky is brilliant with the hues of summer morning. The air rings with the signal notes of trumpet and bugle. All is stirring, soldierly activity. Under the heights on which we stand, dense masses of troops are already in motion, and column on column, from Rezonville to the east of us, far west beyond Mars la Tour, they are pushing northward across the Verdun road. Their front is over three miles in extent, and they are moving to seize that streak of highway we see some three miles away, the upper branch of the Verdun road that runs from Conflans down to the junction at Gravelotte. Yesterday the French held it, and it was that way that Napoleon and the boy prince escaped.

This northward moving army is the grand command of the Red Prince, Friedrich Karl. The Ninth corps is on the right, the Twelfth on the distant left, passing through Mars la Tour,

COUNT VON MOLTKE. (*R. Berthold.*)

"THE SILENT".

the gallant Guards corps is in the centre. In reserve, or in the second line, are the Tenth and Third corps, the latter having borne the brunt of the stubborn fighting of the 16th. East of us, between Rezonville and Gravelotte and facing towards Metz, are the long lines of the First Army—Steinmetz's people; though he himself, with a large portion of his command, is far to the north, as we have said. These forces facing Gravelotte are the First, Seventh and Eighth corps, and their lines stretch far down to the southeast of our position.

Crowning the opposite heights, stretching from the forest of Vaux on *their* left (our right) up through Gravelotte to Verneville far to the north of us, and then bending back, sweeping northeastward through Amanvillers and St. Privat, are the French. For seven days, with most desperate valor and against grievous odds, they have been fighting and falling back. Now, so disheartened are they, that all the gladness and gayety of their race has fled. When Napoleon drove away through their lines so short a time before, not a cheer would they raise even for young Louis, at whose tranquillity under fire they wept but a fortnight since. But they will fight, and fight to the death. Frossard and Lebœuf with their corps hold the heights around Gravelotte. Well back of the centre is the Imperial Guard, severely reduced after its savage fight of the second day before. Farther to the north, near Verneville, the heights are held by the Fourth corps of Bazaine's army under L'Admirault, while Canrobert, with the Sixth, guards Amanvillers and St. Privat. Bazaine must have at least 100,000 men in line, and probably 20,000 more in reserve.

Against him, the forces of United Germany muster fully 220,000, with no less than 600 guns. France fights on the defensive with every advantage of position, for her guns and mitrailleuses sweep all possible approaches, but Germany fights with relentless force and with scientific precision. It must be beyond all question the greatest battle of a great war.

At seven o'clock the combined forces of the Second and Fourth Armies have reached the Conflans road, the Guards and the Twelfth corps passing west of Doncourt. Here, back

of Rezonville, on a little knoll, are gathered the headquarters' party of the King of Prussia. Von Moltke is still here, and Bismarck, and the Red Prince has not yet galloped northward to take immediate charge of the battle in that quarter. Here too stands our own gallant general, Sheridan, an eager and vividly interested spectator; and all eyes are turned to the gorge in front of Rezonville, along whose brink scores of batteries are silently awaiting the order to commence firing. The men of the Seventh and Eighth corps are ordered to threaten the position of the French along the Gravelotte ridge, but it is not to be a determined attack until those northward moving troops have completed that great wheel to the right. It may take most of the day.

Still there is sharp and lively fighting going on down here to our right front. The woods are ringing with the crash of musketry, while from the Gravelotte ridge the French batteries are storming away at the Prussian columns on the lower plateau of Rezonville. Then the German gunners get the word, leap in and unlimber, and in another moment the earth shakes with the steady thunder of their cannonade. Skirmishers too are pushing down into the ravine and feeling their way up the opposite slope, and wherever their reserves appear, the "growling whirr" of the mitrailleuses tells of the efforts of the French to break them up with streams of bullets.

Except for the skirmishers, however, all this is long-range fighting. The Prussian fire is slow, deliberate, but fearfully telling, despite the awkwardness of up-hill aiming, and the French shells are bursting everywhere over Rezonville and through the "Bois des Ognons." And now the king decides it time for the Seventh corps to clear that forest, cross the ravines, and assault from the south, the forest and slopes of Vaux. It is the strongest part of the French line, and, once carried, renders their hold on Gravelotte no longer of value. But however possible it may be for this massive and disciplined Prussian corps to sweep the Onion Woods of the French light troops, things will assume a different aspect when they work their way over to that black gorge between the shoulder of the Gravelotte ridge and the high

bluffs beyond. This second ravine turns eastward in front of the Onion Woods, about a mile and a half south of Gravelotte, and empties into the Moselle valley at the little town of Ars, and the rounded shoulder of those eastern bluffs is seamed with tier on tier of rifle-pits, with mitrailleuses in battery, with guns upon guns, for Bazaine and Frossard, at first, were of opinion that the Red Prince would make an attempt to storm these heights as soon as he crossed the Moselle.

Just at noon, while the Seventh corps is crashing northeastward through the Onion Woods, and the Eighth corps with a score of German batteries holds Frossard at Gravelotte and prevents his sending aid to the left of his line, there come from the north spurring messengers with the glad tidings that the Ninth corps has faced eastward, and is driving the French through Verneville. Great clouds of battle-smoke rising over the distant trees and drifting towards the Moselle confirm the tidings. But for the fierce thunder of our guns we could hear the cannonade and the wild cheering up towards Amanvillers.

And now every battery within hailing distance seems suddenly to receive orders to open fire on the French in and around Gravelotte, and for half an hour that crest flames with bursting shells and the flashes of its own guns. Gallantly as the Frenchmen stick to their work, Prussia has here perhaps four guns to their one, and the fire is fearful. The German artillerists have the exact range, and now pour in that infernal "schnellfeuer" (quick fire) for which they are famous, and it is soon evident that Frossard's men can stand it no longer. Whole batteries are silenced or disabled, and those that can be limbered up and run off, are rapidly leaving the plateau. Dragged by hand or by the remaining horses, the French guns are being run across the second gorge to the stronger heights beyond. Bazaine is battered out of Gravelotte.

Splendidly he handles his retiring men. First the guns are hauled back and placed in battery on the great plateau, while the long ranks of infantry secure their safe removal. Then, at half-past one, the last serviceable gun being across, the battle-lines slowly fall back, covered by dense clouds of skirmishers, and just

as the Seventh Prussian corps bursts cheering across the lower gorge between the wood of Vaux and the south, the Eighth corps "ploys into column" by the heads of brigades, its guns and those of the Third corps limber up and go rumbling off across the little valley, and at three o'clock the whole Prussian line has advanced a mile. The batteries are now ranged in line from north to south with burning Gravelotte for the centre, and the Eighth corps has joined hands once more with the Seventh. The French are swept from their first position, but now they are massed on one ten times as strong.

Once more the tremendous booming of the cannonade bursts on the ear. King William well knows that the assault of those opposite heights must cost him many thousand men, and he must do all he can with his guns to beat down the French defenders before sending in his infantry. For hours a steady stream of footmen pours through the Bois des Ognons to reinforce the Prussian right wing, and until heavily reinforced, no further advance can be attempted. The king and his staff have pushed forward to a height back of Gravelotte, and are watching this coming of General Göben's men. Between four and five, Bazaine orders all available guns to concentrate their fire on those teeming woods. No more troops must be allowed to come to Prussia's aid that way. They must be stooped, and they are. Such a hell of fire rains on those wood-paths, that the Prussians are driven to the shelter of the ravines, and, for the time being, France is successful. The losses are appalling.

But the Germans in winning Gravelotte have complete evidence of the heroism of the French, and of the superiority of their own artillery. The plateau is littered with shattered gun-carriages, and black with the bodies of slaughtered men and horses. The Frenchmen have died by hundreds in its defence. *Now* they deluge it with their own missiles, and the winners have to take their turn. From four to six o'clock, not a peg does Prussia gain on that front; but good news comes from the north. The Ninth corps has hurled back l'Admirault, and the Royal Guards, after a fierce and bloody struggle, have carried the heights of St. Privat; and now, with the Twelfth corps and the

Saxon Guards on his extreme left, the Red Prince has enveloped the French right, and is crowding it in towards Metz. Canrobert, overwhelmed by the combined forces of Friedrich Karl and Steinmetz, is falling back in great distress and after severe losses, but fighting bravely all the way.

At six P. M. the German line is a vast semi-circle, completely enveloping Metz on the west. The French, little by little, have been forced back, and their front, convex towards the west, is now really stronger than before. Thus far the hardest and fiercest fighting has been at St. Privat, whose slopes are littered with the dead of the Prussian Guards; but now comes the slaughter of Gravelotte. Encouraged by the news from his left, King William orders the assault of the stronghold of Bazaine.

Directly in front of Gravelotte the highway dips down into the gorge, then hews its way up the opposite steep through almost vertical walls of rock until it reaches the little farm hamlet of St. Hubert at the crest. North and south of this cut, the banks are steep and rugged. The farther south you go, the deeper and steeper is the gorge. Every foot of the eastern side is manned by French artillerists and riflemen. All down towards the south the rifle-pits overhang one another. It is a desperate undertaking. It seems unnecessary. It looks as though King William, with his superiority in guns, must soon be able to shell the French out of their burrows on that broad-backed ridge. But night is coming on. Time may be precious. Perhaps he wishes to teach the French that Prussians will stop at nothing, though old Steinmetz did that most convincingly at Spicheren Heights. Who knows? The order is given, and with devoted bravery the infantry lines spring forward and advance cheering to the attack. For a few moments, only the distant batteries of the Germans can use their guns. The Frenchmen train their cannon on the advancing columns and lines, and in a few moments the roar of battle out-deafens Gettysburg. Six hundred field-guns here are thundering away all at once, for as the Prussian lines sweep forward the batterymen are able to fire over their heads. Once in the ravine they are

partially sheltered, but when their helmeted heads begin to peer over the crests beyond, the butchering begins. Even up that narrow slit of highway, one brave regiment is daring to push its advance, and its entire length is swept by Frossard's guns. The attempt is madness. Far to the front their officers leap, cheering on their men, pointing with their white-gloved left hands at the guns above, but grasping with their bared right their flashing swords. Down they go, officers and men, under the pitiless storm of grape and canister; down they go before the smiting blast of the mitrailleuse. The faster the lines reach the crest and push ahead, the more terrible grows the slaughter. Still they push forward into the face of those flaming earthworks, leaving, by scores and hundreds, stricken or struggling beings in their wake. Most of the fallen lie still; some struggle to their feet and plunge on after their comrades; some stumble painfully a few yards, then down they go again—but none come back. Forward! Forward! is the only order, and yet, to what good? They have yet three—four hundred yards to traverse before they can cross bayonets with the sheltered lines of France, and by that time, what will be left of them? What strength will they have after that fearful climb? The French deluge them with musketry. The whole thing is a sacrifice, and there are American soldiers looking on who remember the assault on Resaca, or the last charge of Pickett. Old von Moltke can stand it no longer, and sends his aides to order the recall, but, before the officers can gallop to the ravine, the advance is stemmed, the leading lines have melted away, the second is breaking up, the third wavering, and then back they come, and after them with wild, exultant cheering, the French brigades of Valazé and Jolivet—the counter-charging lines of Frossard.

North of the highway, too, Bazaine's old Third corps, now led by Lebœuf, hurls back the Prussian Eighth, and now, indeed, there is need for prompt action. Even the German reserves have been involved, and for some few moments a veritable stampede occurs—an unusual thing among troops so marvellously disciplined.

The old king is looking on the scene of confusion with terri-

GRAVELOTTE. THE CHARGE OF THE FRENCH CURASSIERS. (*A. De Neuville.*)

ble anxiety. Bismarck is in a state of nervous excitement, and wild with eagerness to go in person to the front. Von Moltke, old as he is, has leaped into saddle and galloped off to stem the rout. Staff-officers spur in every direction to reform and straighten out the lines as they come drifting back across the ravine. But the assault is turned to repulse. The Prussian right is whipped—badly whipped, and if not promptly supported, Bazaine will sweep it from the field; for now, in the wild *élan* and enthusiasm of their charge, *tirailleur* and Turco, Zouave and "*Piou-piou*" * come surging on in close pursuit—the whole French left is advancing in full confidence of victory.

What stops their triumphant course? It is barely seven o'clock. It will be light enough for fighting two full hours yet. They have got the Germans fairly started on the run, and close following will keep them at it unless strong reserves are at their back; and at six o'clock the plateau of Rezonville, behind them, was bare of troops. Why do their bugles sound the halt? Why are the fire-flashing lines brought to a stand with the setting sun glaring in their faces and burnishing their heated arms?

Look behind Rezonville, and there is the answer.

Long lines of dusty, travel-worn infantry; nimbly handled batteries of field-artillery; whole regiments of dragoons, are issuing from the wood-roads south of Vionville, and, as though snuffing the battle from afar, deploying right and left as they come, they sweep out upon the open plain, covered as it is with the dead and dying of the morning's battle.

It is the Second corps of Friedrich Karl's army, that has been marching all the livelong day to reach the field, and now comes upon the scene at sunset, to turn, like Sheridan at Cedar Creek, a dire disaster into matchless victory.

Von Moltke himself spurs to meet and welcome them, to urge them forward into the fray, and their breathless comrades of the Seventh and Eighth corps, taking heart once more at sight of their coming, face again towards the blazing heights across the gorge, and determine on another dash. No time is lost. Von Moltke is all alive with vehement determination

* A soldier-name for the French infantryman of the line regiments.

now, and once more orders the assault. With one grand impulse the combined corps leap forward in renewed attack. The French, far in front of their works, are taken at disadvantage. They recoil—face to the foe—before superior numbers, and when at last they regain their rifle-pits and batteries, the cheering Prussians are tumbling in among them. The crest is crowned by the light of the burning villages, for the sun has gone down upon the scene of carnage, and darkness settles over the hard-fought field. Nine o'clock has come, and despite fearful punishment, despite losses that have left some regiments almost without an officer and reduced to one-tenth their morning strength, the Germans have carried the heights in their front, and along the entire semi-circle the Army of France has suffered defeat.

Von Zastrow with the Seventh corps and the supporting columns of General Göben hold the woods of Vaux from the crest at "Point du Jour"—or Bellevue—up the road beyond St. Hubert's, down southward through the great quarry, and so on around eastward to the village of Vaux. On the great plateau around St. Hubert's and northward to the Moscow farm, the bulk of the shattered Eighth corps is resting on its arms after its tremendous double effort. In storming the position of St. Hubert's six solid regiments of infantry, any one of them as large as the effective fighting strength of one of our brigades during the civil war, were so cruelly cut up, that mere shreds of their organization remain. Fortunate it was for Germany that those Pomeranians of the Second corps arrived when they did. Fortunate for the Eighth and Ninth corps that they had such stout backers as old Albensleben with the hard fighters of the Third.

All along the great crest are smouldering the ruins of farm-cottages, hamlets and homes. All along through the thronged villages the beaten Frenchmen are drawing back their lines for refuge under the guns of St. Quentin and Plappeville. Far to the north the Red Prince follows up the retiring columns, and posts his pickets in plain sight of the watch-fires under the forts. Far to the south the men of von der Goltz's brigade are shout-

ing congratulation from the heights of Jussy and Vaux to their cavalry comrades across the Moselle.

But in the darkness and distance back of Gravelotte, all is still anxiety. Here on a rude railing, stretched across the body of a French horse, the King of Prussia sits in silent torment. He knows that thousands of his men have fallen in the desperate fighting of the day; he cannot yet tell to what result. The thunder of the guns has died away; only scattering volleys now are heard. Near by, a large factory is in flames, and the king and his staff are grouped around a garden wall on the eastern skirts of Rezonville. Near the king are his tried and trusted ministers, Bismarck and von Roon. Von Moltke is still absent at the front, and all are waiting eagerly for his report. Presently, guided by the shouts of the escort and guards, two horsemen urge their panting steeds up the slope, and von Moltke springs from the saddle and salutes his soldier-monarch: "Please your majesty, we have conquered; we have driven the enemy out of all his positions;" and then, at last, anxiety gives way to triumphant joy. Gravelotte is won. Bazaine penned up in Metz. The greatest of her regular and disciplined armies is lost to France.

In the three days' battling around Metz, in those bloody engagements of the 14th, 16th and 18th of August, Bazaine has sustained losses aggregating between 12,000 and 15,000 killed, and 50,000 wounded and prisoners. Germany of course has lost few prisoners, but, in one tremendous effort, in that supreme struggle of the 18th of August, in that bloody but finally successful battle to cut off the great French army from the rest of France, Prussia and her confederate sisters lose no less than 25,000 in killed and wounded, against the 19,000 lost to France that day.

Gravelotte was the greatest battle of the war, but it by no means ended it. The Emperor Napoleon, with his boy prince, reached MacMahon at Châlons on the 17th. They had great difficulty and narrow escapes, for the Prussians hounded them along their way; but once at Châlons with its immense camp, the emperor seems to have resolved on measures to rescue Bazaine. The empress at Paris, now regent of France, and her

ministers in council decided that this step must be taken. There were by this time 600,000 German troops in France. Both the emperor and MacMahon are said to have believed it impossible to cut out Bazaine against such a force, and their going back to his aid left the road to Paris open to the crown prince and the Third army, which was marching steadily westward from Nancy to Châlons. Practicable or not, the move was demanded by the government at Paris, who thought the vast army of "Gardes Mobiles," now being raised and equipped by Trochu, could fight back any force of Prussians that might threaten the walls.

On August 21st MacMahon broke camp and marched northward towards Rheims; his idea being to make forced marches up through the Argonne hills—cross the Meuse west of Montmédy and swoop down, by way of Thionville, on the Prussians encircling Metz. In other words, he meant to make a wide swing through the country, so as to avoid direct conflict with the Germans pressing westward after him, and save his strength for the attempt to release Bazaine. Could he once more unite with him there was hope for France.

Meantime, leaving the Red Prince to completely surround and hold Bazaine in Metz, the king with his faithful generals, the Fourth corps, the Saxons and the Guards, pushed on after the crown prince. On the 24th the advance of the Germans found Châlons deserted, and flashed back word to the king, then at Bar-le-Duc, that MacMahon had gone northward with his whole army.

Von Moltke was engaged that night in his customary game of whist. All about him was disciplined silence and order. In an adjoining room his maps were spread open upon the tables; aides-de-camp and staff-officers were noiselessly at work, while the great head of all, having so perfected his system that each man had his allotted task for so many hours of the twenty-four, was now enjoying his one relaxation with the three officers who were that night designated to make up the game. The entry of an aide-de-camp indicated important despatches. Von Moltke laid down his cards, read the paper through without a word, took it with him into the adjoining room, glanced at his maps,

MARSHAL MACMAHON, DUKE OF MAGENTA.

wrote a brief note to the king, and returned to his game as though nothing had happened.

And yet, in that matter-of-fact method, he had issued the orders changing the whole plan of campaign. Early the next morning the German armies were striking northward, and that with the king was still keeping vigilantly between MacMahon and Metz. On the 29th the French were fighting with the Saxons for a chance to cross the Meuse, and getting the worst of it. On the 30th a savage battle took place, the very thing MacMahon wished to avoid, and numbers of guns and prisoners were lost to the French; but on the 31st the Germans, still between him and Metz, were hammering him back down the Meuse and into the fortified city of Sedan. MacMahon had still with him over 100,000 men and 400 guns, and at and around Sedan he was brought to bay. All day of the 31st of August he found the German armies more closely enfolding him. Morning of September 1st found his army posted in the low-lying valley east of the Meuse, and surrounding the city of Sedan. General de Wimpffen, just arrived from Algeria, was commanding the Fifth corps in and close under the eastern fortifications. Lebrun with the Twelfth corps held the lines from the village of Bazeilles, south of Sedan, to a point due east of the city, where Ducrot with the First corps took up and prolonged the front to Givonne, a village northeast of Sedan. Then the line bent back at a right angle and stretched across to the Meuse to the west. This front was held by Felix Douay with the Seventh corps (his brother, Abel Douay, was killed at Weissenburg), and passing through the village of Floing, was supported on the left by heavy divisions of cavalry.

At seven A. M. the Prussian army was confronting the French, east, west, and south of Sedan—the First Bavarian corps and the Fourth and Twelfth corps on the east; the Fifth and Eleventh corps, with heavy masses of cavalry, marching up through Donchery, on a deep bend of the Meuse, to the west, and aiming to sweep around the French to the north from the west, while the Guards of Prussia and Saxony swung round to meet them and complete the circle from the east. South of the city and

across the Meuse, the commanding heights were held by the Second Bavarian corps and the Wurtembergers. Every height was crowded with guns; and from early dawn a pitiless storm of shot and shell rained on the unfortunate Frenchmen. Little by little, despite the fiercest and bravest fighting, they were hemmed in and driven back; village after village was wrested from them by the Germans; at two P. M. the circle was completed. Two hundred and fifty thousand Germans surrounded less than half that many Frenchmen. MacMahon, severely wounded, turned over the command to Wimpffen; and Napoleon III., despairing and broken-hearted, sent General Reille to the Prussian king.

"Not having been able to die at the head of my troops," wrote the sensational emperor (though it is to this day not apparent that he sought death "at the head of his troops" or any other point), "I lay down my sword to your majesty." Napoleon had bowed the knee to Prussia. Jena was avenged.

The next day was marked by the surrender of the great army in and around Sedan. There were turned over to Prussia 100,000 men and 400 guns, seventy mitrailleuses and 10,000 horses; and the fallen emperor was conducted a prisoner to the castle of Wilhelmshöhe. In a brief campaign of thirty days, therefore, the genius of von Moltke and the marvellous discipline and system of Prussian arms, had enabled her king to cut in twain, then to rout and, in detail, to ruin the great army assembled on the frontier for the avowed invasion of the Fatherland. The regular army of France was gone.

Now there was nothing to prevent the triumphant march of Prussia on Paris. On September 27th General Uhrich surrendered Strasburg with all its garrison, guns and stores; and on October 29th Bazaine, starved out, he claimed, capitulated with his great command at Metz. Afterwards, France tried and convicted him on charges of treason, as his provisions were not exhausted by any means; but it is only fair to say that he had made one or two fierce, but ineffectual, efforts to fight his way out, and succumbed only to the inevitable.

Strasburg and Metz cost France nearly 200,000 more men,

nearly 2,500 guns, sixty-six mitrailleuses, and over 300,000 Chassepôts. Bereft of her regular army, France drove out the empress and her adherents, and fought under republican colors with devoted heroism to the final close of the war. Paris was taken by siege and starvation, after a long and courageous defence, and by February, 1871, the people gave up the fight. To her infinite chagrin, France struck her colors to the hated Prussians.

As the results of this great war, the French forfeited to Germany 6,200 square miles of territory in the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, the fortresses of Metz and Strasburg, and were condemned to pay a war indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs within three years (and astonished Prussia by doing it with comparative ease). She lost some 10,000 cannon and 500,000 prisoners, besides her terrible list of killed and wounded. As further results, France became a great and growing and prosperous republic, Germany an empire, with her grand old Prussian king as Kaiser.

PLEVNA.

1877.

EUROPE settled down into a period of rest after the conflict between France and Germany, but it was not long before the attention of all Christian nations was drawn to the borders of the infidel monarchy—Turkey. For years, the people of one of the Danube provinces—Bulgaria—had been subjected by the Mussulman Turks to all manner of indignities growing out of the differences in their religious faith, if indeed the so-called "Faithful" of the Mohammedan sect are entitled to the term "religious faith" as applied to their peculiar belief. These indignities, despite the protests of neighboring powers, grew worse, as though goaded on by interference, and ere long became outrages of the most flagrant kind. Murder, rapine, and brutality of every description were dealt out to the wretched people under the eye of the officials and the soldiery of Turkey. Even America sent her representative to inquire into the facts, and the country has not yet forgotten the fearful picture drawn by Mr. Eugene Schuyler—now our minister at the court of Greece. It was in no degree exaggerated; and all Christendom seemed to realize that the policy of non-interference could no longer be extended to Turkey. In the spring of 1877, Russia called her to account, and the followers of the Greek Church took up arms against the followers of the Prophet.

Outside of any consideration of revenge for Turkey's success in the war of 1854–'55, it was more natural that Russia should become the champion of the oppressed people of the Danube valley than that the duty should fall to the nations to the west, though

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

it was at one time thought that Austria, too, would have taken a hand. The great river sweeps on in a general eastward course after bursting through the Iron Gates, and, leaving Austria behind, flows toward the Black Sea. When within forty miles of the coast it turns suddenly to the north near the city of Tchernavoda, runs squarely up to Galatz near the Russian border, and then, making another rectangular turn, this time to the east, it flows through its broad delta into the Black Sea.

Around this delta and all along the left bank live a people far more Russian in their tastes, sympathies, habits, and religious belief than Turkish. On the right bank live the Bulgarians, a people but faintly removed in their views from the Wallachians. Between them and Turkey proper, to the south, upheaved the great wall of the Balkan Mountains; and this natural barrier between the countries was but typical of the broad line of demarcation between them as people. Bulgaria was Turkey's by right of conquest, and was held only by force of arms. South of the Balkans, down to the shores of the Ægean, all is distinctively Turkish, and the portion of Turkish domain west of the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora is sometimes known as Turkey in Europe. These are the straits and the inland sea that form the great channel to the Black Sea farther north. East of them lies Turkey in Asia, stretching far over through Armenia and Koordistan until it is bordered on the northeast by the Caucasus of Russia, and on the east by Persia. Close to the Russian border lies the city of Kars, where, as well as at Erzeroum to the west of it, the Muscovite and Mussulman had many a fierce grapple.

It is with the campaign in the Danube valley that we have most to do however, and thither let us turn our eyes. The events of that short and sharp encounter are so fresh in the minds of many readers that there can be little of novelty in the description to be given here. All the great military nations of the world sent representatives to the scene, and every battle, siege, and skirmish was vividly described by scores of masterly writers; but while the columns of the London journals teemed with graphic accounts from such famed war correspondents as Archi-

bald Forbes and Messrs. MacGahan, Millet, and Grant, it has been reserved for a gallant young officer of our own army to furnish a history of this memorable war that has been translated and read all over the globe, and is pronounced by all authorities a most admirable and comprehensive work. To those of our readers who wish to fully study the "Russian Campaigns in Turkey, 1877–1878," the large volume by that title, written by Lieutenant Francis V. Greene, of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, is especially commended, and to that work mainly is the writer of these sketches indebted for the details recounted in this chapter.

The valley of the Danube is bounded on the north by the Carpathian Mountains, which sweep around and take a southward trend, are cut through by the river at the Iron Gates and are lost in the rugged uplands of Servia. South of the river and parallel to its general eastward course is the Balkan range, and from these two great ribs or ridges—from range to range—there is a general distance of 200 miles. Northeast of the Carpathians lie the rolling, treeless "steppes" of Russia. South of the Carpathians their foothills roll away down into the valley some fifty miles, and from that line to the river itself all is one flat, open level—well watered but bare of trees. South of the Danube, however, the Balkans send their slopes down to end in abrupt bluffs at the water's edge, and these bluffs are often from 500 to 1,000 feet in height. The Bulgarian shores are picturesque, rolling, well wooded, and cut up by rich and fertile valleys. Where the Danube turns abruptly northward at Tchernavoda it leaves to the east a rectangular tract of barren country known as the Dobrudja, and across the narrow neck of the Dobrudja are the remains of the old Roman wall built by Trajan to keep out barbaric invaders from the north.

Into this valley from the north there come two lines of railway which unite at the important city of Galatz, where the river makes its last eastward turn before rolling into the sea, and from Galatz a single line stretches southwest to Bucharest, then south to the Danube, which it crosses to Rustchuk, and then winds off eastward again to Turkey's great naval station and port on the Black Sea—Varna. The railway from Russia to Galatz and

thence to Bucharest was the line along which Russia had to send her supplies, for the Black Sea swarmed with the powerful armament of the Turkish navy.

On April 24th, 1877, the Tsar of Russia declared war against Turkey. He stated that for two years he and all the Christian powers of Europe had striven in vain to induce the Porte (as the government at Constantinople is termed) "to introduce those reforms to which it was solemnly bound by previous engagements, and by which alone the Christians in Turkey could be protected from local exaction and extortion; that these negotiations had all failed through the obstinacy of the Porte; and now, all peaceful methods being exhausted, the moment had arrived for him to act independently and impose his will upon the Turks by force; and therefore the order had been given to his army to cross the Turkish frontier."

At this moment Turkey had about 250,000 troops in readiness for war, and of these, 165,000 were close at hand and available for duty along the Danube. Against these Russia thought herself able to conduct an offensive campaign with only 200,000 men—and in this she was mistaken. Instead of profiting by the example of Prussia and sending instantly an overwhelming force to the frontier, she doled out her resources by driblets, and suffered losses and delays that better counsels and generalship would have averted. By August, the Turks had 225,000 fighting men along the European theatre of war, and Russia had to call for her reserves.

The "Army of the South," Russia's first invading force, was placed under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas. It consisted of seven army corps, and two brigades of rifles. Each Russian army corps consisted of two divisions (24 battalions) of infantry, two brigades (96 guns) of mounted artillery, and one division (18 squadrons) of cavalry, with two horse-batteries (12 guns). The invading army consisted, therefore, of about 180 battalions, 200 squadrons and 800 guns; and by the time this force could reach the Danube, the ordinary casualties of service would be more than apt to reduce it to 180,000 effectives.

But Russian infantry is admirable. No firmer, steadier, more

reliable foot-troops can be found. They are thoroughly drilled and disciplined, are docile and obedient, and devoted to their tsar. They are comfortably and sensibly uniformed, are not heavily burdened with useless camp-equipage, and when in line or in mass, their courage and stability are proverbial. It is as skirmishers and light troops that the Russian infantry lack intelligence. The Russian foot-soldier seems to have no individuality, and is helpless without the guiding hand of his officer.

Not of a much brighter class is the Russian cavalry or artilleryman. All are faithful and subservient, but the element of "dash," so conspicuous in our own and the Franco-Prussian war, seems to have had little more place in the rank and file of Russia than it had at Inkerman and Balaclava.

While in point of service-dress and equipment the Russian regulars were fully up to the needs of the campaign, their weapons were clumsy and inadequate. The infantry arm at the outbreak of the war was an altered musket—an old muzzle-loading rifle converted to a breech-loader by the system of an Austrian armorer named Krenk. The mechanism consisted of a block turning on an axis parallel to that of the bore, and locked by heavy shoulders of metal on the breech piece; but the gun was of antiquated calibre (60), larger than the Springfield rifles we used in 1862, and, with its bayonet, the gun weighed 10¾ pounds, while forty rounds of cartridges weighed 5¾ pounds. Its extreme range was only about 1,200 paces, a pitiful arm indeed as compared with the rifles of other nations. Yet this was the musket with which the Russian footman had to fight his way to the walls of Constantinople.

In field-artillery, too, Russia was far behind other European powers. Her guns were of bronze, too soft a metal for sharp rifling, and not until the war was over did she obtain from the great Krupp factory the steel breech-loaders with which her batteries are now supplied. The guns of the mounted batteries (those which accompanied the infantry) were half of them nine-pounders—half four-pounders. Three batteries of each calibre to a brigade, eight guns to a battery. The horse-batteries were all four-pounders, six guns to each. All the field-guns were breech-

COSSACKS ON A MARCH. (*Edouard Detaille.*)

loaders, and the extreme range of the largest was 5,000 yards, the smallest 3,800 yards.

In cavalry, the Russian army was well represented. Each division of the line consisted of four regiments, one each of dragoons, lancers, hussars and Cossacks. The guard divisions had also fine regiments of cuirassiers. The dragoons were armed with sabre, musket and bayonet; the lancers and hussars with sabre, lance and revolver in the front rank; sabre, musket and revolver in the rear rank. The Cossacks carried the lance, the "schaska" (a sharp, single-edged, curved sword) and the carbine. The American Smith and Wesson revolver was universal.

These Cossacks deserve a word of special mention. As light cavalry they have few superiors except among the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians of our northern plains, who are unequalled anywhere. They form a recognized corps of the regular army, and yet are more like irregulars in their own way of fighting and management. No pay is given them. They perform military service in lieu of paying taxes—four years on the active list and away from home eight years with the reserves in their own province. The Don Cossacks are the most numerous and the best trained, a full regiment of them being attached to each division of regular cavalry. The government supplies their arms and ammunition, but the Cossacks themselves provide their horses, clothing and equipments. For rations and forage a certain sum is paid them from which they make all necessary purchases; but their wants are few, and their shaggy, hardy little horses are as omnivorous and easily satisfied as Indian ponies, which they resemble in many characteristics. Lieutenant Greene says of the Cossacks that "they are fine horsemen, expert swimmers, good shots and skillful boatmen," and that those of the Caucasus are extremely bold riders, training "their horses to lie down and keep quiet while they fire over them, and then to get up quickly and go off at rapid gallop." They do not need to be held or tied, but their riders can at any time spring off and leave them to look out for themselves while the Cossacks are drilling or fighting on foot, and when wanted, the horses will be found just

about where they were left. All this is precisely the system of our plains Indians, and no regular cavalry in the world can do anything like it.

A Cossack regiment is equipped and uniformed in a semi-barbaric style that is picturesque and yet serviceable. The bridle is as simple as the Mexican affair—a leather head-stall without buckles, but provided with only a snaffle bit. The saddle, like that of the Sioux Indians, is a tree of light wood, with high and abrupt pommel and cantle, very short in the seat; but unlike our Indians, or any civilized horsemen, the Cossacks strap a cushion on their saddles and sit some six or eight inches higher than the horse's back, so that their feet never show below his body. The uniform is a dark blue jacket, plain and snug, without ornaments of any kind, and the cap is a cylindrical tower of black leather, nine inches high. The linesman or regular is a helpless creature when left to shift for himself. He expects every detail to be arranged for him, and is all afloat when rations, forage or shelter are not forthcoming; but the tough little Cossack is never so well off as when turned loose and told to forage for himself. He and his horse will thrive, but the neighborhood may suffer.

In time of war, Russia is able to call into the field over 150,000 Cossacks, most of whom are cavalry, though there are thirty-nine Cossack field-batteries, and seventeen battalions of infantry. The Don Cossacks furnish more than one-third of the entire number, and the other tribes, those of the Caucasus, the Volga, the Ural, etc., the remainder. Serving so much with the troops of the line, the Don Cossacks lose something of the "plains craft," which is so marked a characteristic of their wilder brethren; but take them all-in-all, these irregular-regulars are a most valuable element in the Russian army, and the tsar is very careful to keep them in as efficient a state as possible. They are the eyes and ears of his field-force, as the Uhlans are of Prussia's, and when a foe is beaten and in retreat, the Cossack becomes a fearful enemy. The Grand Army of France, which began the retreat with Napoleon from ruined Moscow, was goaded to death by their swarming lances, and only a shadow of it got back across the Vistula.

Such being, in brief, a summary of the Russian military field-force, the Turkish army is next to be considered.

Thanks to a vast recruiting field in Asia, the Porte was able to keep its ranks well filled throughout the war; but in discipline, equipment and instruction, the Turkish army was far inferior to the Russian. They had but half as many guns, and their cavalry was the worst in Europe, and very small in number. It was in point of armament that Turkey stood head and shoulders above her antagonist. Her field-guns were Krupp's best make, steel breech-loaders; and her infantry was supplied throughout with the finest long-range breech-loading rifle ever placed in the hands of troops—the celebrated Peabody-Martini, calibre .45, made by the Providence Tool Company, in our own Rhode Island. When the war broke out 300,000 of these guns were on hand, and 200,000 more were sent them.

Being short of cavalry, the Turks thought to match the Cossacks by enlisting the services of some Bulgarian and Roumelian guerillas, called Bashi-bozouks. Being pushed to the wall, Turkey had to make the most of her untrained subjects, and these vagabond "bushwhackers" were given arms and ammunition. It was an experiment not unlike that resorted to by our own government, when in 1861 it enlisted from the scum of the New York streets the regiment known as "Billy Wilson's Zouaves"—an incalculable boon to the locality from which it was drafted, but of no earthly use to the nation. A wise discretion prompted the assignment of Colonel Billy's regiment to the lonely strand of Santa Rosa Island, where they could only steal from one another, and so served a term in a penal colony all their own; but these Bashi-bozouks followed the movements of the Turkish army, and robbed and pillaged right and left. They would have been a terror to defenceless Russian hamlets, but they never got across the border, and so proved a pestilence to their own people.

In point of organization, the army of Turkey differed but slightly from those of the military nations of Europe. Infantry was handled in battalions and brigades; cavalry in squadrons and regiments, and artillery in field-batteries, very much as were those arms of service in Russia; but where all was steady dis-

cipline and efficiency among the troops of the tsar, there was laxity and grave irregularity among the soldiers of the Porte.

One thing can be said of the Turk. He has a certain disregard of danger, is a "fatalist" to the extent of believing that the matter of life and death is beyond control of any precaution on his part, and when the appointed time comes, be it soon or late, he must die. It gives him a certain stoical indifference to personal peril which is a valuable trait in the soldier, and yet is no kin to the high order of courage we see in the intelligent, the Christian man; that courage which, while it leaves its bearer fully sensible of every risk to life and limb, yet guides him in serene and steadfast purpose along the path of duty—the bravery of true manhood. Wonderful fortitude and pluck were displayed on many occasions by the Turkish armies during the war. Severe hardships were uncomplainingly endured, but when crushing defeat came upon them they seemed to lose all cohesion, and went to pieces with stunning rapidity.

The Russian plan of campaign was a problem from the start. The treaty of Paris, in 1856, after the fall of Sebastopol, robbed the tsar of his fleet in the Black Sea, and left Turkey in supreme naval control of that inland ocean. With a strong fleet, Russia could have sent her supplies and armies down along the coast, past the mouths of the Danube, past the Dobrudja, past the Balkans, and so carry the war into the heart of Turkey. But Russia's ships were gone, and hers had to be a land attack. She must march her armies through the principalities along the border, through possibly hostile populations, across a great river, and, like Sherman at Atlanta, depend for life upon that slender thread of 300 miles of railway stretching far behind him. But Sherman never hesitated; neither did the grand duke. Sherman had to fight his way foot by foot, for Johnston disputed every gap, ridge or rail-fence. The grand duke with the army of the south had an actual "walk-over," for Turkey never woke up until the Russian bugles were blowing the *reveille* along the Danube.

The Army of the South, near the end of April, was posted along the frontier about fifty miles north of Galatz, with headquarters at Kishineff. As it crossed into Turkey it consisted of the Eighth,

Ninth, Eleventh, and Twelfth *corps d'armée*, commanded respectively by Lieutenant-Generals Radetsky, Baron Krüdener, Prince Shakofskoi, and Vannofsky. There were two rifle divisions under major-generals, and there was finally a great cavalry command of Cossacks led by Lieutenant-General Skobeleff. Subsequently, the Fourteenth, Fourth, and Thirteenth corps, under Zimmerman, Zotof, and Prince Korsakoff, respectively, were ordered to join the Army of the South, bringing it up to 182 battalions, 204 squadrons, and 808 field-guns—in all some 200,000 combatants. On the morning of April 24th the advance deliberately crossed the line, and on the 24th of May the Russian army was aligned along the north bank of the Danube, the centre at Bucharest, the front picketed from Nicopolis to Silistria. Turkey had hardly opposed a gun to the advance.

Arriving at the Danube, Russia was brought to a halt. The spring had been very wet; the river was fifteen feet higher than usual; the gauge of the Roumanian railway was smaller than that of the Russian roads ("five-footers"), and much of the rolling stock had been gotten out of the way, so that unexpected delays occurred in bringing forward the pontoon and siege trains and the needed supplies of rations, forage, and ammunition.

But while the army was brought to a stand, some splendid work was done by officers of the Russian navy. The Turks had a powerful fleet of iron-clads under Hobart Pasha, an ex-officer of the English navy, and these thunderers were vastly in the way at the mouth of the Danube. Russia had no ships or iron-clads there, but she sent down some spirited young lieutenants from the Baltic, and one of these daring fellows (bethinking himself probably of our Cushing and the "Albemarle," whose story is so well told in Dr. Shippen's Naval Battles) took some little steam-launches and torpedo boats one dark, rainy night and blew up the Turkish ship-of-war "Seifé" in the Matchin channel of the Danube, below Braila, and in a short time after the declaration of war, Russian torpedoes were so thick along the delta channels and the lower river that, in very dread of them, the Turkish iron-clads backed out and were no more seen. Up the river around Rustchuk and Nicopolis the Turks had smaller

iron-clads, and the Russian officers so tormented them with torpe does that from first to last the Mussulman navy was of no account whatever. On the Danube the fleet was a perfect failure, and was speedily driven to the shelter of the shore guns and kept there.

On June 22d, General Zimmerman ferried two regiments across the Danube at Galatz and drove the Turkish outposts from the heights on the Dobrudja shore. Soon afterwards he crossed his whole force at Braila and moved southward, whereupon the Turks gave up the Dobrudja without further struggle and fell back behind Trajan's wall.

On June 24th the Russian siege batteries on the north bank began hammering at the walls of Rustchuk, and on the night of the 26th the advance of the Eighth corps slipped across the Danube in boats and effected a lodgment below Sistova. The following afternoon the town itself fell into the hands of the invaders after brief resistance, and by the first days of July the pontoon bridges were thrown across, the Army of the South was on Bulgarian soil, and Turkey had done little or nothing to prevent it. "In ten weeks from the opening of hostilities," says Greene, "the Russians had established themselves on the southern bank of the Danube, and with a loss which, in comparison to the importance of the success, was totally insignificant." The Turks tried to make believe it was all part and parcel of a plan to lure the Russians across the Danube and there surround and crush them. Lure them across they certainly did, whether designedly or not. Crush them they did not, nor did they come anywhere near it. Now, however, began their defensive campaign.

The entire Army of the South, except detachments left to guard the towns and railway to their rear, crossed the Danube by the pontoons near Sistova, all but the Fourth corps being over by July 15th. In accordance with the plan, General Gourko with the advance, and followed by the Eighth corps, was to push ahead for the Balkans by way of the main high-road through Tirnova. Two rivers come down into the Danube from the mountains to the south—the Yantra east of Sistova, the Vid to the west and beyond Nicopol's. The Yantra drains a large tract of country around Tirnova, which lies on one of the nine branches into

which it splits up on nearing the range, but as it approaches the Danube it falls away to the eastward a dozen miles or so from the Sistova highway, and passes the town of Biela on the great cross-road between Tirnova and Rustchuk. This same high-road, continuing westward over the rolling foothills of the Balkans, bridges the little river Osma, and some twenty-five miles beyond that, dips down into the valley of the Vid, and crosses the east fork of that stream at the town of Plevna. While the Russian centre was to follow the high-road to the Balkan passes, the Twelfth and Thirteenth corps were thrown out into the Yantra valley to cover the left flank; the Ninth corps was designated to assault Nicopolis and go up the valley of the Vid on the right flank, while the Fourth and Eleventh corps were for the time being to be held in reserve.

The cavalry seized Biela on the 5th of July, and Gourko won Tirnova on the 7th. Then the tsar arrived and joined the army at Biela; the left wing pushed steadily forward up the Yantra; Gourko burst through the Balkans; Krüdener captured Nicopolis—all within a brief fortnight—and everything, right, centre, and left, was going swimmingly for Russia and all amiss for Turkey, when suddenly Krüdener, plunging up the Vid valley, struck a rock at the forks and came to a dead stop at Plevna. On the 20th of July the Russian right was whipped, and then everybody elsewhere in the Army of the South had to pull up short in his triumphant career and turn back to help Krüdener out of trouble.

But, meantime, there had been consternation at Constantinople. The political effect of the passage of the Danube and Gourko's sudden leap for the passes through the Balkans was startling. Panic reigned at Adrianople and spread to the capital on the Bosphorus. The sultan was well-nigh ready to flee to Asia Minor, and leave the nation to take care of itself. He disgraced and banished the general-in-chief, Abdul Kerim Pasha, and the minister of war. Then Mehemet Ali was made commander-in-chief, Suleiman was sent to confront Gourko, and even England took alarm. Her side of that complex political problem, "The Eastern Question," was involved, and as there are few spots on the face of the earth where a fight can come off without

stirring up a British subject, so here the interests of Great Britain in restraining Russia from control of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles became threatened by such sweeping success, and promptly the great English fleet was sent steaming to Besica Bay, while her foundries and arsenals at home resounded with the clang of preparation for war. All seemed agreed that it was right for Russia to whip Turkey—but not too much.

But, in winning Nicopolis, Baron Krüdener had lost some 1,300 officers and men, and had found an enemy that showed fine stomach for fighting. The Turks had succumbed to superior numbers and scientific disposition of force, and the fall of the old fort was a misfortune which involved the surrender of over 100 guns, 10,000 small arms, two monitors and 7,000 men. Whether success of this kind turned Krüdener's head, or whether this effect was confined to his subordinates, does not appear; but that somebody was to blame for the horrible blunder that followed is beyond peradventure. With all his admirable cavalry at his disposal, Krüdener's advance stumbled on up the valley of the Vid and into the clutches of the bravest army and the best soldiers Turkey could possibly lay claim to—40,000 seasoned veterans—and Osman Pasha.

From the city of Widdin, more than one hundred miles up the valley, this strong column had come marching down on the Russian flank. Another column 12,000 strong had been ordered up from Sophia, across the Balkans. Prisoners taken at Nicopolis told Krüdener that heavy reinforcements were on the road. Common sense ought to have told him that they would be coming. Then his Caucasian Cossacks up the Vid said they *saw* them coming, and neither the grand duke nor Krüdener seems to have thought the tidings of any importance. "Occupy Plevna as promptly as possible," were the orders sent to Krüdener, and, obedient to them, the baron directed General Schilder-Schuldner on the 18th of July to advance and seize the town. A strong division was under this officer's command, and a brigade of Cossack cavalry was ordered to report to him for duty. He had 6,500 men and forty-six guns. While part of his force marched westward along the Rustchuk road toward Plevna, and his Don

ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Cossacks followed the river road up the Vid to his right, Schilder-Schuldner himself with the main body and with no cavalry near him at all, pushed out southwestward on Plevna. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th, the Don Cossacks—taking dinner after their gipsy fashion, over on the banks of the Vid—were amazed to hear the booming of cannon eight miles out to the southeast. Instead of covering their general's front, here they were far to his right and rear, and he, meantime, had stumbled into trouble among the hills around Plevna. Promptly they bundled up pots and kettles, sprang into saddle and went clattering off to the support of their comrades; but, the moment they got in sight of Plevna, and before they could reach their chief, they found the way barred by the long lines of red-fezzed Turks. In the same way the Nineteenth regiment, advancing from the east, was confronted by Turkish skirmish lines, and the centre ran slap into a brace of well-handled batteries that not only checked the advance but inflicted severe loss upon the columns. Still, he had no idea the Turks were in force, and though his people bivouacked for the night on a sweeping circle of seventeen miles, the Russian general determined on an assault at daybreak, July 20th, and this led.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF PLEVNA,

a short and sharp one. Schilder-Schuldner meant to take the initiative at dawn, but the Turks were ahead of him. At four in the morning they pounced upon his Don Cossacks at Bukova, just north of the town, and so opened the ball on the Russian right. A battery was sent to the aid of the Cossacks, while the centre confidently pushed forward; three batteries and six battalions assaulted the heights of Grivitza east of the town, and after a lively fight whipped the Turks out of the west end of their improvised field-works and raced them under the very garden-walls of Plevna. But here there came stubborn resistance, and at seven o'clock the Seventeenth and Eighteenth regiments found themselves in a very hot and uncomfortable place, while their guns were still shelling the east end of the Grivitza lines.

Far around to the Rustchuk road the Nineteenth regiment had

early begun the assault of the Turkish outposts, and had been successful in driving them in as far as the town, but here they, too, came to a stand, unable to make headway and unwilling to go back. Farther south the Caucasian Cossack brigade pitched in with its feeble battery, and to no perceptible effect. The guns were too short-ranged to be of any use. But the Nineteenth had suffered heavily, and needed aid, so the brigade was drawn in towards them just in time to take part in the next phase of the battle, a general retreat.

Over on the Russian right the Don Cossacks had been successful in beating back the Turks and following them to the lines of the town. Then came the counter-stroke.

All this time the main body of Osman Pasha's force had lain in quiet retirement within the streets of Plevna. Now of a sudden it burst forth in furious attack north and east. Column after column came surging forth from the gates until the slopes were lined with the red skull-caps and flashing with the scathing volleys of the Peabody-Martinis. Brave as was the struggle made by Schilder-Schuldner, his effort was all in vain. His patient infantry never broke or scattered, but, torn, crippled and bleeding, fell slowly and stubbornly back until, at five o'clock, the firing ceased and the Russian advance on the right flank was shattered.

So heavy were the losses in killed and wounded that the Russians had to leave them on the field, and so great was the destruction of artillery horses that seventeen caissons had to be abandoned. Twenty-two officers were killed, fifty-two wounded, and 2,771 men were lost in the same way; more than two-thirds of the officers, and one-third of the rank and file being thus placed *hors de combat.* The Turkish loss was probably no greater, while to them remained the glory of victory. General Schilder-Schuldner had blindly ordered the assault of a force four times his strength, and was deservedly beaten.

Baron Krüdener could not but feel the utmost chagrin at this unforeseen result of his attempt to occupy Plevna. The command was speedily withdrawn to the neighborhood of Nicopolis, and vigorous measures were taken to bring up the entire Ninth corps to the renewal of the attack. Meantime, the Turks were not

idle. For ten days they worked like beavers, strengthening their intrenchments east of the town and around to Bukora on the north, and by July 30th Osman Pasha had 40,000 well-trained troops at his back; and the concentration of the Ninth Russian corps on the heights, to the northeast, gave him little concern. Ten days after the disaster to Schilder-Schuldner came

THE SECOND BATTLE OF PLEVNA,

fought July 30th, and fought somewhat against the wishes of Baron Krüdener, the immediate Russian commander. He had carefully studied the position, marked the strength of the redoubts and lines of the Grivitza heights, and become dubious as to the result of direct assault. Then, too, he had learned to dread putting in his troops against that fearful fire of small-arms —a fire that carried off his people at what he and they had hitherto considered artillery range. Long before his leading lines could throw their fire upon the Turks, those American-made bullets were whistling over their heads and bringing down by the dozen, men in the distant reserves. Krüdener telegraphed for further instructions and they came, sharp and stern and stinging. The grand duke could not understand his wing-commander's hesitancy, and said so in as many words. This left poor Krüdener no alternative. He gave the word and did his best, but Osman Pasha was far too much for him, as the results will show.

The town of Plevna, with its labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, lies in a deep depression where the valleys of two little streams—Tutchenitza creek from the south, and Grivitza brook from the east—unite to form the east fork of the river Vid. All around it, east, west, north and south, are high rolling hills, and deep ravines with precipitous banks. The highway to the east runs up the valley of the Grivitza brook and skirts on the southern edge the little hamlet of that name, some four miles out. South of the high-road and jutting southeastward are two high ridges separated by a little stream purling through a deep gorge. On the first of these ridges—the northernmost—the Turks had built four strong redoubts, bristling with guns; three of

them overhanging the ravine which separated them from the southern ridge, known as the Radischevo ridge, from a bunch of rural cottages to which that name is given as a village deserving of some distinction. It nestles close under the crest along the southern slope, and was the scene of some of the most stirring features of the second battle, for here were the headquarters of Lieutenant-General Shakofskoi and the left wing of the Russian attack. North of the Grivitza brook and a mile northwest of Grivitza itself, perched on the summit of a commanding knoll, was another strong redoubt—the Grivitza, it was called. From here, around to Bukora to the west and the Plevna ridge to the south, were freshly dug lines of rifle-pits, and the ridges between the lower redoubts were scored and seamed with them. West of Plevna to the Vid, there were no works at all; but down in the valley on the northwestern skirts of the town lay a reserve camp where 20,000 men could be held in readiness to move in any direction, and where probably that many men were posted, and not one of the encircling Russians could see them.

South of Plevna runs the high-road to Lovtcha, climbing up between the knolls of what are called the Green Hills, and when it became his duty to attack the position of the Turks, Krüdener sent across this road and up into those hills a little brigade of Cossacks with their horse-battery, and this was the command of a young major-general who won world-wide fame during the fighting that followed—Skobeleff. Greene designates him as Skobeleff II., to distinguish him from the senior Skobeleff, who was a lieutenant-general, and in command of the united division of Don, Terek and Caucasian Cossacks.

With only 30,000 disposable men, Baron Krüdener was now to attempt the assault of a superior force, far better armed and in a strong position. To us, who know that Osman Pasha has 40,000 men with cannon and rifles that can far outshoot the Russian arms, the result must be a foregone conclusion. The grand duke had refused to believe the Turks were in heavy force, and being himself at Tirnova, eighty miles away, he gave his orders with all the incisiveness of the autocrat that he was.

Early on the morning of the 30th of July the Ninth cavalry

division marched forward on the extreme right of the Russian lines, and faced the heights to the northeast of Plevna. Krüdener, with the right centre, marched westward and deployed his lines facing west, and threatening the Grivitza redoubt and the lines north of the brook. Shakofskoi, with the left centre, faced northward along the Radischevo ridge, confronting the frowning redoubts across the deep ravine, and far over to the west, facing Plevna from the southwest, was young Skobeleff with his little band of Cossacks. There was a gap of over two miles on a bee-line between the right of Shakofskoi's line and the left of Krüdener's, and as big a gap over to Skobeleff. This looked ominous. Krüdener had along this circular line 176 guns, thirty-six battalions, and thirty squadrons.

While the cavalry on his widely separated flanks were ordered to guard well all approaches, the right centre was directed to assault the Grivitza redoubt and ridge, the left centre the Plevna ridge, and the reserve, one brigade, was held in rear of the centre near Karagatch.

It was seven o'clock before the simultaneous advance and deployment began. By eight o'clock the right centre, advancing in two deep lines, moved gradually into range of the Turkish guns in the big redoubt, but, never halting until it came within 3,000 yards and its own guns could be brought into play, the leading division (the Thirty-first) swept steadily on. At half-past eight its four batteries unlimbered and opened fire, while the infantry lay down and watched the long-range duel. In the same way Shakofskoi's wing marched unopposed to Radischevo. There it deployed, ran forward its guns to the crest and opened on the redoubts only 1,500 to 2,500 yards away, across the ravine. By nine o'clock the foothills of the Balkans were ringing with the reverberations of some two hundred guns, and for six mortal hours, while the infantry lay prone upon the ground and never pulled trigger or made a move, this incessant thunder was kept up. At the end of that period Krüdener decided he had had enough artillery practice and it was time to do something. Thus far two Turkish batteries (small ones) were silenced, and three Russian guns were dismounted, as the apparent result of a vast expenditure of time and ammunition.

Now, however, it was the infantry's turn, and the serious business of battle began. At half-past two the columns of the right centre sprang to their feet and pushed out over the slopes toward the smoke-crowned heights of Grivitza, and at the same moment Shakofskoi's lines popped up over the Radischevo and swept forward to the assault of the works along the Plevna ridge. In the right wing the command had been divided into two columns —one assaulting from the northeast, the other from the east. The first column was made up of the battalions of the One Hundred and Twenty-first and One Hundred and Twenty-third regiments, with the Seventeenth and Eighteenth in reserve. The second column, assaulting from the direction of the village of Grivitza, was made up of the One Hundred and Twenty-second regiment and the First battalion of the One Hundred and Twenty-third. Attacking in "company columns," according to the system in vogue before such guns as the Peabody were made known to them, these devoted regiments marched forward to a useless sacrifice. The instant their purpose became apparent, the Turkish infantry manned their parapets, opened fire with their long-range rifles, and the work of destruction began. *Before they were fairly within a mile* of the coveted redoubt the men were dropping by scores far back in the second and third lines, pierced by bullets which seemed to come from the clouds. Amazed, yet undaunted, they plunged ahead, holding their own fire until they could reach a point from which their Krenks could possibly carry into the Turkish lines; but, long before such a position could be attained, hundreds of their number were stricken down by a hail of lead against which there was neither reply nor shelter. Sadly crippled, yet still in determined order, the Penza regiment pushed bravely on, and when at last within charging distance its leading battalion burst forward with the "hurra!" and actually leaped into the first line of earthworks; but by this time they were far too few in number to hold the prize, and the Turks would have made short work of their remnant but for the supporting rush of the Second battalion that came cheering over the trenches just in time. Thus reinforced, the Russian advance swept on, drove the Turks out of the second line down into the

ravine beyond, then up the slopes to the shelter of the Grivitza redoubt itself. The Second battalion followed so closely on the heels of the fleeing Turks as to be able to dash over the parapet in the ardor of pursuit; but here the gallant major who led them was killed, and the three leading companies literally cut to pieces. The Turks swarmed to the breastworks, and, keeping under shelter themselves, held their rifles over the parapets, and, firing at random in many instances, made havoc in the dense masses of the Russians swarming up to the assault. Others aimed and fired with practiced eye and hand, and the precision and rapidity of their aims were too great for possibility of success on the part of the assailants. The other battalions of the Penza regiment made a most gallant and determined attack in support of their Second, but the fire was simply terrible, and in a very few moments they were hurled back, bleeding and vanquished, into the ravine, leaving on the slopes or in the redoubt twenty-nine officers and 1,006 men *shot down*—one-half their officers, one-third of their men.

Instead of making simultaneous assault, the two battalions of the One Hundred and Twenty-third waited apparently to see what the effect of the Penza's charge would be. This was a grievous blunder, recalling the very unprofessional style in which our militia and volunteer regiments were put in at the first Bull Run. Seeing their comrades vanquished, the One Hundred and Twenty-third very pluckily made an attempt of their own, but they too, despite the aid of the reduced Seventeenth and Eighteenth regiments, were sent staggering back into the ravine, with losses almost as great. Two hours of the sharpest kind of fighting along the northern front had resulted in general disaster, and no better success had attended Krüdener's attack from the east. Here the regiments of Tamboff and of Galitz only succeeded in getting within 400 yards of the redoubt, where, harassed by savage volleys from front and from their left flank, where a lot of Turks had crept out among the trenches, they were compelled to stand at bay and fight, firing as best they could. It was an inglorious effort, and no good came of it.

Far over to the south, Shakofskoi at Radischevo had put in two fresh regiments. These fellows made a spirited rush down into the ravine, and then, partially sheltered by the steep banks, slowly and steadily crawled to the top, and, despite a murderous fire that mowed them down when they once more appeared, they dashed forward with ringing cheers, and, though their own losses were terrible, they whipped the Turks out of the two eastern redoubts and captured two of their guns. This was important and really unexpected success. Could Shakofskoi but hold them, and from them drive the enemy out of the other two and down the slopes into Plevna, the town and the reserve camp would be at his mercy, for by this time the reserve camp had been discovered. Skobeleff far over across the Lovtcha road among the Green Hills, had pushed daringly forward early in the day to the edge of the bluffs overlooking Plevna and the entire field, and there his soldier's eye was caught by that great magazine of men down behind the town, and he at least no longer doubted the presence of Osman's entire force.

But it was after five o'clock. Shakofskoi's right was now resting in the outermost redoubt, while his left was down in the ravine close to town. No help could come from Krüdener. A great gap intervened between them, and into this the Turks were pushing a strong force. At five o'clock Krüdener had called on his last reserves, sent one regiment to Shakofskoi and taken the other himself, but even as it came marching to support the south attack, this first-named regiment (the One Hundred and Nineteenth) caught sight of the Turks swarming into the gap between the wings, and promptly faced and gave them battle. Despite the gallant conduct of this reserve and his best efforts on the ridge, Shakofskoi found himself at six P. M. hemmed in on three sides by overpowering numbers, and all thought of further advance was abandoned. The question now was, could they get out of it at all?

Thanks to Skobeleff the answer came, and the left was saved. No sooner had he discovered the force still held in reserve by the Turks, than he saw that they had not only men enough to

check Shakofskoi's advance, but to swing out southerly and envelop his left and rear. Never waiting to give them a chance to do this, he daringly lunged forward with his little battery and a few "sotnias" (squadrons) of Cossacks, and actually challenged them to combat. The Turkish force that would otherwise have worked around the flank of Shakofskoi—some 5,000 infantry—had to turn to drive off this cloud of hornets that hung about them; but Skobeleff kept his light guns and lighter horsemen fighting daringly, tenaciously, brilliantly all the live-long afternoon and most of the morning, and the slow moving infantry of the Turks, in exasperation and rage, could only empty their cartridge boxes in random, long-range fire at him and his troopers, and were never allowed to get near Shakofskoi at all. At darkness, therefore, the latter was able to fall back to the Radischevo ridge, and early next morning, finding Krüdener gone, he marched eastward to Poradim, whither Osman did not care to pursue.

Just before dark, Krüdener ordered one final and combined assault, and the order was obeyed by all whom it reached, but to no good purpose. It only added to the fearful sum of casualties on the Russian side, and when finally his lines were driven back, leaving scores of dead behind, Krüdener gave the order to retire.

The day's losses had been very great. They were most severe in the One Hundred and Twenty-first regiment of Krüdener's wing, and the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth in Shakofskoi's, as these two led the assault on their respective fronts. The latter left 725 killed and 1,200 wounded on the slopes—"75 per cent. of its strength;" and, out of the 30,000 engaged, the total Russian loss was 169 officers and 7,136 men, 2,400 of whom had been shot dead on the field.

No one knows just what casualties befell the Turks, but it is claimed that over 5,000 were placed *hors de combat.*

And so, in disaster more grievous than the First, ended the Second Battle. It had been blindly ordered by the grand duke, blindly attempted and blunderingly fought. The two wings were not in supporting distance of each other. The regiments made

no combined assaults, but one was sent in after another had failed, and their old-fashioned compact order in company column was kept up too long after they got into hot fire. The only brilliant work of the bravely fought day was Skobeleff's daring and skillful manœuvring on the extreme left. He undoubtedly, as Greene says, "saved Shakofskoi from being knocked to pieces."

Well! It blocked the Russian march of triumph then and there. It would be impossible to attempt to pierce the Balkans, while Osman with his strong corps held the line of the Vid on the right flank. Only one plan could be adopted. Stand on the defensive and telegraph home for the reserves. The tsar was at the front, and there was no delay. On August 3d the guards, the grenadiers, and four more divisions of the line, with the appropriate artillery, were summoned to the scene on this "second alarm," and 120,000 regulars and 460 additional guns were promptly started for Bulgaria. At the same time, 188,000 militia were called to arms to fill up gaps at the front. The Prince of Roumania, too, was appealed to, and his army of 37,000 men was ordered to Nicopolis.

Some weeks, however, must elapse before the reinforcements could reach the field, and now was Turkey's opportunity; but the nation had no head. Three armies acting under three independent commanders were in the field, only a few days' marches apart. Mehemet Ali at Shumla, with 65,000 men along the Lom; Suleiman at Yeni Zagra, in front of Gourko's lair in the Balkans with 40,000, and Osman here at Plevna, holding the Vid with 50,000. A "war-council" at Constantinople directed the movements by telegraph, and not a thing was done. Suleiman hung for months in front of Gourko, shooting at the pickets in Shipka Pass, gaining nothing and losing much. Mehemet waited until August 30th, then drove the Russian left to the Yantra, but there irresolutely stopped short. Osman at Plevna made a fluttering assault, August 31st, on the gathering corps of the Russians, which amounted to next to nothing, and ten days after, came the Russian counter-hit, which is known as the

THIRD BATTLE OF PLEVNA,

fought September 11th, and won, like the other two, by the Turks. Ever since the second battle, the genius of Osman had kept them hard at work with their spades, and by this time Plevna was a citadel—a walled city, though the walls were ugly earth-works.

By the 1st of September 100,000 Russian and Roumanian troops were assembled around Plevna, and the grand duke determined to attack at once, and crush this persistent obstacle to the onward move. As preliminary, he directed a column up the Vid to the town of Lovtcha, lying south of Osman's stronghold, and being the most important position on the road to the Balkans. With Lovtcha in Russian hands, it was then proposed to envelop Plevna, and by simply contracting the circle, crush the Turks into surrender. General Imeretinsky, with brilliant young Skobeleff as right-hand man, was selected for the command of the Lovtcha column, and on the 3d of September he won a sharply fought battle, driving the Turks out of their forts after desperate resistance, and then whirling his Cossacks after their retreating horde, lancing 3,000 of them in the *melée*. With Lovtcha won, Prince Charles of Roumania took command of all the Russian forces around Plevna; the tsar and the Grand Duke Nicholas came over from the east to watch the struggle, took up their temporary abode near the village of Radnitza, and the whole army knew that the third and greatest of the battles for the possession of Plevna was to be fought forthwith. At this moment the troops of the Russian right were composed as follows: the Roumanian contingent, under General Cernat, 30,000 strong; the Fourth corps, now led by General Kryloff (Zotof having been made chief of staff); the Ninth corps, under Baron Krüdener; the Second division and one rifle brigade, under Imeretinsky, and two brigades of Cossacks. The Fourth and Ninth corps were severely reduced in numbers, having done pretty much all the fighting, and lost some 13,000 men up to that time; but the total force hurled upon Osman Pasha, in this third attack, was at least 90,000 men, with some 440 guns. The Turks had an estimated strength of 56,000 infantry, with 2,509 cavalry and 80 guns.

The two highest points in the immediate neighborhood of Plevna were the Grivitza knoll to the eastward, where the Grivitza redoubt had been built early in the campaign, and the Krishin height, 3,000 yards southwest of the town. These two commanded the ground in every direction, and were the actual key-points of the situation. When the second battle of Plevna was fought, and Skobeleff so brilliantly held the left, over on the Green Hills, there were no Turkish earthworks on their summits; but no sooner had Osman rid himself of Krüdener, on the 30th of July, than he seized and began the fortification of those heights. Now, he had eighteen staunch and powerful redoubts around Plevna, and those of Grivitza and Krishin commanded all the others, with which they were connected by lines of trenches and rifle-pits. Greene divides the fortifications into what he terms three "groups," and it simplifies the explanation of the field. The first group was made by the two redoubts on the Grivitza ridge and the lines stretching westward from them; the second or middle group, of the redoubts and works on what we have thus far called the Plevna ridge—that which, ending in abrupt bluffs at the town, ran out southeastward parallel with the Grivitza brook and to the south of it; and the group also included the works on a spur of the Radischevo ridge, between the Tutchenitza creek and the deep ravine under the Plevna heights. The third group consisted of all the works out to the southwest, towards Krishin, none of which, as has been said, were built until after the second battle. On three sides, therefore, Plevna was well defended. The fourth or west front was protected by rolling, heavily wooded slopes, and was not "invested."

On the evening of September 6, with three days' cooked rations in their haversacks and all tents left behind, the Russians silently moved forward from their camps and closed around the scarred heights that looked down on Plevna. The Roumanian army took post among the hills enveloping the Grivitza heights from the northwest. Krüdener, with the Ninth corps, trudged into position south of Grivitza and reaching round to Radischevo, so as to confront "the middle group" from the east and southeast. Kryloff, with the Fourth corps, climbed the Radischevo ridge

and deployed along its crest, rapidly posting his batteries so as to command from the south the parapets of the middle group on the Plevna ridge; while over on the extreme left, towards the Lovtcha high-road, Imeretinsky and Skobeleff led their men, the latter as before having the prominent station at the left front. For these last named it was a long, toilsome march, but for the Roumanians and the Ninth corps a mere advance of a few miles. Strange as it may seem, not a shot was fired, not a challenge was heard. *Nothing*, not even the barking of village dogs, seems to have given to the drowsy Turks the faintest intimation that anything aggressive was going on. Krüdener's men came burdened with ready-made gabions, fascines, and platforms for siege-guns, and at nine o'clock their engineers had staked off the outlines of two powerful batteries, within commanding range of the Grivitza redoubt. At midnight they were finished; the heavy guns were rolled into place, and at dawn, when the outlines of the Turkish fort became visible, its occupants were astonished by a thundering roar from the heights below Grivitza, and the boom and crash of a shell overhead. It was Russia's morning salute to the Crescent. A few Turks popped up in sight on the parapet, the guard probably, and then leaped below and aroused the garrison with the startling news that the valleys and heights to the east, north and south, were black with Russians. Before the artillerymen could get to their guns the storm had burst from all sides, and the bombardment of the lines of Plevna had begun.

It lasted all day. The siege-guns and field nine-pounder batteries mainly concentrated their fire on the Grivitza redoubt. But earthworks are tough; a stone fort would have been knocked out of shape in a few hours; yet, when night came, despite the way the dirt and dust had been flying from its flanks all day, the saucy little redoubt looked serviceable as ever, and not one of its eight guns had been silenced. This was disheartening. Nothing had been accomplished worth recording except that Imeretinsky and Skobeleff had pushed farther west across the Lovtcha road.

September 8th began as did the 7th, with a continuous banging at long range from the big guns. The Ninth cavalry division was sent across the Vid north of Plevna, to hold the Sophia road

and cut off communications; but around the beleaguered town there would probably have been still another day of tedious, nerve-wearing, and resultless long-range gun-practice, had it not been for that irrepressible Skobeleff. He was the Sheridan of the campaign, and no pottering about at cannon-range would suit him.

From the heights around Brestovitz, Skobeleff had caught sight of the new redoubts north of Krishin. Unlimbering his batteries he began pounding with them at over two-mile distance, but finding that at that range Turkish guns were far better than his own, he closed in. Many another general would have drawn back, because his guns were inferior; Skobeleff pushed ahead until so close that one gun was as good as another, and all depended on men and leaders. Turkish infantry were scattered through the Green Hills east of Krishin. Skobeleff took the Fifth and Eighth regiments and made squarely at them, driving them out of the first or southern knoll, and concentrating them on the second. This second knoll lay out on the prolongation of the Fourth corps lines on Radischevo heights across the Tutchenitza, and directly east and under the guns of Krishin. Giving his men brief breathing spell, Skobeleff pushed ahead, whipped the Turks out of this second knoll, chased them to the third, and never stopped until within 1,500 yards of Plevna itself; far ahead of Kryloff's lines and with those Krishin redoubts to his left rear. This, of course, was a false position, and though victorious, he had to fall back to the first knoll to save his men from useless slaughter.

On the 9th the Turks at Grivitza ridge ceased artillery fire, and the Prince of Roumania, thinking them cowed by the severity of the two days' bombardment, essayed an assault with infantry, but the attack was greeted by such a fury of small-arm fire that it recoiled in great disorder. Then, over at the other end of the field—the southwest—the Turks took heart and advanced in force against Skobeleff, and he whipped them back with the utmost ease. That night there came from General Zotof an order virtually reversing the relations of Imeretinsky and Skobeleff, and placing the latter in supreme charge of all matters on the left flank.

All next day, the 10th, the Russian batteries hammered away at the Turkish earthworks, raising much dust and uproar, but doing very little damage. The Turks ceased firing, but only because ammunition was scarce. That afternoon it began to rain in torrents, a peculiar and almost inevitable sequel to a three days' cannonade, and the ground was turned into black and pasty mud. Notwithstanding this, the general assault was ordered for the following day.

Dawn of the 11th came in dense and drizzling fog. The guns were hushed, for all objects across the ravines were hidden from view. The plan of attack contemplated a fierce bombardment of the Grivitza fort and redoubt No. 10—the latter being the one southeast of Plevna and nearest the Radischevo ridge—and then at 3 P. M., a simultaneous rush of the infantry upon them and upon the works west of the Lovtcha road, southwest of Plevna. As a preliminary, Skobeleff's men, on the west, had leaped forward the morning of the 10th, seized the second knoll, and with bayonets, soup-dishes—anything that could scoop—they had hastily and successfully pitched up earthworks, that swallowed the Turkish bullets and left the plucky occupants dirty, but secure. Skobeleff then ran forward his guns, and got ready for work on the 11th.

The battle began, and ended, with him. Early in the morning the dripping sentries along the Russian lines were greeted by the rapidly quickening rattle of musketry off to the distant left; then came the boom of field-guns, and soon the sound of battle was the reveille of the rest of the Russian army. The Turks had pushed out through the fog in hopes of surprising Skobeleff and inducing him to drop his guns, and the new position on the second knoll, and fall back. But there was no falling back with Skobeleff. He and his men were on the alert, and the Turks were received with such firmness by the advanced skirmishers that the attack was not pressed, and presently quiet reigned again, and both sides seemed waiting for the fog to lift. Ten o'clock came, and Skobeleff could stand inaction no longer. Calling on his men, he sent them forward across a shallow ravine, up the slopes beyond, and there, after a sharp tussle, they drove out the

Turkish light troops and seized the third knoll, where the fog for the present exempted them from the fire of the redoubts, but not from that of the adjacent trenches. These gave the newcomers much trouble. A lively little battle ensued, and just as the men on Kryloff's left along the Radischevo were wondering if they would not have to go over to the aid of Skobeleff, they found themselves suddenly summoned to repel a furious sortie. The Turks from Plevna had crept up the ravines, and, veiled by the fog, had got close in upon the Russian lines; the Sixty-third regiment, after a fierce short-range fight, sent them scattering back down the slopes and then rushed forward in pursuit; the One Hundred and Seventeenth followed suit. Down they went into the ravine, up the opposite ridge, over the Turkish works, and there came in full view of the swarming redoubts right, left, and in front of them. They were trapped; and only half their number got back alive. In a few short moments most of their officers and one-half of the men were shot down. There was no more fight for those regiments that day, and Kryloff's left wing was shattered.

At noon the rising fog revealed the ground sufficiently to permit the guns to get to work, and until 2 P. M. there was a continuous thunder of artillery. But this uplifting of the curtain was bad for Skobeleff. It showed him far out to the front on the distant left, and in an instant he and his men became the target of the Krishin redoubts to his left rear, and even the guns on the Plevna heights. Still he hung on, hoping that when the general advance began he could push forward. Three o'clock came, and still the grand duke and General Zotof hesitate about pushing in the infantry. More pounding with the big guns was resorted to, and under cover of this fire the infantry lines at last advanced.

Turning first to the northeast—the Roumanian attack on Grivitza—let us follow Prince Charles' movements. He had two strong divisions in line—the Third and Fourth—and with these he was ordered to assault from the north and east, while a Russian brigade attacked from the south. Thus would the Grivitza fort be hemmed in on three sides. It will take but few words to dispose of this attack—it seemed to take even fewer minutes. The

Third division strove to reach the fort through two ravines—one from the northwest, one from the northeast. A brigade was sent up each. That which took the northwest gully never got anywhere near the fort. It struck a previously unheard-of line of works, was met by a withering fire, and driven back to a distant ridge, where it was glad to dig for shelter. The second brigade seemed an interminable time climbing its ravine, and meanwhile the third column, moving from the east over open ground, and severely crippled by the fire that greeted it, reached the redoubt alone and unsupported about half-past three. There it received the undivided attention of the assailed, and went back in fragments to the shelter of the village. Then column No. 2 came up and took a similar thrashing. The Roumanian troops were out of the fight before four o'clock, except the one brigade held in reserve.

By some accident the Russian brigade that was to have made a simultaneous assault from the south came up an hour late, but they were those splendid fellows of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth regiments who had already done hard fighting here and knew the ground. Aided by the reserve brigade of Prince Charles, they clambered up the slopes and over the parapet. Here a hand-to-hand fight occurred that lasted half an hour; both the Russian and Roumanian leaders were killed, and a heavy percentage of officers and men. And so, towards five o'clock, the Grivitza redoubt had beaten off all foes. Now, however, came a change. The reserve battalions of the Seventeenth regiment came up, and a small force of Roumanians. A new and well-conducted assault was made, and after a very spirited fight these allied troops forced their way in, and at darkness were masters of the long-coveted Grivitza redoubt. The fort and the ditch were floored with dead bodies, and this afternoon's attack on the stubborn little post had cost the Russians and Roumanians seventy-eight officers and 3,816 men.

We turn now to the Redoubt No. 10, in front of which the Sixty-third and One Hundred and Seventeenth regiments had already lost half their force. Two other regiments of the division were available, however, and while four batteries

blazed away at the redoubt from the west end of the Radischevo ridge, they pushed forward into the lower ground in front, then turned westward and strove to make headway against the fierce storm of musketry which greeted them. A strong force of Turks suddenly appeared on the heights to their right, and being terribly cut up by this cross-fire, the Russians at last reluctantly fell back, but fell back in sullen and disciplined order; for, when the Turks came swarming and yelling in mad pursuit, the two regiments halted, faced about, lay down and checked them with one steady, well-aimed volley, drove them back in disorder with another, and then in dignified defeat continued their retirement.

General Zotof meantime had sent over another brigade to replace the one so badly crippled during the morning, and now this new brigade tried its hand on Redoubt No. 10, but could get nowhere near it. At six P. M. all further attempt was abandoned; 110 officers and 5,200 men had been sacrificed in the mismanaged assaults on this one portion of the Turkish line.

Now turn to the extreme left, across the Lovtcha road, and we come once more to Skobeleff, still sovereign of the Green Hills. We left him at noon grimly hanging on to his extremely advanced position on the third and northernmost knoll, not a thousand yards from the trenches and rifle-pits stretching out from the very walls of the little city, and with redoubts bristling on every side of him. At two o'clock a strong skirmish line came up the northern slope of the third knoll, probably to develop his force, but the Sixty-second regiment drove them back with curiosity ungratified. At 2.30 P. M. his troops were all ready for an onward move, and were lying prone to escape the shelling. Crouching behind the crest of the third knoll were the Sixty-first and Sixty-second regiments in strong line, with the Seventh in easy supporting distance, while two battalions of rifles were in close reserve behind the leading regiments. Back on the second knoll were the Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth regiments and the guns and more rifle battalions.

Just at half-past two, Skobeleff blazed away with his guns over

the heads of his lines, and then, at three o'clock, sent the footmen in. With fine enthusiasm, with bands all playing, with thrilling battle-cry, the first lines pushed gallantly forward, crossed the little brook at the foot of the northern slopes, and then burst up the opposite bank to attack the strong earthworks. By this time, however, they were subjected to very severe fire, and so many fell that the men began to falter and throw themselves upon the ground. Instantly, the Seventh came charging forward in support, and once more they struggled on. Now the lines began to show so far up on the slopes as to be distinctly in range not only of the Krishin guns off to the southwest, but the redoubts across the valley beyond Plevna, both were hurling shells upon them in furious force; the musketry fire, too, was something fearful, and once more they threw themselves flat on the ground. Then it was that Skobeleff himself came dashing out to the front—the most conspicuous man on the field. Riding, as he always did, a mettlesome white horse, and wearing the glistering white uniform he always affected in battle, instead of the sombre field-dress of the Russian generals, he was at once the target for all sharpshooters and the centre of all eyes. Already the soldiers had begun to know and to glory in his personal daring, and now, animated by his superb appearance and his ringing words, aided, too, by the reinforcements tearing along after him, they made one grand and final effort, and at last charged home over the breastworks, carrying in with them, on their shoulders, it was said, their brilliant young leader. Though his horse was killed under him, and most of his staff shot down, Skobeleff himself was unhurt. He had lost 3,000 men in the desperate charge, but had carried the Turkish lines.

Still, there was no rest for him. All around were those blazing redoubts, and now they were concentrating their fire on his breathless men, vainly seeking shelter in the trenches they had won. The Turks came forth in savage sorties from all the surrounding works, were met and fairly driven back, and one redoubt was fairly and squarely taken. At six P. M. Skobeleff, with four regiments and the rifles, held all the Turkish works on the heights *near* and southwest of Plevna, and yet his position was

precarious in the last degree, for to the left and rear were three strong forts still manned by the Mussulmans, and their guns were booming at him every instant. Six hundred yards in front of him was the intrenched camp of the Turks; off to his right, beyond Plevna, the redoubts of the middle group; off to his right rear, across the valley of the Tutchenitza, Redoubt No. 10. He was surrounded by hostile guns. But he hung to his prize all night long, despite every effort of the Turks to dislodge him.

Morning of September 12th dawned clear and sparkling, and the grand duke had had enough of battle. Orders had been sent at daybreak to Skobeleff to fortify and hold to the last, the position he had won; but some hours later—probably after reading the reports of the fearful array of casualties in the previous day's assaults—the Russian leaders gave it up; sent word to Skobeleff they could afford him no aid; all troops were to be withdrawn, and virtually telling him to get out of the scrape as best he could. Lieutenant Greene points out clearly that there were still abundant troops that had not been under fire, and that could well have been sent to help Skobeleff; but, to make the matter short, the Russians had suffered too much already, and were glad to quit. After two days of extreme peril, of daring and devoted bravery, of scientific and masterly handling of his little division, Skobeleff succeeded in extricating his force; but he had lost 160 officers and 8,000 men, and when he got back to the main army, the third and last battle of Plevna was over. Russia's total losses in the assault and consequent fighting were 18,000 men. The Turks are said to have lost between 12,000 and 15,000.

And now Russia had to sit down before the gates of Plevna and try to starve out the men she could not whip. Osman Pasha had made a splendid defence, while the other two field commanders of the Turkish army were frittering away their forces and their opportunities. Soon the Russian reinforcements began to arrive in great numbers. The Guards all arrived by October 20th, and Russia's great engineer (Todleben) came to conduct the siege. Gourko hastened back from the Balkans to lend a hand, and, after severe battling at Gorni-Dubnik and Telis, the Turks were driven in, and securely penned in,

Plevna. On November 3d the investment was complete. In one great circle, some 120,000 Russians were day by day cutting off the lines of the stubborn defenders. The result was inevitable. Osman refused to surrender—refused to remain and be starved to death. He marshaled his men for one sublime effort —led a furious attack on the Grenadier corps to the west on the 10th of December, was wounded himself, and thoroughly defeated; and so at last, his provisions being exhausted, one-third of his force prostrate with wounds or illness, his ammunition well-nigh spent, and having made ever since July a most gallant and determined resistance to superior numbers, Osman Pasha surrendered on the 10th of December, 1877, to an enemy who received him with every manifestation of soldierly respect and courtesy.

And now, with Plevna fallen, there was little hope for Turkey. Gourko burst through the Balkans—this time near Sophia—and kept on to Philippopolis. The united army advanced on Adrianople, and the last shot of the war was fired in a cavalry skirmish at Tchorlu on the 29th. Finding that nothing else would stop the advance of the Russians on Constantinople, the Turks, despairing of assistance from England, "without the *hope* of which they would never have undertaken the war," signed an armistice which became the basis of the treaty of San Stefano, signed by the Powers on the 3d of March. By the terms of this, Turkey guaranteed: "1. The erection of Bulgaria into 'an autonomous tributary principality, with a national Christian Government and a native militia.' 2. The independence of Montenegro, with an increase of territory. 3. The independence of Roumania and Servia, with a territorial indemnity. 4. The introduction of administrative reforms into Bosnia and Herzegovina. 5. An indemnity in money to Russia for the expenses of the war."

But England saw menace to her interests in the terms of this treaty, and, mainly through her efforts, the representatives of all the great European Powers were speedily assembled at the German capital. Here were gathered the largest numbers of diplomatists who ever signed a treaty, and the treaty itself is said to have been the longest ever written. Known to history as "the

Congress of Berlin," this distinguished body signed, on July 13, 1878, an agreement by which upwards of 30,000 square miles of territory and 2,000,000 of population were handed back to the Porte, and other modifications were made which enabled Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury to return to England announcing "Peace with Honor."

The crime and blunder of the treaty of Berlin, which took from the Turks most of their fortresses and all hold on the valley of the Danube, were revealed in the disorders and brutalities of subsequent Turkish history.

PORT ARTHUR.

1894

BY TRUMBULL WHITE.

THE collision between Japan and China, while strange to those who were not familiar with Eastern affairs, was not a surprise to persons acquainted with Asiatic politics. China claimed to be the mistress of Asia, Japan aimed to exalt herself among the first-class powers of the civilized world. The collision was inevitable, and involved directly, nations whose total population included more than one-fourth of the human race, the progress of civilization in those countries, and the commercial and other interests of European and American nations.

In 1894, China, with scorn of western methods, faced Japan, adaptive, western-spirited, and possessing the prestige of a marvelous career during the two score years that had elapsed since America knocked at her doors. The result was that, during hardly more than the four months succeeding the declaration of war, the fighting power of China was destroyed, her economic resources exhausted, and she, herself, was forced to beg the mercy of Japan.

At first, the conflict was on the soil of Corea—for centuries a land of contention between China and Japan—although these two nations had, in 1876, united by treaty to recognize the independence of the Corean kingdom. Nevertheless, when the province of Chulla rebelled in 1894, the Corean government invoked the aid of China. Japan protested at once, and sent 5,000 soldiers into the distracted country; she demanded also,

immediate reforms, a declaration of independence, and the withdrawal of the Chinese forces. China refused these demands and soon afterward, Japan declared war against her. Before hostilities were formally declared, however, the armies and navies of China and Japan had several encounters, in which Japan was victorious in every instance.

On October 24th, Count Yamagata, commander-in-chief of the Japanese forces in Corea, threw a small force across the Yalu river, thus invading Chinese territory; and by the first of November, one Japanese army was safely installed on the north bank of the Yalu, with a second on the Kwang Tung peninsula. The capture of Kinchow followed, and on November 7th, the victorious Japanese occupied Talien-wan, where the Chinese had made a very poor defense, in spite of six large and strongly constructed forts, mounting eighty comparatively modern guns of various calibre. These guns, as well as large stores of ammunition fell into the hands of the Japanese. The Chinese—panic-stricken, fled to Port Arthur.

Port Arthur, or to give it its native name Lu-shun-kou, was the largest naval station possessed by the Chinese. Situated at the extreme southern end of the Liao-Tung peninsula, it had grown from a small village to a naval dockyard, boasting a large basin with a depth of twenty-five feet at low water. Spacious wharves and quays bordered this basin, and were connected with the workshops by a railroad. Two dry-docks were built for repairing ships of all sizes, from ironclads to torpedo vessels. Foundries and workshops were constructed on the most improved models, and containing the best modern machinery. The fact that the harbor was always free from ice, even in the coldest winters, added to its value. By the time of the beginning of the war, the number of houses had increased until they were able to contain a population of about 6,000, exclusive of the garrison. There were also two large temples, two theatres, and several banks, besides the necessary stores and warehouses.

The land defenses of Port Arthur consisted of nine small redoubts on the north and northeast, and three redoubts on the southwest. On the north side, a range of hills from 350 to 650

feet high, running from the sea to a shallow inlet of the harbor, enclosed the position. The tops of these hills were not more than 2,500 yards from the dockyard and town. The original line of defenses was still closer to the town, and on the northern side was only about 1,000 yards in advance of the vital point. The strongest part of the position was a group of three coast batteries surrounded by a continuous mud wall, and crowning a hill on the right of the entrance to the harbor.

Upon the outbreak of the war, these fortifications were strengthened, and the normal garrison of 4,000 men materially increased. The troops were drilled on European models, and the men who manned the heavy Krupp guns, were trained by a German artillerist. Within the defenses were the most recent scientific appliances, electric searchlights, torpedo factories, etc. The forts were connected by telephones. The harbor defenses consisted of submarine mines and a fleet of torpedo boats.

The Japanese army broke camp at Dojoshu village before Port Arthur at 1:00 A. M. on November 21st, and marching by circuitous and very difficult routes over the outlying hills, sometimes quite close to the sea at Pigeon Bay, got into line of battle before daylight. The moon was in the last quarter, and gave very little light; the sky was quite clear, and the weather dry and cool.

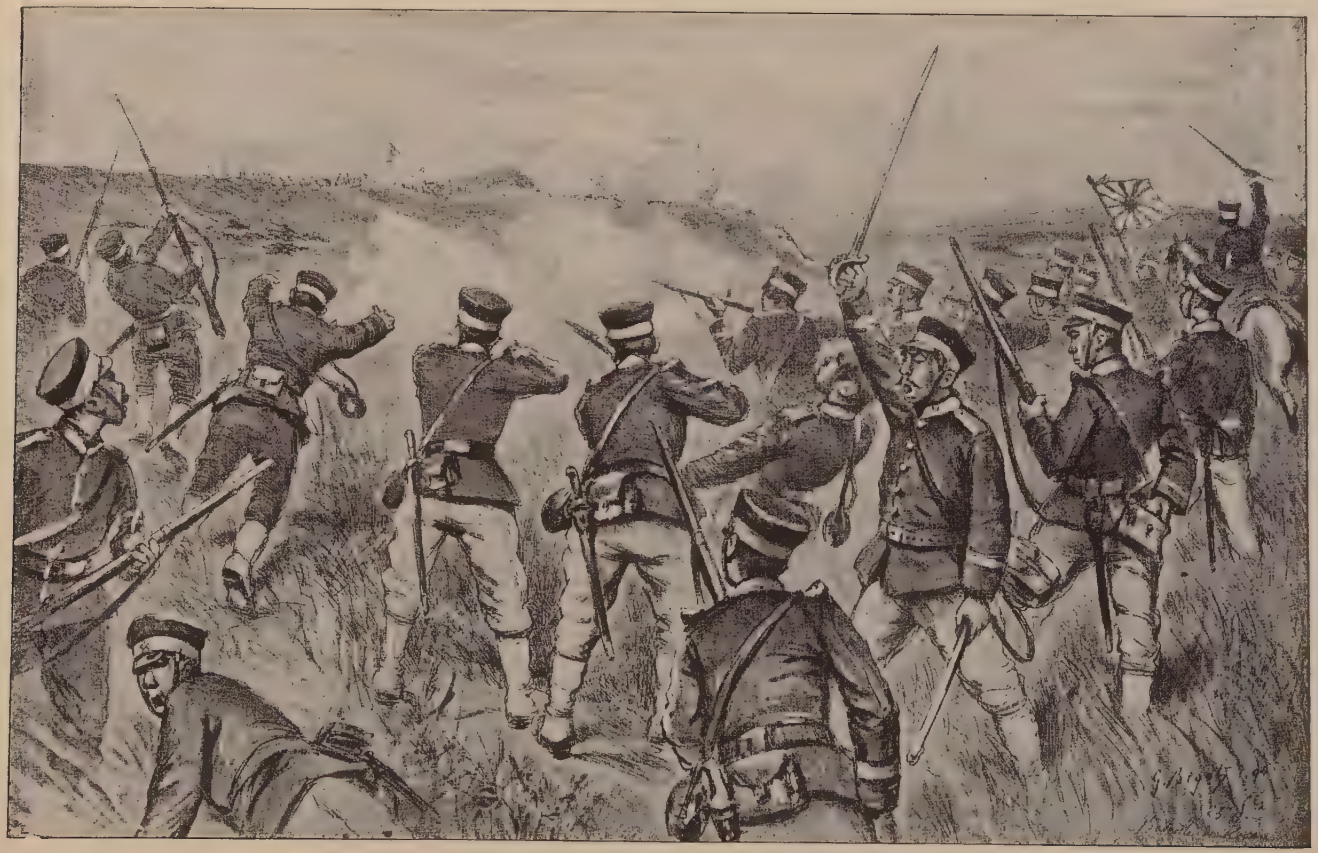
The key of the position was the northwest triple fort on Table Mountain, and there the whole weight of the opening attack was concentrated. The Japanese field marshal and his staff were mostly near the centre of the line, and the heavy siege artillery was planted on the best position available near the centre, and north to northeast of Port Arthur, five or six miles away, with Suishiyeh and the forts right opposite and well in range. The first division under General Yamaji occupied the right wing, and had the roughest and most broken country to traverse. Nine batteries of field and mountain guns were got into fine positions, on lofty ridges, nearly on the same level and almost within rifle shot of the forts; while behind the artillery lay large bodies of infantry ready for an attack. Brigadier-General Nishi had charge of the extreme right, and Brigadier-

General Nogi the right centre, near the field marshal. On the left, Brigadier-General Hasegawa had his mixed brigade rather wider apart, as the hills were not near enough to aid greatly in an assault on the forts; nor were the hills very good as artillery positions. Hasegawa had only two batteries, but the flying column under Lieutenant-Colonel Masamitsu, that had moved from San-ju-li Ho on the south shore road was with him, and had a mountain battery, besides two battalions of infantry and a thousand cavalry.

The first shot was fired within two or three minutes of seven o'clock, from a battery of thirty guns, just as the day was becoming light enough for gun fire. Then for an hour the Japanese guns blazed into the Table-Top forts, which with their guns of all sizes kept up a spirited reply. In the forts, and in the rifle pits on the hillside under the walls, were about one thousand infantry; near the Japanese batteries, trenches had been dug in the stony ground during the night, and sheltered ravines had been carefully selected, where practically the whole of the first division, at least 10,000 men, lay in wait. During the first half-hour, the Chinese forts sent 300 shells at the Japanese trenches, but the elevation was too high, and not a man was killed.

Meanwhile, the Japanese were getting the range, although the dense morning mist and the thick clouds of smoke prevented accurate fire.

The opening shot of the day, from the Japanese lines, which all watched with intense interest, struck within five yards of a Krupp gun in the nearest of the three forts. The closeness of this shot, in semi-darkness, was a fair indication of what followed. One by one the Chinese guns ceased fire toward eight o'clock, and suddenly a great shouting came across the valley from the fort. The Japanese infantry were singing a march song as they charged the forts, and in a few minutes a huge cheer ran all along the line over the hilltops and in the valleys where the rest of the Japanese were, and great cries of "Kot-ta—Victory!" The Chinese emptied their guns and small arms as the Japanese swarmed up on three



JAPANESE INFANTRY ATTACKING A CHINESE POSITION.

sides, firing every few yards and then rushing forward. The Chinese, not numerous enough for hand-to-hand combat, waited no longer, but fled over the edge of the hill, down to the fortified camps before the town, and the Table Mountain forts displayed the flag of the "Rising Sun."

After this first success, the rest of the battle was practically little more than a question of time, although there was still a great deal of hard fighting to follow. Neither side had yet lost more than fifty or sixty in killed and wounded, and there were still many thousand Chinese soldiers to be considered. Had the forts been fully manned with plenty of picked marksmen, they should have cost the invaders several hundreds if not thousands of lives, and should have held out longer. And, if the Chinese artillery fire had been as accurate and steady as the Japanese, the vast difference in position and shelter should have more than compensated for the disparity in numbers. Careful planning, rapidity of attack, and individual bravery were all on the Japanese side. The Chinese did not, indeed, run at the sound of the Japanese fire. They stood their ground manfully and tried their best to shoot straight, up to the last minute; but they never attempted to face the foe hand-to-hand, to "Die in the last ditch."

Only one definite counter-attack was made; a large force,—some 2,000 of Chinese infantry with a few cavalry, marched out and around the hills westward, nort of the Port Arthur lagoon, to turn the Japanese right flank. General Yamaji, who had kept under fire, and near the front, throughout the day, detected the attempt at once, and dispatched Brigadier-General Nishi with the third regiment and the mountain battery, to meet it. The extremely rough, broken country rendered movement slow, and this part of the battle dragged on until the afternoon.

The second regiment had occupied the Isusen forts shortly after eight o'clock, and the artillery was then ordered forward. The guns had come on late from Talien-wan, by forced marches night and day, over a very difficult route, and only arrived at Dojoshu on the night of the 20th. The same night twenty of these large guns had been placed in position, north and west of

Suishiyeh, and from one to three kilometers from the nearest forts. They were supported by the whole of the first division, 15,000 men, less 2,400 men detailed to garrison Kinchow and Talien-wan. Deducting also the regiment of 2,400 sent to head off the flank movement in the west, there were 10,000 left before the Table Mountain forts. Not more than a third actually took part in the storming. Midway between the camp at Dojoshu and the large village of Suishiyeh, Field-Marshal Oyama and his staff remained during the first part of the day, communicating his orders by aides-de-camp, never by flag, or flash signal, or bugle, to Yamaji and Hasegawa on the left.

While Yamaji was attacking the northwest forts, Hasegawa engaged the attention of the northeast forts, in order to prevent them from concentrating fire on the Japanese right. The Chinese right wasted their energy on almost bare country, while the weight of the Japanese attack fell on the almost entirely isolated Chinese left, and by the time the Chinese discovered their mistake it was too late. The Shoju, or Pine Tree Hill forts opened a heavy fire across Suishiyeh plain, on the hills occupied by the Japanese; but Isu was already finished and the whole weight of Japanese artillery was centred on the largest Shoju fort. Thus, the Japanese right wing, which had been briefly threatened by the forts on its left and the Chinese column on its right, was never really in any danger, for while the third regiment under Nishi was storming Isu, the second regiment with its back to the third, beat off the enemy's infantry, and the mountain, field, and siege batteries gave Shoju far more than it could face.

It was surprising how the Chinese stood to their guns; they worked like heroes and aimed their guns well. But what could a fort or a half-dozen of forts do, against fifty guns hidden in the mountains, moving to get better positions when possible, and firing systematically and simultaneously at one point.

A furious fusilade was maintained by both sides for nearly two hours; but the Chinese shots got wilder and wilder as the Japanese improved, until finally the Shoju magazine blew up and set fire to the sheds inside of the forts. Then, shortly after

eleven o'clock, Hasegawa charged all along the line, and took all the eight forts, one by one. The big Shoju fort, which had done such determined work was evacuated as soon as it caught fire, and for two hours afterward the ruined woodwork burned, and the piles of ammunition continued to explode. The second largest fort, Liang Leong, or Double Dragon, held out longest. Twice the Japanese advancing along a ravine, tried to break cover and rush up the hill, but were met by bombs from the mortars, and had to get back into shelter and try musketry again. Again they came up magnificently at their officers' call, and scrambled up the mountain side in the teeth of a galling cross fire. At the ramparts, not a Chinaman remained. They fled from fort to fort along the high wall, firing as they went, and making a stand at every point, till too close for rifles. All over the hills they were chased, and for many miles around, hardly a hundred yards could be passed without sight of a Chinese corpse. Those who escaped got down into the town with the main body of the Chinese army.

Meanwhile, there had been heavy firing, chiefly from infantry, between Suishiyeh, Isu and Port Arthur. There was a flat tract about three miles square, with low ridges of mud and stones across, behind which the Chinese riflemen lay. They had tried to make a stand about the walled camps below Isu, but shells and shrapnel soon cleared them out. The Japanese then mustered in the same place about 2,000 men from the right wing and right centre, their troops increasing in number every minute, and ready to force the town itself. Between these camps and the big drill ground at the entrance to Port Arthur were some 3,000 Chinese in skirmishing order, making the most of every bit of cover and firing desperately. Behind them, the Chinese field guns, some dozen in number, tried to locate the enemy and occasionally succeeded; one shell shattered a corner of the largest camp, where a dense body of Japanese stood behind the wall waiting for orders, and killed several of them. Still farther back, a big hill which threatened the town swarmed with riflemen, who were sheltered by piles of stones and abundantly supplied with ammunition. Last of all,

the shore forts were firing a little, but could not aid much in the melée.

Steadily the Japanese crept forward from cover to cover, assisted by artillery from Suishiyeh, until the parade ground and the general's pavilion overlooking it had been mastered and cleared, and nothing remained but the trenches of Boulder hill, or Hakugoku, the town itself, and the shore forts. Along the south of the parade ground ran a broad, shallow stream that came down the Suishiyeh valley, flowing into a creek west of Hakugoku. Three times the Japanese came out from behind the parade ground wall, to cross the bridge, but were driven back by a withering hail of bullets. At last they forced it, rushed across with a cheer, and spread out over the face of the hill, pursuing the Chinese up to the town itself. The second regiment fired volleys as it advanced on the town. Not a shot was fired in reply. The battle was over as far as Port Arthur was concerned.

The Japanese fleet was not inactive during the assault by the land forces. At 10:30 A. M. the Japanese vessels, comprising the Matsusima, Chiyoda, Itsukusima, Hasidate, Yoshino, Naniwa, Akitsushima, Takachiho, Fuso, Hiyei, and Kongo steamed past Port Arthur, rounding the promontory. The Chiyoda here began to fire shells over the forts at a very long range. At 4:00 o'clock the fleet returned, passing Port Arthur again, at a distance of about six miles, and one of the big forts fired at the Chiyoda, but failed to hit her. The Japanese admiral did not respond to the fire nor alter his course, but steamed slowly on. A few minutes later, as the Chinese troops were hurrying down to the harbor, ten torpedo boats dashed from the Japanese fleet, separating in pairs and firing three-pounder Hotchkiss guns at the exposed soldiers. The fire was briskly responded to by one fort to the left of the harbor, but not a single shot told. A steamer which had towed a junk out of Port Arthur, was cut off on her return and ran ashore, where the crew deserted her and took to the hills.

As the Japanese troops reached the edge of the town, driving the Chinese before them, a halt was called before the army

marched in, as the force was not yet assembled in strength. This delay enabled the Chinese to take to boats, and scores of sampans and junks were soon moving off, some over the lagoon to the mountain fastnesses of Lao-tieh-shan promontory in the southwest, and some out to sea, in full view of the Japanese fleet. When the first division was all assembled before the town, with the left wing to the northeast in case the enemy should rally and try to dash out, the order was given to enter the town and storm the inner fort, Golden Hill. The second regiment led, firing volleys file by file through the streets, past the docks, and the burning army stores, up the hill, and into Ogunsan, which was practically abandoned without an effort at defense.

During the evening Hasegawa's brigade went over the hills, and occupied the two eastern shore forts called the "Mule's Jaws." The following morning Yamaji's first regiment marched around the lagoon and occupied the peninsula forts, which had been deserted during the night. The Chinese had vanished, but later it was found that most of them got away along the beach past Hasegawa, and the rest westward, in small parties under cover of darkness. In such a wide stretch of hilly country, it was easy to conceal themselves if they once escaped from the vicinity of their foes. Port Arthur was in full possession of Marshal Oyama, with the fleet under Admiral Ito safe in the harbor.

Before relating the execrable deeds which followed the taking of Port Arthur, it is well to glance at Japanese treatment of the wounded, in former battles. In 1877, during the Satsuma rebellion, a benevolent society was founded in Japan, to aid and care for the sick and wounded—enemies as well as friends, after the manner of the European Red Cross societies. This organization distinguished itself admirably, and in 1886, when Japan declared its adhesion to the Geneva Convention, the "Hakuaisha" was reorganized and formally enrolled on the international list of Red Cross societies. In 1893, its membership had reached nearly 30,000, including members of the royal family.

During the war with China, scores and hundreds of Chinese

wounded were received and treated with the same care that was given the Japanese, in the permanent military hospital at Hiroshima. In Corea there were two hospitals managed by the Red Cross society, and at the front the society had a staff of doctors, nurses and attendants, as well as ample hospital supplies. At the beginning of hostilities, the Japanese minister of war issued a proclamation, enjoining humanity upon all his soldiers, and stating that Chinese atrocities committed in ignorance as to the true meaning of humanity, must not be imitated in retaliation.

In view of these facts, it is difficult to reconcile the pretensions to enlightened civilization which the Japanese had claimed, with the horrible atrocities committed by the victorious army, during the days following the capture of Port Arthur.

Only those who saw the acts of inhuman barbarity, can justly describe the scenes during the massacre of the whole remaining population of Port Arthur—between 2,000 and 3,000—without distinction of age or sex. Said the correspondent of the London *Times* twelve days after the massacre:

"What happened after Port Arthur fell into Japanese hands, it would have been impossible and even dangerous to report while on the spot. At the earliest possible moment, every foreign correspondent escaped from the horrifying scene to a place where freedom of speech would be safe; and as we sailed away from Port Arthur on the Nagoto Maru eight days ago, almost astonished to find ourselves escaping alive from the awful epidemic of incredible brutality, the last sounds we heard were those of shooting, of wanton murder, continued the fifth day after the great battle. When the Japanese army entered Port Arthur on the 21st, beginning a little after two o'clock in the afternoon, the Chinese had resisted desperately till the last, retreating slowly from cover to cover, until they got back among the buildings on the outskirts of the town. Then at last all resistance ceased; they were thoroughly defeated, and made a stampede through the streets trying to hide or to escape, east or west as best they might. I was on the brow of a steep hill called 'White Boulders,' in Japanese Hakugoku, commanding a

close view of the whole town at my feet. When I saw the Japanese march in, firing up the streets and into the houses, chasing and killing every live thing that crossed their path, I looked hard for the cause. I saw practically every shot fired, and I swear positively that not one came from any but Japanese. I saw scores of Chinese hunted out of cover, shot down, and hacked to pieces, and never a man made any attempt to fight. All were in plain clothes, but that meant nothing, for the soldiers flying from death got rid of their uniforms how they might. Many went down on their knees, supplicating with heads bent to the ground in kowtow, and in that attitude were butchered mercilessly by the conquering army. Those who fled were pursued and sooner or later were done to death. Never a shot came from a house as far as I could see, and I could hardly believe my eyes, for, as my letters have shown, the indisputable evidence of previous proceedings had filled me with admiration of the gentle Japanese. So I watched intensely for the slightest sign of cause, confident that there must be some, but I saw none whatever. If my eyes deceived me, others were in the same plight; the military attaches of England and America were also on Boulder hill and were equally amazed and horrified. It was a gratuitous ebullition of barbarism they declared, a revolting repudiation of pretended humanity.

"Gun shots behind us turned our attention to the north creek leading into the broad lagoon. Here swarms of boats were moving away to the west, loaded to twice their normal limit with panic-stricken fugitives, men, women, and children, who had stayed too late in the beleaguered town. A troop of Japanese cavalry with an officer, was at the head of the creek, firing seaward, slaughtering all within range. An old man and two children of ten and twelve years had started to wade across the creek; a horseman rode into the water and slashed them a dozen times with his sword. The sight was more than mortal man could stand. Another poor wretch rushed out at the back of a house as the invaders entered the front door, firing promiscuously. He got into a back lane, and a moment later found himself cornered between two fires. We could hear his

cry for quarter as he bowed his head in the dust three times; the third time he rose no more, but fell on his side, bent double in the posture of petition for the greatly vaunted mercy of the Japanese, who stood ten paces off and exultantly emptied their guns into him.

"More of these piteous deaths we saw, unable to stay the hands of the murderers; more and more, far more than one can relate, until sick and saddened beyond the power of words to tell, we slowly made our way in the gathering gloom down the hill, picking a path through rifle-pits thick with Chinese cartridge cases, and back to headquarters. There at the Chinese general's pavilion, facing a spacious parade ground, Field-Marshal Oyama and all his officers assembled, amid the strains of strange music from the military band, now a weird, characteristic Japanese march, now a lively French waltz, and ending with the impressive national anthem, 'Kaminoga,' and a huge roar from twenty thousand throats, 'Banzai Nippon!' All were overflowing with enthusiastic patriotism and the delight of a day's work done, a splendid triumph after a hard fought fight; none of the Japanese dreamed that their guests from the west were filled with horror, indignation and disgust. It was a relief to get away from that flood of fiendish exultation, to escape from the effusive glee of our former friends, who would overwhelm us with their attention which we loathed like caresses from the ghouls of hell. To have to remain among men who could do what we had seen, was little short of torture.

"Robbed of our sleep on the eve of the battle, and utterly exhausted, we lay long next morning until the sound of shooting roused us. To our surprise and dismay we found that the massacre of Wednesday, which might have been explained though certainly not excused on the ground of excitement in the heat of battle, the flush of victory, and the knowledge of dead comrades mutilated, was being continued in cold blood now. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday were spent by the soldiery in murder and pillage from dawn to dark, in mutilation, in every conceivable kind of nameless atrocity, until the town became a ghastly Inferno to be remembered with a fearsome shudder until

THE JAPANESE AT PORT ARTHUR.

one's dying day. I saw corpses of women and children, three or four in the streets, more in the water; I stooped to pick some of them out to make sure that there could be no possibility of mistake. Bodies of men strewed the streets in hundreds, perhaps thousands, for we could not count—some with not a limb unsevered, some with heads hacked, cross-cut, and split lengthwise, some ripped open, not by chance but with careful precision, down and across, disemboweled and dismembered, with occasionally a dagger or bayonet thrust in private parts. I saw groups of prisoners tied together in a bunch with their hands behind their backs, riddled with bullets for five minutes, and then hewn in pieces. I saw a junk stranded on the beach, filled with fugitives of either sex and of all ages, struck by volley after volley until—I can say no more.

"Meanwhile, every building in the town was thoroughly ransacked, every door burst open, every box and closet, every nook and cranny looted. What was worth taking was taken, and the rest destroyed or thrown into the gutter. Even Mr. Hart, Reuter's war correspondent on the Chinese side, whom we found when we entered Port Arthur, was robbed of everything but the clothes he had on, while his cook and two scully boys in the same house were shot at their kitchen stove, while doing nothing but their regular work. Mr. Hart himself had told the Chinese hotel keeper before the battle not to leave the town, because the Japanese would certainly do no harm to citizens or property. So thoroughly had been the discipline maintained, and so perfect the show of civilized methods in warfare, that the present outburst of cold-blooded brutality was the very last thing to have been thought possible.

"The Japanese alleged that the populace of the town had been armed with guns and express ammunition, and that the army when entering the town had been attacked from the houses. I did afterward find cartridges such as these lying about; but I never saw one fired. I never saw any attack from the houses. I saw the Japanese firing before they entered, and as they entered, without intermission.

"The Japanese who had been wounded and killed or cap-

tured in several skirmishes before the day of the battle, had been horribly mutilated by the Chinese. We saw several bodies along the line of march, and it is said others were found in the town, with hands and heads cut off, stomachs opened, etc. And some were burned at Kinchow, and one said to be burned in Port Arthur. Moreover, placards have been found offering rewards and stating prices, for heads, hands, or prisoners. So the Japanese soldiers swore revenge, and they carried out their vow thoroughly in barbarous eastern style. All that can be said is that the Chinese committed nameless atrocities which the Japanese repaid a hundredfold.

"It is unavoidable that innocent persons must be killed in war. I do not blame the Japanese for that alone; Chinese soldiers dress as peasants and retain their weapons, and attack when they can, under cover of disguise. It therefore becomes excusable to some extent to regard all Chinese as enemies, with or without uniform; in that the Japanese are plainly justified. But regarding them as enemies, it is not humanity to kill them; they should be taken alive. I saw hundreds killed after being captured and tied. Perhaps that is not barbarity; at any rate it is the truth. On the day of the battle, soldiers fresh from the excitement of a hard struggle cannot help being somewhat bloodthirsty, perhaps. At any rate their nerves are tense, their blood is up, they are violently excited. Not that it is right to be so, but it is usual. But the battle was on the 21st, and still on the 25th, after four nights' sleep, the slaughter was continued. Some allowance must be made for the intense indignation of the soldiers whose comrades had been mutilated by the Chinese. Indignation is perfectly justifiable; the Japanese were quite right to feel incensed. But why should they express themselves in the very same barbarous manner? Is it because they are also barbarous at heart like the Chinese? Of course they say 'No.' Then they will have to prove it, for the fact remains that a dozen white men saw these Japanese commit these savageries for four clear days after the day of the fight."

The story of the New York *World's* correspondent was as graphic and as shocking in its details, and included many of

the same sights which were related by Cowan. He said in part: "The story of the taking of Port Arthur will be one of the blackest pages in history. An easy victory over a Chinese mob, and the possession of one of the most powerful strongholds in the world, was too great a strain upon the Japanese character, which relapsed in a few hours back to the state from which it awakened a generation ago. Almost the entire population found in Port Arthur have been massacred, and the work of butchering unarmed and unresisting inhabitants has continued day after day until the streets are choked with corpses. The march upon helpless Peking or a surrender of China to her foe is a small matter in its vital significance compared with this appalling crime against the nineteenth century, at a moment when Japan asks to be admitted as an equal into the family of civilized nations. The Japanese lost about fifty dead and 250 wounded in carrying a fortress that would have cost them 10,000 men had it been occupied by European or American troops, and yet the sense of uncontrolled power which let loose the savagery which had been pent up in the Japanese under the external forms of civilization, has proved the utter incapability of the nation to stand the one sure test. Japan stands disgraced before the world. She has violated the Geneva convention, dishonored and profaned the Red Cross, and banished humanity and mercy from her councils. Victory and a new lust for dominion have set her mad.

"All attempts to justify the massacre of the wretched people of Port Arthur and the mutilation of their bodies, are mere after-thoughts. The evidence is clear and overwhelming that it was the sudden breaking down of Japanese civilization under the stress of conscious power. The tremendous facts revealed by the war so far are, that there is practically no Chinese army in existence; that Japan has been arraying herself in the outward garb of civilization, without having gone through the process of moral and intellectual development necessary to grasp the ideas upon which modern civilization is founded; that Japan at heart is a barbarous nation, not yet to be trusted with sovereign power over the lives and property of civilized men. Up to the

moment Port Arthur was entered I can bear witness that both of her armies now in the field were chivalrous and generous to the enemy. There was not a stain on her flag. But it was all blind sentiment. The Japanese were playing with the Red Cross as with a new toy and their leaders were never weary of calling the attention of other nations to the spectacle."

The variety of explanations offered to excuse the atrocities was considerable. It was reported from Port Arthur a few days after the charges had been made, that the capture of the place was indeed marked by regrettable excesses, but the offenders were not regular soldiers. It was said that the night after the capture of the stronghold, a number of coolies attached to the army as laborers came into the town from the camps. These men carried swords, in order to obviate the necessity of always having regular troops told off for their protection. Unfortunately they obtained access to some Chinese stores of liquor, and became intoxicated. While in this condition they were reminded of the atrocious cruelties committed by the Chinese upon defenseless Japanese prisoners, and became frenzied. All the coolies practically ran amuck, and no Chinaman whom they met was spared. It was declared that some of the coolies were at once arrested, and that Marshal Oyama was already investigating the affair, when he received instructions from imperial headquarters at Hiroshima to institute a rigorous inquiry.

The barbarities practiced by the Chinese against the Japanese, which resulted in atrocious retaliation, were fully corroborated from many sources. A correspondent of the American Bible Society wrote thus from Shanghai:

"The reported inhuman atrocities of the Chinese are fully confirmed. They were guilty of barbarities too revolting to mention. A scouting party of Japanese, including an interpreter, were captured by the Chinese near Port Arthur just before the attack on the fortress. They were fastened to stakes by nails through their shoulders, burned alive, and then quartered and their ghastly remains stuck up on poles by the roadside. Some Japanese members of the Red Cross society were captured by the Chinese soldiers and flayed alive. During the attack on

Port Arthur the defenders used explosive bullets. Is it any wonder that the Japanese generals issued the order that no quarter should be shown? The track of the retreating army has been marked by pillage, rapine, wanton destruction and outrage, so that the people welcome the Japanese."

From a military point of view, the capture of Port Arthur by the Japanese was an event of the first importance, while its moral effect and its consequent influence upon the diplomatic situation was very great. It transferred from one side to the other, all the advantages of a fully equipped arsenal and dockyard, occupying a commanding strategical position, and therefore modified all the conditions, naval as well as military, of the campaign. It made the defense more hopeless than ever, and extended the chain of Chinese disaster.

While the war was virtually ended by the fall of Port Arthur, Wei-Hai-Wei was yet to be bombarded and surrendered, and minor engagements took place between the armies. After the complete rout of the armies and navies of China, Li Hung Chang, the Chinese viceroy, proceeded to Japan to negotiate a peace, and while there his life was attempted by a Japanese fanatic; whereupon, the Japanese Emperor commanded an armistice.

This was followed by the treaty of Shimonoseki, which was agreed to in April, 1895. By its terms, China surrendered all claim to Corea, and ceded to Japan part of Manchuria. She agreed further, to pay a war idemnity of 200,000,000 taels. She consented, finally, to extend greatly the commercial privileges of foreigners, to permit the introduction of machinery, and the establishment of warehouses in the interior of the empire. But, at this juncture, Russia intervened, objecting strenuously to the cession of Manchuria. The Japanese, rather than enter upon a desperate struggle with so great a power, yielded to this "friendly demand," and the modified treaty was ratified early in the month of May. This was followed at once, by a commercial treaty between China and Russia.

SANTIAGO.

1898

BY HENRY F. KEENAN.

THE public mind—that is, the mind of the people of the United States, was in much agitation during the early summer of 1898, over the somewhat heedless landing of a battalion of marines on the Southern coast of Cuba, an expedition ostensibly to prepare the way for the seizure of the city and harbor of Santiago, where the fleet of the Spanish admiral, Cervera, had found shelter. The narrative of the landing of the marines, their strangely inhuman exposure to ambuscaded guerillas, on a densely wooded plateau, was received by the country with something of the incredulous anger that followed the massacre of Balls' Bluff, while the rebellion was in its first stages. It seemed an augury of fatally feeble council at headquarters, and the impugned strategists in Washington were compelled to prepare a diversion. The army must do something, or the country would revolt from the agencies in control.

But there were reasons of a military character, that forbade an attack upon the Cuban capital before the fever season had come to an end. Santiago was less liable to the ravages of the plague, and it was suddenly determined to despatch the only force available for active operations, to that point, and attempt the reduction of the city.

The Fifth Army Corps under Major-General William R. Shafter, sailed from Tampa on June 14th. The tawny coasts, the dreary stretches of sand, the exotic foliage of Southern

Florida, had been for weeks as well known to the eager kinsmen of the assembled soldiers, as the White House at Washington or Grant's tomb at Riverside Park. The people, to the uttermost ends of the republic, knew from day to day, the numbers, condition and status of the expedition. Depressing hints of an inadequate commissariat and an ineffective medical train had inkled northward, and lent new vigor to the Red Cross activities. But the note that struck loudest and bore most encouragingly upon the country was, the feeling of the ranks for action. They panted for war, now that they had outgrown the novelty of its forms and pageantry.

Among the 16,000 men that comprised Shafter's army, was a regiment which became the joy of the paragraphers and the pundits of the press. Theodore Roosevelt, a rich, young New Yorker, who had figured frequently as a reformer in the insurrections of New York City politics during the last decade, resigned the responsible place of assistant secretary of the navy, to become a subaltern in a regiment designed to do and dare. Under the characteristic designation of the "Rough Riders," Roosevelt almost in a day, gathered the most desperate groups of the republic's adventurers. The recruits came from the scholastic seclusion of Harvard, from the wild life of the plains, from the gilded clubs of the metropolis, the Capauan splendors of millionaire palaces. The cowboy and the dude, the pioneer and the dilettante jostled each other in the ranks that were formed almost in a day. The gathering of this unique organization, the roster of its bizarre personalities, was read from day to day, with delight and laughter. The drilling and disciplining of the mass, the Cœsan gifts of the privates to the regiment, the readiness of the aristocratic contingent to fall into the squalid details of camp life, made a page of piquant interest for the whole country.

Roosevelt, himself, was the most interesting figure; a man of letters, eager, impulsive, absorbed in everything he undertook, he was indulgently admired by even those who distrusted his sagacity or opposed his ideals.

In his new endeavor, Roosevelt brought the same irrestrain-

able energy to the task that had given him eminence in other enterprises. He mastered the rubric of the tactics and set to work to drill his motley legion with the assiduous delight of a Prussian martinet. In the long journey from the regiment's rendezvous, at San Antonio, Texas, to Tampa, the Rough Riders were a magnet to the inhabitants from far and near. The farmers and villagers who had read for years of the "400" of New York, flocked to the railway, to catch a glimpse of the scions of these mysterious potencies, transformed into private soldiers of the republic. The famous athletes, the notorious cowboys, the equivocal of mining camps and Buffalo Bill shows, were no less embodiments of wonder to the country through which the squadrons passed. In every city they were fêted, caressed, glorified. But for that matter, no body of men bearing the insignia of the republic were neglected, as the trains bearing them, dragged an uncertain course to the decisive point of embarkation. We shall see them in the strain and storm of cruel trial, and find that the touch of one hand, impressed some of the rare qualities, that make steadfast troops—but even in the almost bouffe heroism, we shall likewise see that soldiers are not made, officers are not created by mere proclamations.

The eager troops had been sweltering and repining on the transports seven days, when the start was definitely made. Every man of the cramped mass knew the fleet by sight: every man invented a pastime to lull the hours and cheat disease of its prey. But within a day of embarkation, an army with banners could not have been more terrible to the imprisoned host than the decks and deeps of the vessels. Life at sea is trying at best; language fails to describe its torments, when men are packed together, leaving barely space to stretch out in compact lines on every superficial foot of deck and cabin. But it was of excellent augury for the metal of the crusaders, that Yankee-like, they made these discomforts subjects for joke, the deprivations, hilarious sarcasms. Yet, historically, this continent had never witnessed a spectacle so imposing as the sweep of this armada from the Florida sand dunes. Even the facile pens of the literary corps, could not, like the Egyptian wizard, repro

duce from a well of ink, the majestic panorama of the sea pageant, the mile on mile of ships brilliant in color, animated by eager forms, moving in rhythmic unision over the opaline waters, through the endless expanse of tranquil sea. The head of the fleet faded in the purple mists of the horizon, while the rear was emerging from the squalors of Tampa. As a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, a fleet of transports is only as swift as its slowest craft; hence the journey Cubaward never exceeded seven miles an hour. Hearts beat high as the majestic line moved in the solemnity of the sea, straight southward Night fell and the pageant was eclipsed. Lights were forbidden. Under the luminous radiance of the tropic stars, the wondrous beauty of the sea was still visible; the eager thousands hung over the rails to note what came to pass. The borealis play of lightning that illuminates the southern skies added to the enchanting mystery of the scene. The least sentimental felt the glow of rapture the poets profess, over beauty so perfect, so whimsically in contrast with the mission of the spectres speeding over the soft summer sea.

It required twenty-four hours to get the tail end of the fleet on the high seas, that is far beyond the Florida Keys, while the head was skirting Cuban waters. Never had this generation beheld a spectacle so imposing; even the armaments, though vast during the Civil War, Butler's, Banks' and Burnsides' did not number so many vessels nor so many troops, in a single expedition, for besides the forty or more vessels of transports, there was a squadron of war ships to guard against the possibility of attack by the enemy. The battleship Indiana, steamed far in advance, the eye of the armada. It was the twentieth—the sixth day from the setting out at Tampa, that the ship-worn thousands saw with wonder and relief, the purple horizon above the waters of Santiago. Every man knew then the secret, so resolutely maintained during the month of waiting and the week of sailing. To the Spaniards, neither the sailing of the fleet, its direction nor number, even its probable destination, were a mystery. For as the straggling line hugged the coast, signal after signal went up from the headlands, and knowing

the capacities of the transports, the coming force could be estimated to a man. Even the probable objective must have been divined, when the head of the column passed the eastern capes and swung westward toward Guantanamo and Sampson's sentries before Santiago. The thousands were worn with confinement; land never uprose more hospitably inviting than the serrated terraces that spread under the eager eyes of impatient throngs. Death or glory, or both, lurked in the mysterious deeps beyond, but at least the limbs would be free; the hateful duress of the ship, the torturing sounds of the machinery, the deathly smells would be gone.

Baiquiri, the spot chosen for disembarkation, is a picture of nature in its most striking conformation of mountain, sky and water. The hamlet lurks furtively at the base of a mountain spur, that seems to rise sheer 1,200 feet in the air. This immense mountain wall is indented irregularly, making room for little bights, accessible to small craft. Streams, when there is no rain, glide in crystal purity through the wondrous herbage. Plateau and plain intermingle in quick succession, as the land is penetrated inward and upward. To the seaworn soldiers the whole range of valleys and precipice, cliff and plateau, took on the reality of Robinson Crusoe's isle; for among the glistening palms and giant foliage, could be seen cocoanuts, mangoes and other delights of the parched stomach. For twelve hours Shafter's legions were boys on a picnic, lost in the wonder and delight of the embodied reality of lifelong dreams. But the haven of delight was not easily attained; the sea leaping and gamboling on the rocky ledges, sent up veils and volleys of spray, that drenched the lighters, the wading ranks, the over-eager thousands. Nor was the picture devoid of wonder, even to eyes accustomed to military pageantry.

The army was debarked with every evidence of improvised material. By the favoring chance of clear weather at the very time storms were the rule, the soldiers were carried through the surf to the shore in front of a hamlet variously called Baiquiri and Daiquiri. No intimation had been given of the point selected for the landing of the army, and there was a fever of

wild conjecture until Cervera's presence in Santiago bay suggested the value of that town for a military enterprise. The point selected, offered many advantages for the base of an army of invasion bent on a prize so tempting as the fleet of Cervera and the army of occupation. Furthermore, the town had the very appreciable advantage of cable communication with the continent, for the French line had its terminus there. But there the invitation ended—indeed nothing could well be more uninviting for the display of grand tactics or Napoleonic strategy, than the hideous sixteen miles of nature at its wildest, between Siboney and Santiago. The land rises sheer from the sea, and buttresses two colossal ridges of the mountain plateaux, extending all along the coast, save where broken by spectral streams or yawning chasms. To make the roads passable for artillery, the whole army would be forced to turn into pioneer corps. Sherman's corduroying campaign in the Carolinas seemed an ordinary task compared to that confronting the men who were anxious only to fight, according to the daily asseveration of the newspaper Xenophons!

While the mass was gathering itself together gaily and confidently, the two squadrons of the Rough Riders that accompanied the expedition, set out adventurously in the direction of the enemy and Santiago. There seems to have been no thought of the rudimentary operations of invasion—a careful reconnoissance of the country the army must pass over. There were bands of Cubans at the service of the general staff—men who presumably knew the routes or the surfaces capable of being made available for forward movements. But until a heavy cost had been exacted, their knowledge was not utilized. The Rough Riders, brave to temerity, took no precaution to scour the thickets either immediately in front, in the path they were following, or the lateral spaces on either hand. Even a less enterprising foe than the Spaniard would have been inspired to sanguinary surprises by such unqualifiable laxity.

Pushing gaily through the dense growth of chapparal—a hedge fashioned by nature more obstructive than the *chevaux de frise* of the military engineer, the thin column was beset

when out of reach of support, by bands of invisible ambuscaders. The volleys crackling from dense curtains of green, where no smoke gave a clue to the point of danger, forced the only tactics in such a case—a futile charge. The Rough Riders proved that they were of the stuff fine soldiers are made of. They did not break in a panic, as better disciplined soldiers have done when caught at the same disadvantage. The scion of a family of distinction was one of the first victims. When the news reached New York, tenfold importance was given the skirmish. That the elect of all the troops, the Rough Riders, should have been victims of inconsiderate haste in moving, seemed doubly derelict to the million who were regarding the war as an opera box spectacle.

But it must be said for the men of the regiment engaged, they never took themselves so seriously. The athletes and hunters, the cowboys and social amphytrions enlisted, just as they would have joined a polo club or a "Wild West" hunt, or any opportunity for manly adventure. They accepted readily the direful monotony and half menial camp duties, incident to soldiering, with good-natured tolerance, but they seemed to think that when battle was in prospect, they were free to seek it wherever it was to be found. Hence they met the bloody reprisal with buoyant equanimity. Colonels Wood and Roosevelt discovered the qualities, admiring friends had preconceded them. They faced the bullets from the vernal palisades, as if that particular form of self-sacrifice had been their daily habit. But the country, while deliriously proud of the men, was not disposed to look kindly upon the conditions that brought about the ordeal of the favorites, particularly as nothing tangible seemed gained. Again the shriek of "mutilation" was raised and the fine flower of society demanded reprisal. A strict examination revealed that science and nature were the malefactors. It was the inhuman Mauser bullet that made the dead unrecognizable, or made the gashes seem the furious slashes of insensate hate. But there was a still ghastlier agency in disfiguring the dead—even the wounded—an agency that no care could prevent or waylay, no prescience turn aside.

Under the glistening chapparal, among the razor edged wall of the cactus, in the dark lush foliage, lurks and preys a malevolent little monster called the "land crab." The odor of human blood electrifies the scaly members of this obscene marauder. No sooner had the Mauser completed its maiming work, than the land crab, "devil's claw" the natives call it, claws its way, with incredible velocity, to the prostrate body. In a flash its wiry tentacles are pinching out particles of flesh from the exposed places. These in every case were the mutilators of the dead—Spanish as well as Yankee. Nor was the branding summer sun a less merciless agent of torture. It fell in festering heat upon the unacclimated skin of the invader; it parched his flesh, it blurred his aching eyes and blinded him, as he groped feverishly in the assassin thickets; for assassin they were. The mere touch of the flesh upon certain cacti, the inhaling of certain blooms, stung the flesh, poisoned the blood and disturbed the action of the cerebral system. In the fœtid gloom of the thicket, squirmed and hissed a vipery brood of uncanny and monstrous things, their eyes glowing in spots, like a firmament of tiny stars, and even where these repulsive and loathly things were not present, the hint of them insidiously spread by the Cubans, filled the mind of the exploring soldiery with that terror of the unseen to which the ordeal of the battle is mere football or polo.

In the end, when the column had endured such agonies—the mind shrinks from further relating—when a score or more had been slain, the point was made secure by a strong earthwork circumvallating the plateau. Spasmodic attacks and venomous defense alternated, until the whole force Shafter had at his disposal reached the topmost height, forming a vast natural bulwark about the lower plateau—upon which the city of Santiago spreads in a confused net work of alleys to the water's edge. The Spaniards always under cover, had little to fear from the most frenzied rushes of our soldiers, and frenzied is really the only term to qualify the strange onset that followed the fitful arrival of the divisions concentrated about the beleaguered city.

In all warfare where an army attacks, the first work is the planting of guns to concentrate a destructive fire on the point

chosen for assault by the line. As has been seen, the work from the base of operations at Siboney was impracticable, military men said, for the infantry. The hauling of artillery, capable of breaking the Spanish defenses, implied days at least of very hard road-making by every available man in the army. In this dilemma the Federal commander thought that the Cubans, who were not exactly distinguished as soldiers, could be made available as pioneers—sappers and miners, as the road-makers are called. But the lofty pride of the "patriots" refused all such service. They were willing to march and fire, when the troops of the republic were in sufficient force to assure them from a charge by the enemy; they were ready likewise to hover where death mowed down the Spaniards, ply the machete on the wounded, disfigure the dead and despoil all—but they could not be brought to the work of clearing the roads or aiding the success of the expedition.

As in the Civil War, so in this brief promenade in Cuba. The Yankee soldier proved himself as full of ingenuity in overcoming natural obstacles as he has always shown himself equal to the deadliest dangers. The roads were made passable, the bulk of the army was within striking distance within a week of the debarkation. Then the vivacity of the soldiers either anticipated orders or exaggerated them, a series of desperately bloody combats went on at every point of impact with the enemy. These were signalized by an almost romantic disregard of death, on the part of the soldiers, and an almost equal absence of intelligent directions on the part of the directing commander. The men charged up artfully defended acclivities, swarmed over barbed wire obstructions, through stone walls, through dykes and over earthworks—bent only on pushing forward—no matter how invincibly defended.

Sergeant Oursley of the Third Regulars, unconscious that he was adding to the resources of scientific narrative, charged his mind with this moving picture of the advance:

"On the morning of June 24th the Rough Riders set out to take up a position in advance of the others, and in fact, ventured far out beyond the skirmish line. As a matter of fact, those

fellows, brave and fearless as they are, and deserving of great praise and credit, actually conceived the idea they could take Santiago, themselves, and then return and tell the rest of the army how it was done! They were overdaring and advanced farther ahead than they were ordered to go. It was about seven o'clock in the morning when the two forward troops were moving slowly ahead, that they were suddenly fired at from one of the outer trenches, hidden from view by the underbrush, where the enemy were concealed. They were taken by surprise, but stood their ground uncommonly well, although their relief was fully a quarter of a mile in the rear, and their support still further behind. Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt went at once to the front and were in the thickest of the fight. It is little less than a miracle that either escaped with his life. Roosevelt, when the first volley was fired, quickly dropped his sword and side arms, and picking up a rifle stood by the boys and fired shot after shot with them as long as the skirmish lasted. He is idolized by his men, and his daring on that day still further endeared him to them."

Millions followed with an interest tinged with anguish, the exasperatingly inconsequent reports of the landing of the troops: the joyance and even jocundities of the men, as they met the needs of an entirely untried undertaking. It was indeed a time of cheers and laughter, as the 16,000 scrambled from the prisons the ships had become, and made for the jocund shore in the shallops provided for the work. That there was any serious ordeal before them never seemed to strike the men. With the curious docility of the soldiery of a republic, they invested the commanders with prescience and capacity to meet all that might be humanly prepared against them. Even the lack of the commissariat, irksomely evident so soon as the masses were landed, did not suggest grumbling. In the exhilaration of the novel, it was rather jocose raillery than the ill-nature that precedes gloom and demoralization. The circumscribed beach and limited space of Baiquiri, were soon overcrowded and then the legions began to spread out—taking the form of an advance

—unpremeditated in the plan of battle. Hence it came to pass that skirmishes, more or less sanguinary, were fought entirely outside the calculation of the commander. But for that matter, there was no need for elaborate strategy. The Spaniards had simplified the campaign by relinquishing the landing, by retreat from the imposing bulwark nature provided—the sixteen miles of impenetrable jungle and toilsome bridle paths, leading from the sea hamlets to the city of Santiago.

The various detachments marched toward Santiago apparently indifferent to any of the safeguards, always redoubled as the resistence of the enemy becomes weaker—for then there is good reason to suspect. It was due to Spanish negligence, rather than to the prevoyance of the commanders of the invading column, that every hillside was not littered with our dead. And the army soon had proof of this: not only in the murderous surprise of the handful of Rough Riders, but in the deadly efficacy of the primitive blockhouses buttressing rude intrenchments and barbed wire barricades, holding the charging columns suspended in the onrush, while perishing under the withering flight of Mauser bullets. From the moment the columns set out from the sea, such fighting as went on was whimsically like the result of individual enterprise, or as the correspondents ironically expressed it "squad fights." That is, bodies of men, pushing out adventurously and meeting opposition, instead of making back for the main body, as all well organized campaigning exacts, stood their ground and held it until other squads in curiosity or a spirit of adventure joined them! This was brave, even brilliant, but it was in no sense war. A foeman of the least address or resolution would have cut off every vestige of these sporadic forces. Indeed, the contrast between the determined resolution of the Spaniards, when in line, and their incomprehensible laggardness when every chance coveted by an inferior force was heedlessly abandoned to them, would argue that the defence on General Linares' part was purely perfunctory.

During the Civil War—to go no farther, we saw innumerable instances of forces vastly inferior to Linares', contesting a Federal advance inch by inch and finally repulsing it in disaster. In the

Red River expedition in 1864, General Banks undertook to conquer Shreveport and Central Texas, by a movement not unlike Shafter's. His advance was marked by nearly the same grotesque disdain of military axioms. He was made to pay the penalty by a defeat, that under other circumstances would have imperilled the whole campaign. But the Spaniards, having relinquished the striking advantage the Morro would have given them in a defence of the coast line, merely "annoyed" the advance over the hills. It was their unsystematic plan and desultory execution which betrayed Shafter into the final series of what for a time looked like bloody repulse, at San Juan and El Caney. Indeed—it is no exaggeration, no undue pride in our incomparable Regulars, that impels the assertion, that had it not been for the inexpugnable resolution of the compact mass of Regular soldiery, entrusted with the mission, Shafter's movement would have ended as Banks' ended. From the memorable exploits of Napoleon's invincible phalanxes in the first Italian campaign to the most stirring of their prodigies at Ulm and Eckmuhl, soldiery in action never surpassed the heroic resolution, evinced by General Lawton's, Chaffee's and Kent's battalions. They stood in line of battle, when standing meant incessant exposure—swift, sure hurt; they maintained the perilous line, taken when each Spaniard in front by virtue of arms and shelter equalled ten of the invaders. They could not be moved by the maelstrom of death each discharge of the murderous Mausers inflicted; they were as impassive in the red glare of the perfectly directed volleys, as in the breathing space afforded by the trenches; they stood calm, majestic, agonizing; they died and made no outcry; they charged and never wavered in the alignments, they lay prone in the hideous trenches and never for an instant could it be detected that they were not as terribly effective thus spread out, as in the rush of the charge or the sinister line of battle.

Indeed, the Regular was to the land combat, what the imposing Texas, Iowa, or Indiana, were to the fleets—a mechanism so perfect that nothing but complete destruction could impair that prodigious force. Against this indomitable mass, the Spanish

impetuously spent themselves, in the three days of determined fight which brought the campaign to an end.

Once the small army was distributed for its work, the plan of campaign, simple enough from the disposition of the Spanish leader's limitations, went on with definite finality. Each version of the advance differed, according to the relations and partialities of the recording scribe. Each of these active observers saw with an eye trained to effect. The campaign in front of Sevastopol evoked no more diversity of unbridled eulogy or acrimonious commentary. General Shafter was boded forth alternately as cowering in his tent far in the rear, ignoring all that was going on; bewildering the war junta in Washington by clamor for reinforcements, or stolidly forcing forward his inadequate forces to gain the cheap renown of a Fourth of July conquest. This diversity of tone extended to the uttermost detail of organization. It was clamorously set forth that the provision for the nourishment of the harassed ranks was derisory; that within an hour of the fleets and transports, within twenty-four hours' sail of New York, the sweltering, the maimed and the halt were on half rations. And in the dire hour of death, when the Mauser was mowing down the onrushing and misled ranks, there were no provisions for the wounded; no surgeons, no tents, no medicine, in anything like reasonable proportions. One surgeon to a regiment was the rule during the carnage at San Juan and El Caney. Ten minutes to an operation, the amputation of a limb, or even the more serious attempts that surgeons now undertake in the very crisis of battle, was the allotted space. Surgeons wrought among the mangled, and fell fainting in the pestilential air; the wounded ranged in helpless prostration, like cattle in a slaughter pen, waiting their turns, from early morning until the merciful darkness fell with the dewy coolness of the tropic clime.

These painful disclosures were made all over the battlefield, and so circumstantially corroborated, that the charge cannot be disputed. Even in the comparatively facile affair of removing the wounded who reached the sea, the lugubrious tale of mingled inefficiency and peculation found more sinister material; the

transports allotted the wounded were unfit for them. The able bodied and influential were awarded the comfortable quarters, while the mutilated and helpless fared as they could.

Held by the arms of the sea as in a trap, General Linares, the Spanish commander of the Santiago district, from the first, was under no illusion as to his fate. He had no food, little ammunition, and few or none of the military appliances essential to the defence of the vital points which, if adequately armed in time, might have made the capture of Santiago quite as formidable an undertaking as Havana was generally admitted to be. It is, however, a misuse of the term, as ordinarily understood in military parlance, to speak of the sporadic combats and the bewildered movements as an advance or a siege. Indeed, there was not an hour from the landing of Shafter's 16,000, until the moment the wretched Toral handed over his cartel, that a sanely led diversion to our flank or rear, would not have withered the army as a strong sunshine on new snow.

Not that the march was too fast, nor the seizure of the various points misjudged, but that isolated regiments were thrown forward beyond available touch with their supports; above all because this extraordinary army adventured itself far beyond the guns of the fleet, without a single piece of artillery to defend itself, in the event of a strong attack on any given point. In war at least, if not in morals, the end justifies the means. It may be that General Shafter knowing from secret sources the exhausted, supine and unfit condition of his enemy, felt that the ordinary precautions of war were a waste of time. Nothing else can explain the thrusting of his grotesquely inadequate forces beyond the range of instant reinforcements. But what seemed more inexplicable than all this happy-go-lucky improvidence, was the persistent disregard of that most vital of all elements to a fighting column, victualling and shelter.

Yet the intrepid bands who found themselves in possession of the advanced line, and for days none of them knew how, fell in the sticky morasses and mountain mud, bent under dripping branches, or packed themselves together for vital warmth, with not even the sustenance of a hardtack. Nor is it without sig-

nification, to keep in mind that none of the prerequisite engineering details obligatory upon the armies marching in an enemy's country, seem to have been thought of. The men who were launched out under the shower of Mauser bullets were likewise the builders of bridge and road, of abattis, breastwork and trench.

Apparently the guiding mind of the United States army was apprehensive that the Spanish commander would, on the mere apparition of the Tampa army, sacrifice the city and carry his garrison to swell the forces of the Captain-General northwestward. Hence, having secured the isolated advanced post of Siboney, he spread a thin line to the northwestward in order to shut the beleaguered garrison in, or to at least make it impossible for any considerable number to march out before the besiegers could make themselves felt in sufficient force to check the exodus.

It was these columns which brought on the fitful and momentarily fierce combats of San Juan Hill and El Caney. Our thin line on attaining within five miles of Santiago, on the northwest and a proportionate distance from the arm of the sea, which forms the bay southward to Aguadores, could see no Spanish line, could discern no troops, but for an instant felt the sting of the Mausers, and at certain points, the deadly explosions of artillery. It was the very intelligence of our soldiery that made the situation difficult. For every man could see, even though devoid of military training, that with anything like equal force, the defenders, on such terrain, could hold ten times, yes, a hundred times their own numbers at bay.

With characteristic nonchalance too, the majority of the regiments decided their own plan of operations; fixed the date of assault and surrender for the republic's birthday, the fourth of July! No official mandate had gone out to that effect, but it is perfectly obvious from the strenuous onrush of isolated regiments and brigades, that each commander secretly determined to signalize his force by a triumph on Independence Day. It is not unlikely that General Shafter had this whimsically laudable purpose in his own mind. It is the only admissible

THE ASSAULT OF SAN JUAN HILL.

conjecture of what would otherwise have been a criminal adventure.

But ill as the Spaniards were prepared, and desultory as were their onsets, it was seen that the shrewdly planted lines of blockhouses and the murderous entanglements of barbed wire masking ditches and other not badly conceived impediments, forced a recourse to the orderly appliances of siege operations. The heavy guns capable of knocking down blockhouses and demolishing the defences, could alone be depended upon to make the advance of soldiery possible without slaughter, criminally out of proportion with the end to be achieved. It was fully four days after the heads of columns, which may be called squadrons of discovery, reached the decisive points of defence, that a few straggling guns were heard near the strong point of El Caney and the hill of San Juan. The flower of the army—its strong rock of defence, in fact—seven regiments of Regulars, reached the crucial point on the extreme right, the Malakoff as one might call it, in a small way, of the situation, after an all-night march, foodless but unimpairably ready. It tells most eloquently the difficulties of the woodland march, the mountain impasses, the roaring streams, the impenetrable paths, that a large percentage of these men, who had battled the Indians in the West, dropped exhausted in their tracks and were reported for twenty-four hours at least, as stragglers. Nor is it without its significance that the line when rushed into order for battle, was found so mixed up, that stragglers from one regiment were found in bewildered groups searching for some place to fight, unable to find their own commands. As the outcome proved, General Shafter's objective fulfilled the first maxim of sound military tactics; to meet and beat the enemy wherever his loss would be greatest, and the consequences most decisive to the assailant.

Before the armies quit their camps in the Union, an elaborate series of instructions had been given each soldier, providing for his welfare in the new conditions he was about to face. First of these was, that no water was to be used without boiling. And in keeping with other shortcomings, brought to light by the

very first manœuver, it was found that the soldier's kit was unprovided with the means of heating, even had the conditions been favorable. Luck, however, was the god ruling the planet of our armies, as well as our navies. For almost every road of the mountain-side was broken by rivulets of clear pellucid water, refreshing as nectar to the sweltering legions as they toiled painfully upward and onward.

It was recommended to the legions too, that they should never sleep upon the ground, and this admonition soon became the derisive byword of the maltreated ranks, stretched for miles on the soaking grass or in the muddy tracks of the column itself, as it advanced. It is very doubtful whether a single man in the expedition was wholly dry at any time from the moment the march began, until the gates of Santiago opened in surrender.

The Cuban contingent, while unprovided with clothing and destitute of arms, never failed to have its hammock, and while the men who did the fighting burrowed in the mud and under the dripping foliage, the Cubans were at ease, swinging from the trees in aerial beds. Some of the complaints sounded with shrillness by the correspondents, were indicative of the naïve ignorance of the men that made them, and the soldiery who endured them. It was held a great hardship that there should be nothing to eat but "hard tack" and salt meat. Yet during the Civil War, the two million and more of men who fought between 1861 and 1865, never dreamed of anything better, save when in camp and far from the battlefield. The strategists of the campaign, however, had overlooked the necessity of having this simple food in abundance, and within reach, for, as there were no roads, no vehicles were at hand to accumulate stores at such points as the heads of columns were directed to.

General Young was despatched from the base at Baiquiri first. He was to have had a strong corps, but the precipitancy of his march and the impassibility of the roads forced him to do the brunt of the fighting with the brigade of Regulars, the Rough Riders and the Second Massachusetts. This march to the north and east of Santiago was determined upon, in order to

separate General Linares' army from an auxiliary force of 7,000 at Guantanamo—to the eastward. It also provided for an ultimate enfolding of the north and west debouches from the beleaguered city, as well as the prevention of reinforcements threatened from places to the north and west. The cavalry had no horses, nor could they use them if they had; the officers of all ranks were likewise dismounted during the earlier stages of the march. But it is a misuse of words to call the advancing movement a march. The troops were really more in the predicament of Alpine climbers, or bushmen compelled to slash their way through the impenetrable wall of obstinate growth spreading out of gulch sides and rock-ribbed juttings, where nature had played her wildest volcanic pranks at some unknown seismic epoch.

"Altares," is the name given by the Cubans to the corrugated fretwork of ridges that break up the country into territory adapted more for the passage of birds of the air, than man or beast. While not precisely like the famous lava bed lands on which General Canby fought thirty years ago, in Oregon, the veterans among the Regulars, who made the journey from Siboney to the gates of Santiago, saw a painful resemblance. Now when the land itself uprose in forbidding obstinacy, the Spaniards began the defence which they declined at the seashore. That the invaders made headway, is the extraordinary part of this extraordinary campaign; for in answering the well-studied volleys from unseen sources, our toiling masses were forced to take aim at an angle of almost forty-five degrees, almost vertically in the air. But quite as trying as this, in fact immeasurably more arduous to limb and brain, was the labor of dragging the body up what was in effect sheer acclivity, in many parts of the advance. More depressing even than the implacable resistance of earth and wood, there was no sign either by traveled wood paths or cursory openings, that the immense mountainous circumvallation ended anywhere. It shut in the horizon completely; the most vivid fancy could conceive no city in the abysmal deeps of this rugged nature. But the maps, liberally supplied the ranks, showed El Caney, San Juan

and other inhabited hamlets, at points of vantage for the assault upon Santiago, as well as excellent bulwarks for a capable line of defence.

The Rough Riders debouched through the density of the wood upon what was called the "hog back" and on reaching that fateful plateau, seared with fissures and bristling with chapparal, found themselves enfiladed by an unseen enemy. The hilarious Riders, on foot, were caracoling through the thorny way, enlivening the solemn stillness of the woods by the jocosities that seem part of the exuberance of our diversely mixed blood, during hours of danger. Whether things were going well or ill, whether the rations were scant or abundant, you might hear from end to end of the line, mingled with more sinister exclamations, the grotesque humors and fanciful slang, that expresses the joviality of good nature, good humor and that semi-serious levity, which it is so difficult for other peoples to comprehend. For a breathless half-hour, death was the chorus to the Rough Riders' jokes. A score of the light-hearted merry-makers was stretched quivering or silent on the palpitating sward, for the heat was so intense that the very earth seemed to rise and fall as it exhaled the hot, pungent odors of the dank, decaying vegetation. It was here, and at this time, that young Hamilton Fish fell; that the journalist Marshall intrepidly venturing to "get all the news," reeled to the earth fairly riddled with Mauser balls. But though the first reports represented this episode as something of an unauthorized escapade on the part of the Riders, it was really part of General Young's scheme to seize the outlying points, commanding the Santiago entrenchments.

By a road somewhat easier than that which fell to the Roosevelt companies, General Young reached a point parallel, and forced the enemy to rush backward to the blockhouses of Sevilla. These were perched far above the "hog back"; to attain them the Regulars, patient as pack horses, were forced to use hands, and in some cases men were seen holding overhanging branches in their teeth, to steady themselves for an upward lunge. The observant army officers set it down that the climb

was never at less an angle of thirty degrees, and often forty. But when death had taken its tale; when the herculean climb had ended, a paradisiac vision rewarded the astonished column. Spreading far away on every hand, far as the enraptured eyes could follow, on the vast plateau, the villas, haciendas, homesteads, of the Santiago's well-to-do, glimmered and glistened like friendly monitors. But the promises to the hope were broken to the heart, for the gay walls and enchanting gardens were broken and in ruins; wild plants, of inconceivably luxuriant growth, covered paths, once symmetrical and solacing; walls once gay with the hues the natives love to employ in decoration, were mere mosques of paved elegance. For years the marauders of the "patriot" army had made these homes of ease and leisure, tenantless. The lizard and the wild fowl perched where music and laughter once resounded. The cost of this vision, the conquest of the plateau was heavy, the action is known as the battle of La Guasimas, June 24th.

Meanwhile, the army was still crawling, clambering and fighting onward from the seashore, in paths still further to the northwest, aiming at the furthermost bastions of Santiago, El Caney and San Juan. Sevilla was in a direct line not more than three miles, but these three miles took the exhausted soldiery from eight hundred to a thousand feet above the starting point. El Caney is six miles from Sevilla, and the army had no sooner clutched the vantage, than it was obvious to the group in command that the advance must be instant or the army would be endangered. But the very completeness of the clutch on Sevilla, added to the mountain of difficulties that discovered themselves, curiously enough, only as the troops advanced. For food and supplies vitally essential to the army and the guns, could not be hoped for in time to put the men in shape for an advance, or what was still more probable, a massed attack from the Spaniards, whose lines grew ominously closer and more compact, as they were driven backward. To add to the torments of the time, a series of rainstorms poured down, and the soil where exposed to the sun became like partly dissolved bricks. Every depression in the ground became a rivulet, and

MAP OF SANTIAGO AND VICINITY.

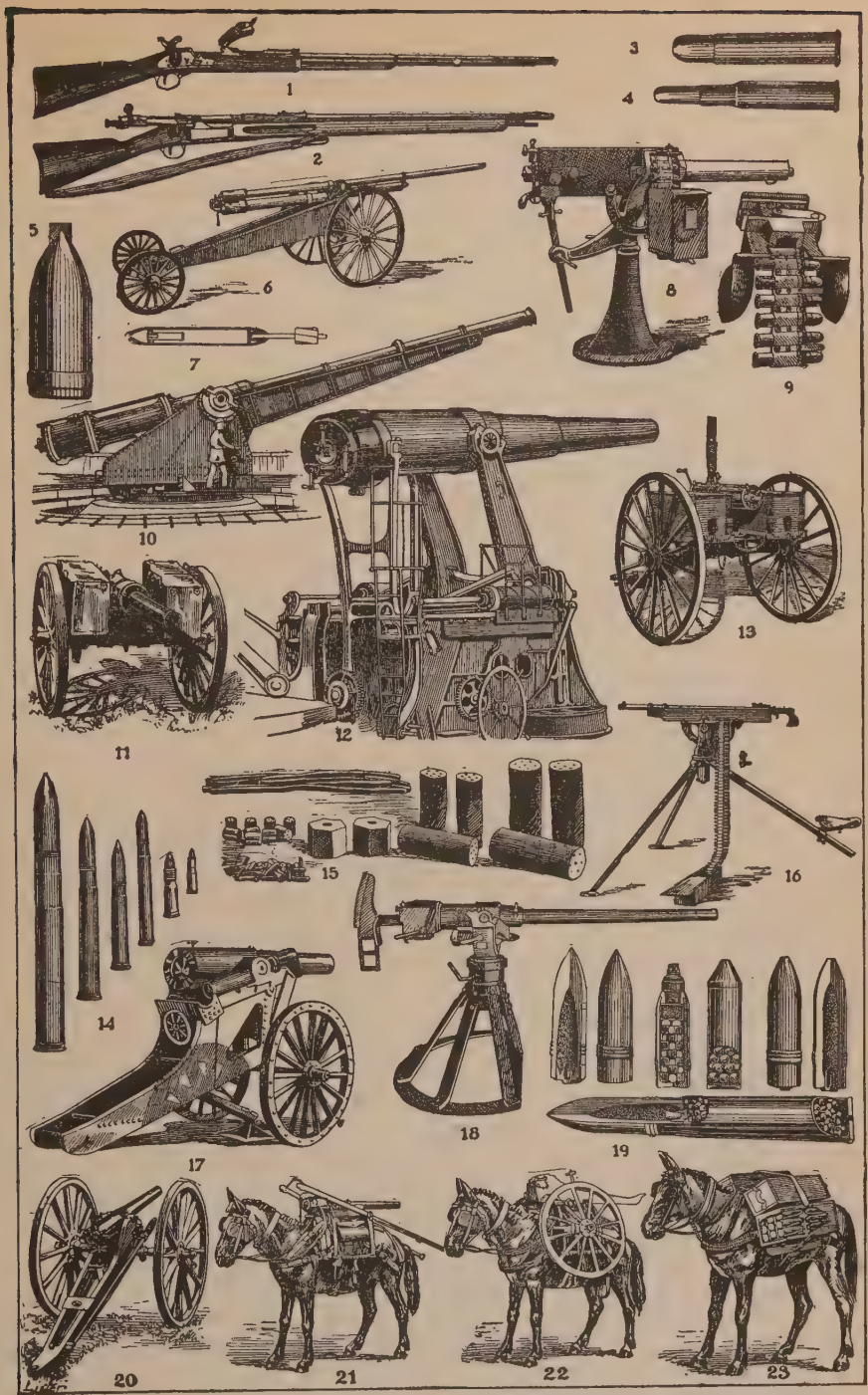
every ridge a waterfall. Roads, or what had been semblances of roads, became yellow streams, rapid and even dangerous to the infantry. There were veterans present who were reminded of the famous "mud march" of the Army of the Potomac, brought to a pause by the impossibility of moving over such footway. The dilemma was for a moment so serious, that suggestions were made to General Shafter to suspend the northwest movement, and by capturing a small town in the bay farther southward, secure a base nearer the investing line. But the troops were already enroute, and the northwest movement continued and, whimsically enough, the nearness of the Fourth of July stimulated the officers to undertake the impossible. This was on the 29th of June when the council of war was held. Officers who had been part of the army in the Civil War, looked with some distrust upon the ability of our over-willing ranks to withstand the deadly volley of the Mauser, under the fatal disadvantages of a powder that betrayed our lines to the Spaniard at every shot. At the least calculation, one Spaniard was in offensive qualities equal to five of the invaders.

For most of our men were armed with the old-fashioned Springfield rifle, which is as out of date now as the ungainly Queen Bess when the Enfield came in. The Spaniards could count on killing anything bearing the semblance of life at a distance of nearly two miles, and this had happened frequently under the horrified eyes of the officers. No tactics, no manœuvering, could compensate the invading lines for this almost supernatural advantage. Even that last resource of a perplexed general, movements by the flank, were unavailable from the density of the thickets and the lack of roads.

Now, standing far out from Santiago and covering the approach in every direction which we were obliged to pursue, stood what was called the fort of San Juan. But to reach that, the crenelated village of El Caney must first be in our hands. From the counsels came the determination to assault El Caney at dawn on the first of July, Generals Young and Chaffee were given the post of danger, while General Lawton was directed to swing around northwestward, to be in a posture to give the

decisive blow. Reconnaissances were, however, essential, and General Lawton made these with three brigades. The gist of this resolution, so momentous for thousands of bedraggled soldiery, foodless and shelterless, became known in the mysterious way that army secrets have of conveying themselves to those on the alert for them. The men dared light no fires for the Spanish grape, as well as the Mausers commanded every inch of the plateau carefully studied in advance by its defenders. General Chaffee, through the night edged his men through the death-pits to within striking distance of El Caney, where, by unheard-of toil, they entrenched themselves. Pits guarded by a thick ridge of earth, covered the entire force by daylight. In these rifle-pits, as they were called, the men found a reward for their toil when the fury of the battle began next day. The general and staff knew that the Spaniards had defended themselves by all the appliances at their command. But it was not suspected, until the battle began, how intelligently, even astutely, they had taken advantage of every favoring undulation, preparing surprises where least expected, and masking ambuscades almost in front of the rifle-pits. But the invading force could neither advance nor retreat without the capture of this fort or series of forts. . . .

The sun rises and the day breaks on the Cuban earth almost at the same instant. There is no slow dawn as in our northern climes, and as if in mirage the invading hosts saw the sun and the flash of the enemy's guns simultaneously. The advance was ordered. Then the fateful certainty of the Regulars' onset displayed itself. Wherever the fight fell upon the Regulars, there the work that the trained soldier is expected to do was done calmly, intrepidly, with no fanfare of theatric show. At a crisis in the combat, when the stoutly defended hill of San Juan was working slaughter with its Mausers, Lieutenant Parker of the Thirteenth Regulars made his way to an opening between that regiment and its neighbor on the line. There was a slight gap in the inverting ranks, where the ground rose to a knoll. Upon this the lieutenant set a battery of four Gatling guns of the newest and most murderous pattern. These four



ARMS AND AMMUNITION, 1898.

(*For description, see next page.*)

Arms and Ammunition, 1898.

Numbers refer to illustrations on preceding page.

1. Springfield Rifle.
2. Krag-Jorgensen Magazine Rifle.
3. Springfield Cartridge.
4. Krag-Jorgensen Cartridge.
5. 6-inch Johnson Solid Shot with Soft Cap.
6. Sims-Dudley Pneumatic Gun, limbered up.
7. Projectile for Sims-Dudley Gun.
8. Maxim 1½-inch Automatic Machine Gun. Fires 300 one-pound shell per minute.)
9. Feed-box for Maxim Gun.
10. 15-inch Pneumatic Coast Defence Gun.
11. 3-inch Rapid-fire Fletcher Field Gun.
12. 10-inch Breech-loading Rifle on Disappearing Carriage.
13. Gatling Field Gun with Gravity Feed.
14. Fixed Ammunition for Rapid-fire Guns.
    - 33-pounder (4-inch gun.)
    - 9-pounder.
    - 6-pounder.
    - 3-pounder.
    - 2½-pounder.
    - one-pounder.
15. Form and relative size of United States Service Powders.
    - Cordite Smokeless.
    - Peyton Smokeless for 6-pounders.
    - Lafin and Rand Smokeless for field and siege guns and Howitzers.
    - Hexagonal Prismatic (not smokeless).
    - Dupont Smokeless for 10-inch Rifle.
    - Dupont Smokeless for 12-inch Rifle.
16. Colt Automatic Gun, (speed, 400 shots per minute).
17. 5-inch Siege Gun, (12 ft. long, weight 3,000 lbs.).
18. Hotchkiss 6-pounder Rapid-fire Gun.
19. Hotchkiss Rapid-fire Ammunition.
    - Armor-piercing Steel Shell.
    - Shrapnel.
    - Case Shot.
    - Common Shell.
    - Complete cartridge.
20. Hotchkiss 2-pounder mountain Gun.
21. Gun Mule.
22. Gun-carriage Mule.
23. Ammunition Mule.

pitiless instruments ground out death as a coffee mill grinds out its aromatic grain. The effect was instant, visible, heartrending —even though it was the enemy who suffered. The bullets sent in a hail, unceasing, carefully aimed, withered all semblance of life, all attempt at cohesive resistance out of the blockhouse or its defenders. This significant episode had no journalistic witnesses. It was part of the prescribed work of the Regulars. It had the effect of half a brigade, but in all the dithyrambic details of the battle there is nowhere a word of mention of it. Possibly because it is the conviction of the volunteers, the scribe and the on-looker, that the Regular is in some subtle sense a creature of war; that danger is his delight, his element; that overcoming the impossible is part of his training; that to deal death and make no display, receive death and make no sign, are part of the Regular routine. Be this as it may the Regulars redeemed all the precipitancy of the untrained, safeguarded the imperilled lines, even when the danger was as menacing to fly as to stay. These four well-placed Gatlings opened the way for a rush forward—that nettle danger which, when plucked, gave the rashly adventured mass safety. The plateau was an immense sieve of surprisingly concealed rifle-pits. In each rifle-pit a group of tenacious Spaniards clustered, showering the stretch of ground between them and the advancing host with clouds of bullets that fairly seemed to make the air black. But there was no halt, not the scintilla of a waver in the heavy column steady, devoted, lurching forward over the irregularities, gathering in line after line of the furious crevasses. But even when these were overcome, behind them uprose massive stockades fairly aflame with the density of the firing. These too the Regulars rushed upon, seized, conquered.

Meanwhile, the ranks gathered about San Juan were waiting and—dying as they waited—for Chaffee's blows at El Caney were no longer a mere menace. In the very heat and fury of this triumphant furious advance this leonine fighter received wailing messages from his comrades in command, imploring him either to advance to the seizure of the blockading fort or retreat, as it was death to the other brigades to remain where

they were. The message spread along the ranks and the men who had been out-daring dare-deviltry itself, took on a new impetus. Inebriated by the opening volleys of Capron's guns, which by an inspiration of the commander, so ranged themselves that they poured a concentrated fire into the blockhouse battery, the piteously thinned ranks seemed to increase in prowess, as they diminished in numbers. Capron's guns sent their missiles through the line of blockhouses knocking whole panels from the flaming sides. The effect was to benumb the defenders of the still untaken rifle-pits and to dislodge the gunners, who had been scattering death from these stone bulwarks. But though shaken, dying and dislocated, the Spaniards still had new coverts; no sooner had our lines routed one rank of defenders, than they swarmed as if reinforcements had arrived, in another.

At this juncture the commander, Chaffee, received again the startling tidings that the real battle of the day was going on at San Juan and that unless reinforced the decimated ranks would be compelled to retire. It was not an absolute command to suspend the more than half-won victory, but it was one of those crises in action which tries the judgment and reveals the soldier. It was the adjutant-general who came to bring this disheartening word. He was taken along the line, shown what had been accomplished and what remained to do; the fate of the battle and the siege depended upon the outcome. The decision was left to Breckenridge the Inspector-General, who was not in authority: "You must take the village," that official replied without hesitation. And thirty minutes later the wall of death was in the hands of its assailants.

In the wild hurtling on-rush, Colonel Haskell of the Seventeenth Infantry had orders to support the Seventh Infantry, but his predicament put his men in the very maw of the engulfing fire. There is a sublime egotism in the bravery evoked in the crisis of battle, the naïve belief that the point to be gained depends upon the individual's effort; it is the cumulative egotism of company, brigade, and divisions, that compels victory, when decisive results hang on the conduct of one man, whose example

is a contagion. It was in this spirit that this admirable commander pushed to the front of the line. The volleys from the Mausers withered everything above the uneven surface; it seemed to the panting men, worn with the upward rush through the woody entanglements, that the barbed wire fences had been flung *enmasse*—sped with satanic velocity, to scrape the surface. Barely had Haskell stepped a pace forward to lead his battalion, when he reeled to the earth. Lieutenant Dickinson of the same regiment, turning impulsively to aid his chief, was struck in the arm but maintained his ministry. The men were taking such meager advantage as the irregularity of the ground afforded, to preserve their numbers for the death grapple, and did not see the fall of their chief. But Lieutenants Hardway and Roberts among them, saw the disaster and called for volunteers to lift and carry the commander to a place of safety. The call was barely uttered when a dozen voices responded. Five went out into the pitiless hail and three of these were riddled. Colonel Haskell was dragged out of the vengeful maelstrom; he was pierced with three severe wounds. His Lieutenant, Dickinson, paid for his devotion by another wound—which killed him.

The assault led by Colonel Haskell was what might be called a tooth and nail conflict, for actually the men seemed to use their fists and feet as well as their guns. Haskell was a patriarch in appearance, with a long, white beard that floated backward, as he fled onward into the fire, the men of his command actually seeming to crowd upon each other to stop the flight of bullets that came toward the veteran chief. The Spaniards stood to their arms with a valorous constancy that revealed what they would be capable of in a better cause. Indeed, to the educated on-lookers who could not take part in the battle, they seemed indifferent to death, determined only to wrest revenge from the foemen despoiling them of their stronghold. Fifty historians would be required to narrate in detail the heroic episodes of the half mile of conflict, that resulted in the rout of the masters of this fortified Golgotha, for the entire plateau was a place of death deliberately planned and valiantly defended.

The first guns heard from our ranks at El Caney—the battery

of Captain Hamilton, were equal to a reinforcement of a division of men—for it is one of the phenomena of the battlefield, that the soldier feels security, invincibility in fact, as the roar of his own guns breaks out behind him. For reasons never very clearly set forth, a movement of considerable concentration was ordered within range of the enemy's guns. That is, the line of battle which is usually formed outside of the enemy's fire, was carried on at El Caney and to the south and eastward in the agony and stress of the fight. The resultant slaughter was in the very nature of such heedlessness, lamentable. One regiment, the Thirteenth Infantry lost thirty per cent. of its number, the officers suffering out of proportion to the ranks. Nearly every man bearing the insignia of rank was either killed or wounded. It would be impossible to render more eulogistic testimony to men pursuing war, than the plain tale of what the right of the army withstood. Had the Spaniards known the havoc they had wrought, by a very slight reinforcement they might have compelled a retrograde all along that part of the line. Indeed had the Spaniards been of the fiber of the attacking forces, the right wing of the army must have been dispersed. Nor was this an advance, a conquest of territory to assuage the ravages wrought on the maltreated remnant. The dead lay where they fell; the wounded encumbered the open spaces, or if by chance they were able to drag their mangled bodies under shelter, the prying eyes of the guerillas searched them out and riddled the torn bodies with volleys of Mauser missiles.

But in this most trying of war's vicissitudes, no one saw a sign of wavering, a movement in retreat, by the able bodied. The work of concentration under fire went on, in the crucial points of the battle, from July 1st to July 3d, nor after the continuous slaughter of hours, was it found achieved on the noon of that day. In almost humorous keeping with the imprevoyance of the march, the provision of materials, food and what not, a balloon with unwieldly impedimenta was riddled by shrapnel and left to block the main artery of passage to the men under fire. The Regulars who marched in such order as the narrow way admitted, moved into line under fire and died in groups, were

entirely unprovided with surgeons. The surgeon of the Seventeenth Regiment, Major Ebert, was so exhausted by the continuous calls upon him that he fainted in the middle of an operation and was revived by a Boston journalist, who by chance had enough cold water to bathe the fevered victim. It was the authenticated testimony of those at hand, studying the episodes and phenomena of the manœuvres, that twenty-five per cent. of the wounded who died were lost by the lack of the most ordinary medical aid provided for the battle line. Men badly wounded, too much hurt to move without aid, gasped and groaned two days, where they fell, before hospital assistance reached them. No commander can see a whole battlefield, but any commander can foresee and so order in advance that every man and appliance needed in every conceivable emergency shall be within reach, or as nearly within reach as human prevision can bring about. Most of the errors and shortcomings, however, were ascribable to causes far from culpable. It was to be on the line of fire, under the storm of shell, that the officers overlooked preliminaries. To illustrate, General Ludlow, the head of the engineers, so soon as the firing began, flew to the front to take active command, instead of remaining to supervise the mechanical details of his corps.

Preliminary to the decisive operations of El Caney and San Juan, something of the work incumbent on a prudent army officer can be understood by a glimpse at some of the dangerous routine, involved in a rational advance over ground whose possibilities for defence are unknown to the invader. In fact, to fully comprehend the endless and inherent obstacles meant by a war of invasion, it is essential to glance for a moment at audacities as thrilling in their way, though less inluridated by report, than the charge or bayonet grapple. General Lawton's division with headquarters at a dreamy little oasis in the wilderness of chapparal and cacti, El Pozo, five miles from Santiago, was from the 29th of June until the 3d of July a place of peril. No one knew what was immediately beyond, no one knew whether a path would take cavalry, artillery or infantry in a single step into the range of the enemy's missiles, no one knew

whether the enemy was swarming in masked battalions, or lurked in the convenient forks of the trees to slaughter the unsuspecting skirmishers. Here again, the deplorable inefficiency, shortcomings or unwillingness, or as our soldiery expressed it "dog cussedness" of the Cuban "patriots" manifested itself to a degree that made it difficult to keep the volunteers, at least, from falling upon the worthless ingrates, for whom the republic had declared war. They refused to do or dare a single step beyond the protecting bayonets of the Federal soldiers, though they had beguiled the commanding general into a belief that they knew every step of the way, and were holding back from attacking the "cowardly Spaniards," by the desire of showing their "generous allies" the difficulties which the patriot army had been compelled to face in the struggle for "Cuba Libre." Hence, to move forward over the ground prepared by the Spaniards for the destruction of whatever approached, after reaching certain distances, skirmishing squadrons of topographical engineers were sent out, and these modest, not to say obscure missions, performed vitally important functions so far as they were called into operation. Unhappily, they were not employed to the extent prescribed by military ordinances, hence the difficulties which afterward beset what is called the "turning movement," to the north and east of Santiago.

At six o'clock in the morning of June 29th, Lieutenant Guy Smith of the topographical engineers was directed to push out from El Pozo toward Santiago, and map every rood of the way, that the commanders might comprehend to an inch almost, the diversities of the terrain over which the charging troops were obliged to pass. He was given a company of the Seventh Regulars, under command of Lieutenant Durfee, and these fifty men and sixty Cubans set out on what would be called a forlorn hope, under ordinary circumstances. A rivulet large under the rains, but dry when the sun shone, the Rio Seco, formed the starting point or rather the boundary, where the United States troops patrolled. The educated topographers set their instruments at work, every instant expecting volleys from the trees above, from the dense clusters of chapparal or from the thousand and one

SAN JUAN. CHARGE OF THE REGULARS.

natural hiding-places that an enemy, master of the country, would be apt to know, and the stranger could only find out by murderous experience. Hour after hour this breathless band crawled at much less than a snail's pace, for each man was forced to remain on the alert, his gun at his shoulder ready to avenge the death of the surveyors, immolated as it were on the altar of monotonous and inglorious duty.

For, fantastically enough, to die in the scientific service of war seems to bring none of the acclaim, we so readily yield to the victim who falls in the charge, or in line of battle. A characteristic suggestion of Spanish inconsequence was found at a country residence, magnificent but deserted, the estate of an affluent merchant, sacked and gutted by the energetic Maceo. The place had been turned into a blockhouse ideally adapted to an ambuscade, had the Spaniards meant a "last ditch" war. But it was now a ruin. On the walls, incredible to say was found a crayon sketch of the entire chain of blockhouses and earthworks barring the road to Santiago. From this extraordinary carelessness the topographers were enabled to lay before the invading commander a fairly lucid plan of the circumvallating defences; though of course the natural obstacles of bush and brake, ridge and deep, were not shown.

The little group of topographers had marched upon a plateau hardly more than three miles from the coveted city of Santiago. It was the first glimpse that any considerable body of the invaders had caught of the walls, and a cry of delight broke impulsively from the men, for even the streets, the houses, the time-worn tiles, the grey minarets, the romantic suggestion of an older world, dropped into the fanciful vendure of the new, before the ravished eyes acquainted only with our monotonous blocks, or our meager northern foliage. The ravages from the civil strife of Cubanos against Spaniards, were discernible in the broken crenelations of the walls, dismantled churches, a general decay wrought by the wrath of man, and not the elements. The city, indeed, spread out like a vast, chessboard, slanting downward from the Sierra Maestra, to the pellucid waters of the lovely bay. Brown ploughed fields, once affluent in

coffee crops; vestiges of sugar patches and the thrift of a servile race of planters could be seen afar off, checkering the sloping plateau, in dreamlike quiet, as if war had never been heard of. Between the surveyors and the ominous outlines of blockhouses, rifle pits and defensive embankments, spread a vast gulf of what seemed stagnant water, but what was in reality the lush density of green, growing in murky swamps. This revealed one of the difficulties that the advancing legions would have to meet, when the final charge came. The Cubans called the place a jungle, and jungle it certainly was, for in the attempt to penetrate it, crawling and slimy and fearful things were startled in repulsive masses; vultures fled shrieking upward; all of the uncanny forms of nature seemed to have assembled in this sinister bulwark, a thousandfold more ominous than all the preparations of the Spaniards to torment the marching men.

In obedience to his consign, to make himself master of every possibility of advance, Lieutenant Smith pushed from end to end of the sweltering wastes and morasses, to mark the most available points of entrance. After hours of experimenting and exhaustive labor, dim woody ways, dark almost as caverns, were found here and there, where by agility and indifference to muck to the knees, it were possible to push on. It was not until after the Santiago blockhouses had been won by columns coming in from other than this direction, that the adventurous group found how far they had really advanced, further than any skirmishers that had come out on what is called the "Camino Real"—the state road,—not two miles from the heart of Santiago itself. Here the Spanish soldiers could be seen loitering, drilling, occupied in fact in all the routine of barracks. Groups came wandering from the town, and some of them walked squarely into the Yankee ambuscade, never dreaming that any of Shafter's men would be so adventurous as to come within half rifle shot of 10,000 guns, ready to sweep the ground as clean as a lawn mower would.

Mangoes were growing in many of the openings, and our adventurous group had barely settled itself for observation, when little bands of women and children wandered suddenly from be-

hind the walls or points of concealment, and began to fill their baskets with these, about the only food left to the poorer inhabitants. The Cuban contingent watched them with ferocious intentness, until these unwary seekers were within reach and then pounced on them, stifling their screams to prevent the alarm to the soldiery, but a few yards away. Among the food-seekers two or three lusty youths were seized and taken back to headquarters, for such information as they might be able to give the staff. One point of information gained from these unwilling witnesses, though they professed ardent sympathy for "Cuba Libre" was that, General Vara del Rey who had inflicted condign severities on the Cuban ranks in various encounters, had been compelled, even when marching at the head of his Spanish column, to disguise himself in woman's apparel, in order to escape the sworn vengeance of the rebel guerillas. For a price had been placed upon his head, and the poor man was hardly sure that his own ranks might not take advantage of the $10,000, to sacrifice him to guerilla vengeance. The topographers counted on passing the night in this place of peril, but the heavens ordered it otherwise, for a downpour of rain began at the very moment an audacious advance was planned to sketch the altitude of the fortifications. This rain was so continuous that further attempts were impossible, and in the darkness of night the march back may be imagined; the condition of the men subjected to the sticky soil and the hardships of the forest.

As there are few things done by man, that seem to interest men so profoundly as the meeting of ranks in battle, so there are very few things under the contact of life against life so difficult to reproduce exactly as the phenomena of actual conflict. This ought to be readily understood by every reader of war history; no one eye can see more than the swift happenings directly under a circumscribed line of vision; no man is quick enough to impress instantly the meaning of the movements that end in the victory of one mass of the deroute of the other; hence, the thirty-six hours of really titanic wrestling which Shafter's army underwent, forms almost as many absorbing episodes as there were minutes in that agonizing interval, for

agonizing it certainly was, to every man within the sphere of the Spanish guns; not only within the sphere but far outside of it, for as has been said, death lurked in the most unexpected places. The Red Cross Samaritan took the wounded, no matter how far from the line of fire, never sure that the tree above him or the thicket beside him did not conceal an enemy secure in the density of the tropical undergrowth.

In nearly every one of the thousands of newspapers published throughout the United States, the participants and victims of the Santiago campaign contributed personal observation of the battle; the combined testimonies, if ever collated, would give definite account of every instant of time from the moment the armada left Tampa, until the flag of the republic was flung out over the civic palace of Santiago. The abundance of testimony, while a reassurance to the historian, is at the same time an embarrassment, for many of the individual testimonies cover identical hours, minutes even, and hence, make a choice difficult. But it is to be said for the first time in war, that the men who fought it have been its most striking historians; every regiment possessed its Xenophon, and it will be difficult to perpetuate such errors for example, as defaced the allied battles in Spain as for sixty years disfigured—even the disaster of Waterloo. Let the reader, curious to make himself an image of the man in action, compare the vigorous sketch of Captain John Bigelow of the Tenth Cavalry, with the reports of Generals Kent, Lawton and Breckenridge, covering in general the same episode:

"Our Tenth Cavalry was encamped over to the left of El Caney and we had pickets thrown out toward Santiago. We could see the fighting over toward El Caney, through our glasses. We could hear the noise of the battle and could see our men emerging from the brush and advancing to attack the Spanish position. We watched the fight for some time, and then came the order to lay aside everything except arms and ammunition. Of course we knew what that meant. We piled our knapsacks and other accoutrements together, and I detailed a couple of men to guard them. We had to guard our things, not from the Spaniards, but from the Cubans.

"Soon after this, bullets began to come our way. It was the most mysterious thing imaginable. We could see them strike around us and hear them singing through the air, but we couldn't tell where they came from. We knew the general direction, but no amount of looking in that direction disclosed any of the enemy. It is a good deal of a nervous strain to be ordered to stay still while the bullets are skipping around you. Occasionally a leaf cut off by a bullet would come floating gracefully down to us, in an easy, pleasant way that made us shiver. We got tired of lying still and doing nothing while under fire, and as there was no superior officer around I concluded every command would have to shift for itself; I started my troop forward (we were dismounted) to see if we could get up to the battle line and take some active part in the affair. We pushed on until we got near the edge of the bushes, and we found our battle line retreating. The retreat of the battle line seemed to enrage and arouse our men, for suddenly all started forward simultaneously over a line a half mile long. I heard no order, and there could have been no order given along that line. It was one of those inspirations which sometimes moves a large body of men. Out they swept from the bushes into the open space, our men with the rest. I saw no general officers. It was every man for himself, and all for the enemy. There was no regular line nor formation. It was a straggling mass fifty yards deep running across the open and firing over each others' heads at the hill. We could see the dust fly where the bullets struck on the Spanish defences.

"We were about half way up the hill, and I was just looking over the mass of men advancing up the steep, when I suddenly felt as if my left leg had been struck by a cannon ball, and as though my little finger were in a machine that was grinding it to pulp. It didn't take me long to find that I was wounded. It seemed to me that I must be horribly wounded. I was afraid to look at that leg for fear it was entirely shot off. I called one of my men who cut my trousers open and found that the wound which had seemed so serious to me, was only a flesh wound through the calf of the leg. One bullet passed through

my left little finger. A bullet ploughed a groove in my left shoulder. The one which went through my left thigh I did not feel at all, and did not know it had struck me until some time afterward. The Spanish sharpshooters were in the trees with smokeless powder, and they stayed up in the dense foliage of the treetops, while our men marched right under them. Under these conditions, we did not know of their presence, and could not distinguish their firing from that of our own men. They had unchecked opportunity to pick off the officers, and they improved it well. About twice as many officers were killed, as are usually killed in proportion to the relative number of officers and men."

The history of the operations before Santiago, however, would be a bare chronicle of cold official facts, without color, were the contributions made by the rank and file omitted. The human side of the battle was of course seen by the plain, private soldier, who, while nominally irresponsible, as a matter of fact has the crucial responsibility. For it is idle to say that the four or six officials, performing perfunctory duties, can move or in any sense change the volition of a hundred men. As a matter of fact, all battles are fought by the men in the ranks. But it so happens that the testimony of this handiwork was never so clear and striking, as in the astonishing conflicts at Santiago. Tennyson says in "In Memoriam": "They speak their feeling as it is, and tell the fulness of their pain."

What for example could be more elucidative of the mingled confusion and intrepid purpose of a body of men, than the adventure of Color-Sergeant Andrews of Troop B in the Third Cavalry. He was tearing up the hill at San Juan with the impetuosity of a boy, although he has been in the service eigh, teen years, and in the climb from the ditch while holding the colors tenaciously, he was knocked over repeatedly. He clung to his precious charge. For a moment in the mêlée, covered by the wounded, and helplessly entangled in the ditch, he called out to his lieutenant to take the flag, but the roar of the battle drowned his voice and, unable to rise, he thrust the standard upward. "When I could get my head out I sat up, and I

could see the line of battle for a mile. There are no words in any language, that I know, to tell what the fellows were doing. The bullets came like the swash of water against the side of the ship, as I heard it many a night sailing from Tampa. The nippers would not cut the wires, and then you should see the men brace themselves with their guns and jump upon them and push them over. Sergeant Mulhearn grabbed the colors and planted them on the highest spot on the top of the hill. Fully 200 shots were fired at the banner and it was ridled almost to a rag. My clothes were cut into ribbons, and I got to within 300 yards of the main body of Spaniards, just as our fellows were capturing a regimental flag with the letter K on it. About that time, Colonel Roosevelt and Major Westervelt of the Rough Riders came up and I shouted to them to lie down or they would be shot. But they wouldn't. Major Westervelt was shot in the neck, and the fellows that went to take him out when they came back said, that as soon as he was bandaged he began to puff his pipe. Then when he found out he was not seriously hurt, he insisted on returning to the line, but the surgeon objected. He felt himself all over and remarked: 'Well, I guess I'm boss, and I'm going.' He had barely got to the line of fire, when he was shot again and this time knocked out."

Valiant men, who never dreamed of throwing the sheaves of their modest glory in the wallet of time for remembrance, wrote private letters, which proud kinsfolk published for the comfort of others—for the emulation of future heroes. In the subjoined, the attentive reader will observe how the writer verifies other narratives, and yet wrote only to transcribe his feelings and the scene, to those he loved. His kinsfolk had no idea that the official reports would identify the officer—but there were no confusing number of shoulder-straps in the first entrance to San Juan.

"We have been in Cuba now for twenty days. The other day, as we were changing position from the left to the right of the line, some soldier in the trenches called out: 'Have you fellows just got in?' A man in my company called back:

'H—l, no; we've been here always.' And indeed, it seems as if we had been here for years, so many, many hot miles have we marched; so many wet nights have we slept on the bosom of Mother Earth. We were landed without transportation, and everything we have is what we carry. I have not even had a blanket. We sleep in our clothing and wallow in the mud. We live on hard tack, bacon and coffee. For nearly two weeks we have been daily and nightly under fire, except when a flag of truce is up. The great event, so far as I am concerned, was the fight of July 1st. We were aroused at three in the morning and put in march at the first peep of dawn, over a road which we had built the day before. We waded through a river, and then were halted, while on our left a battery of artillery opened fire on the enemy, who was shelling our balloon. We were under the balloon, and you may easily appreciate the interest we took in the proceedings. Shell and shrapnel shrieked about us, the angry buzz and vicious bursting of the shells seeming to be on every side. A piece of shell tore through a man's thigh. The noise was terrifying, the effect of shrapnel being dreadful when it hits. Fortunately, it does not hit often.

"Our battery silenced the fire of the enemy, and we pushed on forward. Another river was waded, but it was only a little more than knee deep. On its further bank whistled the enemy's bullets. The men crouched down and rushed from cover to cover. We turned to the left; thicker and faster flew the bullets, which tore seams in the hot summer air, all about us, above us, on our right and left, and at our feet. A part of the company ahead of mine balked upon an open space. I drove them on, and my own company followed me. The regiment was soon huddled together in a bend of a river, surrounded by brush and trees. A few moments and the order came for Captain Turner's company to move forward; another moment and Captain Kennon followed him. Out into an open, grassy field, where the hum of insects was replaced by the venomous 'zipp' of the deadly bullet. 'Not to cross the river.' Such was the order. Zipp, zipp, zipp came the bullets. The air was full of

them. What to do? Nothing but stay there and be hit. Two more companies came up, and all fell back but mine. But I was ordered to join on the left of these, so I ordered my company back. 'I'm struck,' called out a man. I hastened to him. His arm was bored through, and the rich arterial blood was spouting his life away. I called a man to help me, and while the bullets fell like rain about us we put a tourniquet on his arm. The bullet had entered his side. Poor fellow! The blood was stanched there, and we helped him—carried him, rather—to a place where he would be sheltered from sun and bullets.

"But our line had gone back. We took him with us, the bullets around us seeming almost like a solid wall of lead and brass, for the brutes were using brass-covered bullets. There is the colonel. 'Colonel, what orders?' 'Move forward,' and forward again we went, the colonel going with us. He crossed the river, I after him, my company following. Here we breathed, for we were under the shelter of the bank. I placed my men in a hollow. The colonel sent my second lieutenant back with orders for the other companies to join us. The poor boy was shot through the heart after giving the order to two companies. I caught my breath and plunged again into the storm to see where we were, where the enemy was, what we were to do. On either hand were Spanish works, the one to the left being Fort San Juan. It sat on a high, steep hill, with a wide, flat, grassy plain in front, and a barbed-wire fence for us to climb. Oh, that fence! Many and many a fine fellow failed to cross it. There, dear Sandy Wetherill, the last of the 'Old Sixth' left to us, was killed, a bullet going through his forehead.

"A line was forming in the field. I went back and brought out the company, forming on the right of the line. There was the rattle of war the loudest. The crack of our rifles and those of the enemy, the whizz of the bullet, the shouting of officers, the groans of the wounded, the sound of the light artillery, the bursting of shells.

"We began to go forward. I got in front of the company

and called, 'Come on, boys,' and the brave fellows went forward on a run, across the field and up the spur of the hill on which was the fort. Here we found ourselves ahead of the rest. A Gatling gun opened on the enemy with a noisy rattle, and with deadly effect. The Spaniards were firing from trenches, we from the open, but the storm of bullets from the machine gun seemed to shake them. I saw several run. I sent a man down to the regiments who were forming at the foot of the hill to tell them that if they moved forward at once the place was ours and begged them to advance. Then with my company I pushed on, and was the first officer to reach the summit. A few Spaniards were still there, the rest were retreating. I directed the arms to be taken from the wounded and dead Spaniards, and fire to be opened on the retreating enemy. They started to make a stand, but the others now coming up the hill, and lining up on either side, poured volley after volley into them and they sought safety in precipitate flight. An attempt was made later to retake it, but was repulsed. In the evening we were ordered to the left, and intrenched our position.

"Eleven officers out of thirty-one, 120 men out of about 450, killed and wounded, that is the record of the Sixth on the 1st of July. Every day my company has been under fire, both of artillery and infantry. It was worth a man's life to stand erect. A bullet came within less than six inches of my head as I was taking my breakfast. It lodged in a tree two feet away."

Even though the hospital and medical provisions were painfully, criminally stinted, the wounded Spaniards, like the wounded soldiery of the republic, were tenderly cared for; shared the meagre comforts of the invading ranks, both in the Red Cross refuges and the military hospitals. This humanity which was so natural, that it was unnoticed by our soldiers, evoked a praise from the foreigners that is hardly flattering to the European conduct of war. Captain Webster of the Norwegian military staff, bore this testimony:

"One thing which specially pleased me was the magnanimity with which the United States hospital corps ministered to the wounded Spaniards found on the battlefield. They were picked

up and placed in the ambulance wagons and carried to the rear, where they received the very best medical attention. American surgeons on the battlefield would bandage the wound of a Spanish soldier to stop the flow of blood till the ambulance wagon arrived. The hospital service of the American army is worthy of the highest commendation.

"I was told by American officers that the Cubans killed wounded Spaniards with their machetes, but this barbarous practice was stopped by the officers and men of the United States army.

"The Cubans could not be seen when an engagement opened. They know nothing about scientific warfare. The men are not trained; they fight as an organized mob. The Cubans rendered very little service to the invading army, except as guides."

A startled Briton, reporting the campaign for the war office in London, witnessed this characteristic trait: "In the whirlwind crisis of the San Juan attack, an officer leading Regulars was struck, at short range, in the cheek. The Mauser bullet made a small, clean hole, and came out through the side of its victim's nose. He did not know he was hurt until another officer, seeing his face bleeding, jokingly said: 'Why man, you're wounded, mortally wounded—look at the blood. I don't know but you're killed already—look at the hole in your nose. You've got four nostrils, man, if you don't get plugged up, you'll be going about breathing like a porpoise.' With that he led his comrade off to the hospital, to convince him that he was disabled by holding a mirror to his face."

With the third of the officers slain and twelve per cent. of each regiment incapable of moving, wounded or dead, a conviction suddenly settled upon the minds of the masses, after thirty-six hours of titantic wrestling, that there was neither victory in further effort nor security in retreat; exactly the frame of mind that precedes the dissolution of organized armies. In this juncture, many of the commanders on the night of July the first, urged General Wheeler to withdraw. They saw nothing but disaster in remaining where they were, and extinction if they attempted to advance. But Wheeler had been in dilemmas of

a more trying sort in the Civil War. He had been surrounded by the bayonets of the Federals, and many a time had cut his way through massed ranks which were quite as formidable as the barbed wire bulwarks, stone walls and clay defences of the Spaniards.

The crafty old Confederate knowing the effect of a combined remonstrance to a distant commander (Shafter was at the time ill on a transport) wrote to his chief, saying: "I presume the same influences are being brought to bear on you that are working with me. But it will not do. American prestige would suffer irretrievably if we give up an inch; we must stand firm." And yet at this very moment, when hope was extinct, when brawn and muscle were at their last exertion, when the most ardent were chilled by the empty belly and the parched throat, cumulative causes were at work to end the extraordinary situation. Cervera's fleet was quitting the harbor of Santiago.

General Breckenridge, touching the conditions on the night of July 2d, in his report to the Secretary of War, departs thus widely from the tone of official literature:

"Doubtless, through telegrams and otherwise, there have been sufficient indications of the intense strain in the whole military situation on the field of operations which led to the consultation at the El Pozo house the night of July 2d, and some of the general officers favored a retrograde movement during the day or two prior to our intrenchments taking shape and the armistice being agreed upon. . . . Probably it is now evident to all that it was far better to stand steadfast, and perhaps quite possible to advance rather than retreat so near the Fourth of July, and certainly we have demonstrated our ability to hold our own."

While the enemy's flag remains in sight, while the embrasures spit fire, and death comes in torrents, no matter how much has been won, victory has not been gained And though we had crushed the volcanic outpouring of El Caney, the thunders at San Juan and the mangled lines struggling and crawling through the gullies, lingering by the streams, made it plain to the rushing ranks of reinforcements, that the decisive point had

not been won. San Juan embodied vaguely to the minds of the hurrying ranks the formidable personality of the Malakoff. One of the extraordinary incidents of the battle as it arranged itself now, was the transposition of columns in the dense thickness of the undergrowth. The divisions of Kent and Summer crossed each other unseen, and when they emerged into the line of fire, they were found to be in exactly reversed positions. This itself will give a reader uninformed in military technicalities, a vivid idea of the maddening noise and confusion going on, within the eight miles of fire the battlefield comprised. For if two friendly bodies of men could pass each other, oblivious each of the presence of the other, how easy would it have been for an enterprising foe to place a force in a position to destroy legions moving at such disadvantage.

It was late in the afternoon when the tide of battle became congested in front of what may be called the headquarters of the invading army at El Pozo. A battery of artillery which had painfully worked itself to this point of vantage, while by no means disconcerting the enemy, brought down upon the gathering masses of Kent, Summer, Lawton and Hawkins, the deadly fire of every Mauser in the enemy's blockhouses. Hawkins himself seemed to breathe the intoxication of joy under the ordeal. He rode at the head of his infantry brigade, across the plain and up the steep hillside commanded on three sides by fire, and pushed determinedly forward, absolutely unconscious that he was the best target of the thousands on the field. The infantry moved like a train of cars, with dismounted cavalry clustering by their side. It seemed as though they disdained to use the old-fashioned muskets, for they moved implacably forward, the brilliant colors of the flag accentuating the precision of the line. Slight as the incident was, Hawkins' unostentatious tranquillity, as he took off his hat, with a slight gesture of courteous command, stiffened the sinews of the marching men. And it would be almost within the line to say that they met with derision the black flight of bullets and the shrieking canister, as they bore onward with gaping ranks, to the citadel of the enemy's resistance.

Ordinarily, in fact universally, by the concomitant testimony of the European critics and monitors, this movement was a criminal impossibility. No soldier had ever been called upon to walk up to unbroken walls, to face, tear away, break down or in any way whatsoever, overcome thick networks of barbed wire, one strand of which suffices to stay the momentum of ten thousand herded cattle on the plains. Yet, under the fire of the Spanish embrasures, in the maelstrom of the Mausers, those who had the calmness to watch, could see bayonets twisting the wire, hatchets chipping them, or some stalwart fellow, with his gun bracing him, trampling the wire and holding it down for the others to pass over. "It is not war," exclaimed the German attaché, "but it is magnificent. Men who can make such soldiers as that could never be conquered by all the armies of Europe." And over the entire eight miles, heroic insanity of this sort was seen during these two abysmal days. More incomprehensible still to the foreigner, accustomed to the methodic warfare of the books, whether by an oversight or the instinct of the men themselves, the bayonets were not fixed on the guns. Which either meant that our soldiery, as by an interpenetrating, common consent, had determined to give the Spaniards no time to fight body to body, or that the enterprise seemed so hopeless that none expected to reach that last stage of desperation, when men meet, bayonet to bayonet, a thing very rarely seen in war.

But the battle was fought by the colonels, majors and the captains: the division commanders, the brigade commanders, had followed their orders in aligning their troops themselves saw the work that must be done and resolutely went at it. The darkness on that space of carnage fell as suddenly as the daylight came in the morning; and while this herioc struggle had won the outward and almost invincible defences of Santiago, the last range of a despairing but undismayed army was still between the war-worn ranks and the city.

Up to this point the soldiers felt that they had themselves taken the reins in their own hands, that they had done the fighting and whatever faults or mischances had resulted was

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largely of their own doing. It was their own eagerness to seize the embattled lines in front, that deprived them of incalculable advantages of the Gatling guns painfully clambering toward them from the rear. A battery of these destructive machines at El Caney or San Juan would have saved half of the 1,500 lives lost in the adventure. In fact, by common consent, the capture of San Juan hill was ascribed to the extraordinary inspirations of two captains of the Sixth United States Infantry, and in days to come when the daring of the march and siege are discussed, the tale will take its place among the thrilling legends of military history. The Sixth lost 131 men killed and wounded, out of a total of 450 who came through the via dolorosa of El Pozo under the command of its colonel, Egbert. These 450 men launched in the dark, vaguely directed to cross the San Juan river and hold the foot of the hill, found themselves as it were, isolated, that is to say, out of the reach of the staff guides and division commander.

The hill uprose bristling with cactus and impregnable with the thickly set wires and traps prearranged for death. Up in the air, far above the Sixth, rose the ancient crenelated ruin turned into a fortress or blockhouse. The ascent from any side accessible to the regiment was by actual measurement forty-five degrees. The segment of the hill to be taken and held, about a third of a mile crescent. The river oozes furtively through an immense brake of jungle, wire, grass and all manner of clinging and obstructive growths. The water at no point fell below the middle of the men as they struggled through. Into this pit of gloom the Spaniards had prearranged a fire which was so well nourished, as the French would say, that hardly a leaf was spared on the taller growths, and it seems like an invention to say that a man of the 450 escaped from the downpour of Mausers. It is no discredit to the battalion that they broke in every direction, not to seek cover but to avoid death in order that they might achieve the task set them. In this dispersion, the various companies were so dislocated that the men could not find their surroundings nor the officers their commands. In this blizzard of mingled death and confusion,

Captain L. W. V. Kennan of Company E, and Captain Charles Byrne of Company F, asked the colonel, in despair, what they should do. The previous consign had been not to push beyond the river until the proper supports came up on either flank, but to remain in the pit of death was to sacrifice the regiment uselessly, whereas by advancing, the range of the Spaniards might be disconcerted. The two captains just mentioned gathered together fragments of many companies as they came to hand. With this dauntless band, Byrne made at the wire palisades, where the men were already mowed down in heaps. He seized a machete from the hand of a Cuban, slashed an opening in the wire and, amazing to say, almost in single file the band poured through and as anticipated were for a momentous pause sheltered from the plunging fire above. But a harder task still fronted them, for the uprise was so steep that the men were obliged to pull themselves up by the bushes. And it often happened that the shoulder of one man was the stepping-stone to another to retain his footway. But there was a surcease from the Mausers, for the bullets went far beyond the squirming companies as they painfully toiled upward. At the top of the hill Byrne and Kennan gravely shook hands in commemoration of the feat done, and the work to do. On this gloriously won point of vantage they found the brilliant and brave Lieutenant Ord, who had paid for his temerity in seeking the spot, by his life. With straggling fragments of the Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth he had, although a staff officer, taken it upon him to silence the fort that was dealing such destruction, and in the charge he was riddled by the bullets of a revolver in the hands of a wounded Spaniard.

Byrne and Kennan, without a pause, concentrated the fragments of the companies that had clambered up the hill, and by what seemed a miracle of pure impudence charged upon the blockhouse, routed its defenders and ran up the flag.

But the deeds of the day were scattered over so many points unwitnessed by staff officers and the agencies usually accounted on to make reports, that these extraordinary exhibitions of individual courage and sagacity found no mention in the official

reports. Yet this passage was to the general battle, what Hobson's feat was to the destruction of Cervera.

A witness of the adventure relates that the two captains moved entirely on their own responsibility, and that during the upward climb they became separated and as if by a mutual instinct on reaching the crest ordered the same manœuvres. Captain Kennan made his men lie down and ordered them not to shoot at anything but men, and not to fire without orders. The men watched him eagerly, anticipating the word to advance. Very soon he ordered them forward. "The men's faces," Captain Kennan testifies, "were like the faces of schoolboys when they heard that they are to have an unexpected holiday." They rushed on eagerly, and found a road which fortunately saved them from a good deal of slaughter which other companies met in crossing a barbed wire fence that borders the meadows here. They lined up at one point with some of the men of the Sixteenth Infantry, but left them again; they passed on up the hill —not directly at the blockhouse, but in a flanking direction, which gave them an easier ascent and then turned at right angles to face the blockhouse. All the way up Captain Kennan led and encouraged his men; but not one of them anywhere showed any disposition to waver. When the turn was made, Captain Kennan found himself and his company alone on the hill; he had supposed that the whole regiment was coming up. He hesitated a moment, wondering if he must retrace his steps. For one company, reduced more than one-half by the scattering in the woods and the falling of men before the Spanish fire, to take the fortification alone, would be impossible. The captain sent his junior officer down the hill with this message: "The hill is ours if you'll come up; for God's sake come." Meanwhile, he saw other men ascending, and pressed on. At the same time, the Gatling battery, under Captain Parker of the Thirteenth Infantry, poured a galling fire from below straight across the edge of the Spanish trenches into the defenders' faces. Kennan saw the Spanish leaving their blockhouse and getting into the trenches, which was a sign of panic. On he went with his men; and now he saw the Spanish, who by this time were

menaced with the advance of other companies up the hill, abandoning the trenches and flying down the back side of the hill toward Santiago. In another moment he and his men, now reduced to about twenty, were leaping over the trenches, which they found full of dead and wounded.

A British correspondent who had seen war in all the recent outbreaks in Europe, witnessed nothing so fierce for the time taken, or the sacrifices of life involved, than the advance on Santiago. He gives a few glimpses that the readers of military history will prize:

"When afternoon came—I lost exact count of time—there was still a jumble of volleying over by Caney. But in front, our men were away out of sight behind a ridge far ahead. Beyond, there arose a long, steepish ascent crowned by the blockhouse upon which the artillery had opened fire in the morning.

"Suddenly, as we looked through our glasses, we saw a little black ant go scrambling quickly up this hill, and an inch or two behind him a ragged line of other little ants, and then another line of ants at another part of the hill, and then another, until it seemed as if somebody had dug a stick into a great ants' nest down in the valley, and all the ants were scrambling away up hill. Then the volley firing began ten times more furiously than before; from the right beyond the top of the ridge burst upon the ants a terrific fire of shells; from the blockhouse in front of them machine guns sounded their continuous rattle. But the ants swept up the hill. They seemed to us to thin out as they went forward; but they still went forward. It was incredible, but it was grand. The boys were storming the hill. The military authorities were most surprised. They were not surprised at these splendid athletic daredevils of ours doing it. But that a military commander should have allowed a fortified and intrenched position to be assailed by an infantry charge up the side of a long, exposed hill, swept by a terrible artillery fire, frightened them not so much by its audacity as by its terrible cost in human life.

"As they neared the top the different lines came nearer together. One moment they went a little more slowly; then

they nearly stopped; then they went on again faster than ever, and then all of us sitting there on the top of the battery cried with excitement. For the ants were scrambling all round the blockhouse on the ridge, and in a moment or two we saw them inside it. But then our hearts swelled up into our throats, for a fearful fire came from somewhere beyond the blockhouse and from somewhere to the right of it and somewhere to the left of it. Then we saw the ants come scrambling down the hill again. They had taken a position which they had not the force to hold. But a moment or two and up they scrambled again, more of them, and more quickly than before, and up the other face of the hill to the left went other lines, and the ridge was taken, and the blockhouse was ours, and the trenches were full of dead Spaniards.

"It was a grand achievement—for the soldiers who shared it—this storming of the hill leading up from the St. Juan River to the ridge before the main fort. We could tell so much at 2,560 yards. But we also knew that it had cost them dear.

"Later on, we knew only too well how heavy the cost was. As I was trying to make myself comfortable for the night in some meadow grass as wet with dew as if there had been a thunderstorm, I saw a man I knew in the Sixteenth, who had come back from the front on some errand.

"'How's the Sixteenth?' I asked him.

"'Good, what's left of it,' he said; 'there's fifteen men left out of my company—fifteen out of a hundred.'

"We have fought a great battle, but we have not taken Santiago yet."

Indeed, without the guaranty of actual eyesight, the future student of war might suppose in the plain tale of Santiago he was reading an exaggeration of the memoirs of Napoleon's rough riders, Marbot or Nansouty.

"It was the day after the big fight, and the road was busy both ways. From the front, the heavy, jolting, six-mule ammunition wagons were returning empty after dropping their boxes of cartridges at the firing line.

"But not quite empty, for as they came nearer you saw that

awnings of big palm leaves were lightly spread from side to side. And then, when, with a 'Whee hooyah!' and a crack of the long whip and a 'Git in thar, durn yer,' from the Texan teamster, the mules swung round from the road up the steep bank into the hospital field, you saw as the wagon tilted that under the palm leaves pale, bandaged men were lying. They groaned in agony as the heavy springless wagons rocked and jolted.

"'For God's sake kill me out of this,' screamed a man as he clutched in agony at the palm leaves between him and the sun. It seemed awful that wounded men should be carried back in such fashion, but then, as some one explained, 'Guess there's a considerable shortage of ambulance traction.' And then there was a certain grim appropriateness to the proceedings of yesterday.

"The men had been fired as ammunition against intrenchments and positions that should have been taken by artillery. It was quite in keeping that the poor, battered, spent bullets should be carted back in the ammunition wagons. But besides the wagons there came along from the front, men borne on hand litters, some lying face downward, writhing at intervals in awful convulsions, others lying motionless on the flat of their backs with their hats placed over their faces for shade. And there also came men, dozens of them afoot, painfully limping with one arm thrown over the shoulder of a comrade and the other arm helplessly dangling.

"'How much further to the hospital?' they would despairingly ask.

"'Only a quarter of a mile or so,' I would answer, and, with a smile of hope at the thought that after all they would be able to achieve the journey, they would hobble along.

"But the ammunition wagons and the few ambulance wagons did not carry them all. For hobbling down the steep bank from the hospital, came bandaged men on foot. They sat down for awhile on the bank as far as they could from the jumble of mules and wagons in the lane, and then setting their faces toward Siboney they commenced to walk it. They were the men

whose injuries were too slight for wagon room to be given them. There was not enough wagon accommodation for the men whose wounds rendered them helplessly prostrate. So let the men who had mere arm and shoulder wounds, simple flesh wounds, or only one injured leg or foot, walk it. Siboney was only eight miles away.

"True, it was a fearfully bad road, but then the plain fact was that there was not enough wagons for all, and it was better for these men to be at the base hospital, and better that they should make room at the division hospital, even if they had to make the journey on foot. There was one man on the road whose left foot was heavily bandaged and drawn up from the ground. He had provided himself with a sort of rough crutch made of the forked limb of a tree, which he had padded with a bundle of clothes. With the assistance of this and a short stick he was padding briskly along when I overtook him.

"'Where did they get you?' I asked him.

"'Oh, durn their skins,' he said in the cheerfulest way, turning to me with a smile, 'they got me twice—a splinter of a shell in the foot, and a bullet through the calf of the same leg, when I was being carried back from the firing line.'

"'A sharpshooter?'

"'The fellow was up in a tree.'

"'And you're walking back to Siboney. Wasn't there room for you to ride?' I expected an angry outburst of indignation in reply to this question. But I was mistaken. In a plain, matter-of-fact way he said:

"'Guess not. They wanted all the riding room for worse cases 'n mine. Thank God, my two wounds are both in the same leg, so I can walk quite good and spry. They told me I'd be better off down at the landing yonder, so I got these crutches and made a break.'

"'And how are you getting along?' I asked.

"'Good and well,' he said as cheerfully as might be, 'just good and easy.' And with his one sound leg and his two sticks he went cheerfully padding along.

"It was just the same with other walking, wounded men.

They were all beautifully cheerful. And not merely cheerful. They were all absolutely unconscious that they were undergoing any unnecessary hardships or sufferings. They knew now that war was no picnic, and they were not complaining at the absence of picnic fare. Some of them had lain out all the night, with the dew falling on them where the bullets had dropped them, before their turn came with the overworked field surgeons.

"'There was only sixty doctors with the outfit,' they explained, 'and, naturally, they couldn't tend everybody at once.'

"That seemed to them a quite sufficient explanation. It did not occur to them that there ought to have been more doctors, more ambulances. Some of them seemed to have a faint glimmering of a notion that there might perhaps have been fewer wounded; but then that was so obvious to everybody. The conditions subsequent to the battle they accepted as the conditions proper and natural to the circumstances. The cheerful fellow with the improvised crutches was so filled with thankfulness at the possession of his tree-branch that it never occurred to him that he had reason to complain of the absence of proper crutches. I happened by chance to know that packed away in the hold of one of the transports lying out in Siboney Bay there were cases full of crutches, and I was on the point of blurting out an indignant statement of the fact when I remembered that the knowledge would not make his walk easier. So I said nothing about it.

"I had to make the journey to Siboney myself. There was nothing more than a desultory firing going on at the front, and I had telegrams to try and get away. So I passed a good many of the walking wounded, and heard a good many groans from palm-awninged wagons. The men were, all the same, bravely and uncomplainingly plodding along through the mud. As they themselves put it, they were 'up against it,' and that was all about it.

"And down at Siboney? Well, thank God, the hospital tents had been unloaded. They were short of cots, short of blankets, short of surgeons, short of supplies, short of nurses,

short of everything. But, thank goodness, by squeezing and crowding and economizing space there was shelter for the men as they came in. And thank goodness, too, for the Red Cross Society."

After the stifling fumes of battle smoke, the rush and hurry of charge and action, the heart of the commander-in-chief sank as he saw the sanguinary line of wounded dragging themselves past his quarters. But the killed and the wounded were not the only visible results of the week's marches and combats. Many were inanimate, or seemed so, from the heat, the water and the food. Shafter knew that if he could summon 5,000 able-bodied men out of the 16,000 on the rolls, he would be doing extremely well. Yet, he sent to General Toral, the Spanish Commander, a demand to give up the city, allowing him twenty-four hours, till 10 A. M. of July 4th, to comply. That time was extended from day to day, until on July 14th, General Toral agreed to surrender, not only Santiago, but much of the surrounding country, with the scattered garrisons. Meanwhile, siege guns were brought up, and General Shafter was to some extent relieved of the burden by the arrival of General-in-chief Miles, who set to work to push reinforcements to the sorely worn ranks.

But at last, the tedious preliminaries were brought to an end. The chiefs of the Federal army, in the presence of the two lines, Spanish and Yankee, met a short distance from the intrenchments, and the last solemnity was observed. On July 17th, followed by a regiment of the Regulars, Shafter and his staff were conducted to the civic palace where the flag of the United States replaced the banner of Spain. There was little attempt at the spectacular, but the masses who witnessed the scene were impressed with the indifference of the Spaniards. For both the citizens and soldiers seemed relieved. The capitulation revealed to General Shafter the amazing luck that had attended our whole campaign, for the forces surrendered were almost double the number brought to the island from Tampa. Those who had wrought incessantly for weeks were rewarded with a spectacle such as we had not seen since the armies of Washington and Rochambeau were drawn up at Yorktown—the filing

GENERAL JOSÉ TORAL Y VELASQUEZ.

past of an army corps, under the laws of war. Our soldiery, in this intoxicating hour of triumph, confirmed all the traditions of chivalry we have been accustomed to associate with them; they gave the Spaniards no cause to regret the giving up. Shafter himself like the stout soldier he had proven himself, refused to take the sword of the Spanish commander. In an hour after the flag of the republic swung out over the turrets of the municipal palace, the troops of the two armies were mobilized in the kindliest confraternity.

IN THE RUSSIAN TRENCHES.

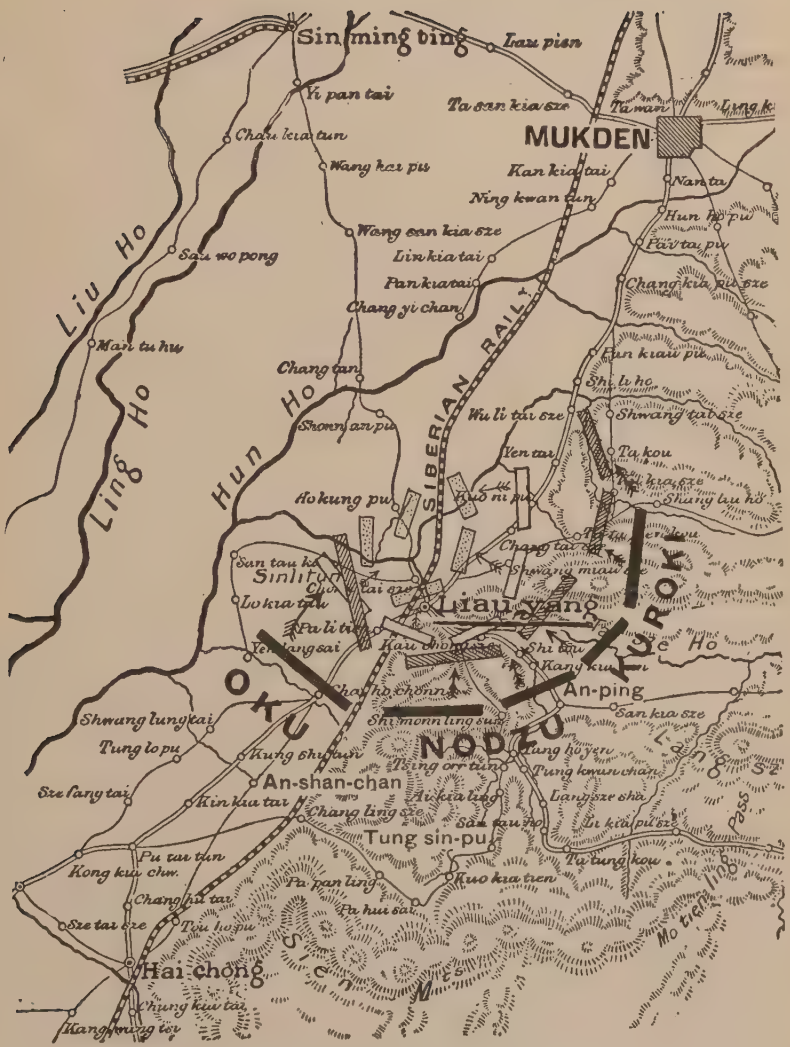
LIAOYANG.

1904 A. D.

BY G. W. HOBBS, JR.

HE Battle of Liaoyang, a bloody six days' struggle between the Russians and Japanese for possession of this city, has taken a place among the great battles of history. This contest and the Battle of the Shakhe River, following it, in which the Russians attempted in vain to turn the tide of defeat and retreat, were the culmination of the first land campaign of the Japanese-Russian War and marked the end of the series of conflicts beginning with the successful crossing of the Yalu River by the Japanese, May 1. The estimates of the number of men engaged at Liaoyang vary from 200,000 to 250,000 on each side so that in point of numbers it was the greatest battle of modern times, exceeding any of the struggles of the American Civil War, and having no peer since the famous Battle of Leipsic where Napoleon arrayed 130,000 men against the 300,000 of the Allies. In result the battle was less decisive than many other great battles of history. The object of the Japanese was to surround and crush the enemy. In this they failed, despite the fact that they won a wonderful victory. The Russian army was saved by a masterly retreat of more than sixty miles, through every foot of which was fought what was perhaps the world's greatest rear-guard struggle. That the final aim of the Japanese was not achieved was due to the limitations of human endurance. They outfought, and outgeneraled the enemy at every stage of the battle, but after forced marching of nearly 200 miles, and continuous fighting for six days, the flanking army at the moment when its blow might have been delivered, was compelled to desist from physical exhaustion.

Something of events leading up to the battle must be told to make the event, and its significance intelligible. The Japanese-Russian War became a fact February 6, 1904. Two days later the vanguard of the Japanese army of invasion landed at Chemulpo and Chenampo, Korea. Russian occupation of the Shantung peninsula and her activity in Manchuria along the Korean border had been prime causes of disagreement between the two governments and Manchuria from the Korean border northward was obviously to be the battleground. The Japanese marched the length of Korea, from Seoul, its capital, 600 miles to the Yalu and there, defeated the Russians, crossed the river into the enemy's country and thus opened the actual land campaign. This original army was commanded by General Kuroki, who in the early days of the struggle and in every important action since has proved himself the greatest of Japan's commanders. After the victory of the Yalu Kuroki advanced into Manchuria to Fengwangcheng, to await further development of the campaign. To the south, General Oku, with the second army of invasion landed at Pitsewo, on May 5, and on May 26 defeated the Russians at Kinchow and gained control of the neck of land there, so that his army was in position to prevent a southward advance of the Russians toward Port Arthur, against which meantime, both a naval and land campaign was being waged. General Oku's second battle was fought at Manshan Hill, which was taken in a desperate bayonet charge. On June 15, General Oku fought a battle at Telissu, defeating General Stakelberg and an expedition that had been sent southward for the relief of Port Arthur. This was the final preliminary battle before the development of the actual campaign which culminated at Liaoyang. The Third Japanese army under General Nodzu, had meanwhile landed at Takushan, midway from Pitsewo to the mouth of the Yalu, and had driven the Russians from an advanced position at Siuyen. Thus three Japanese armies were ready to converge on the Russians whose army was in three great divisions, at Tashichow, Kaiping and Haicheng, admirably disposed to meet advances by all of the Japanese forces. They were aided, too, by the nature of the country, and at each point defended mountain passes of



BATTLE OF LIAO-YANG.

tremendous natural strength. In the latter part of June after desperate fighting General Kuroki captured Motien Pass, at the summit of the watershed that divides the Yalu and Liao Valleys, and General Nodzu took Fenchin Pass, giving him command of the roads to Kaichow and Haicheng. The Russians made a desperate attempt June 16-17 to retake Motien Pass but were defeated. Then began the Japanese advance in earnest. They captured in succession Tashichow, Kaiping and Haicheng, and during July and August in achieving these triumphs succeeded in closing the three original armies into one vast command for the advance which brought the Russians to bay at Liaoyang.

The united Russian army was commanded by General Kuropatkin, a soldier who had learned war in the Crimea, the idol of his nation and a general in whom the Tsar and his councillors placed the greatest confidence. General Kuropatkin had explained successive defeats and retreats on the score of superior numbers of the Japanese. The intimation was given that once Liaoyang was reached a stand would be made and a decisive battle would follow. The city itself dates from time immemorial. It was the headquarters of the Manchu dynasty for centuries before these robber clans overran China and made Pekin their capital. Tombs of Manchu Emperors, old beyond grasp of the imagination, still stand near the ancient walled city, objects of awe and worship throughout China. Liaoyang is on the south bank of the Taitse River, and is a station on the railroad connecting Harbin and Port Arthur, itself connecting with the great Siberian Railroad, and with the Chinese road, via Newchwang to Pekin. For these reasons it may be regarded as the Hub of Manchuria, in many senses. The Russians had chosen it as headquarters, and owing to its river and railroad communications it was also made a vast storehouse for commissary and ammunition. The city lies in the heart of a great fertile plain ending in foot hills which gradually ascend to encircling mountains, an average of fifteen miles away. These mountains were the Russian outer line of defence. The lesser hills, four and five miles away, were a second line of defence. Everywhere were semi-permanent forts, trenches, bombproofs, and every possible means of aiding

RUSSIANS RECAPTURING THEIR LOST GUNS AT LIAO-YANG.

the defenders in resisting attack. When the battle opened, August 26, the Russians occupied three groups of positions extending in a semi-circle in front of and to the southward of the outer line of defences, so that the first guns of the Battle of Liaoyang were fired twenty miles away from the city proper. General Kuroki attacked from the east, General Nodzu on the south and General Oku on the west. In the meantime command of the united Japanese armies had been vested in General Marquis Oyama, to whom credit for succeeding results was accorded along with the three divisional commanders. General Kuroki, on the right flank, had 160,000 men; General Nodzu, on the left flank, had 50,000 men, and General Oku, holding the centre, had 30,000 men. General Kuropatkin himself, commanded the Russian centre, with his right flank facing General Nodzu under Generals Stakelberg and Meyendorff, successively; and his left facing General Oku under the Cossack generals Mistchenko and Rennenkampf.

The battle opened August 24 when General Oku, emerging into the plain of Liaoyang attacked Anping with his left and centre, reserving his right flank for another movement not at that time foreseen. At the same time General Nodzu attacked the Russian right flank, forcing its retirement after a furious infantry charge and hand to hand struggle over the Russian trenches. Meantime the Japanese centre began a series of furious assaults on the Russian main position. The Japanese had in all 1200 guns and more than half of that number were used to break Kuropatkin's main force. Shells fairly rained over the Russian lines, and each furious bombardment was instantly followed by an all but equally destructive tidal wave of Japanese troops. The battle of August 24 successfully drove in the Russian outposts and on August 25 the Japanese army was ready for the final operation against the Russian main force at Liaoyang. The obvious strategy was for General Kuroki to strike the Russian communications north of Liaoyang while the remaining divisions attacked from the south. Immediately the outposts came into touch, four miles north of Haicheng, General Oku was opposed by a Russian rear guard sent to delay him.

This force delayed the Japanese advance for three days, its

efforts being aided by the weather, which put the roads in terrible condition.

On the 29th, the headquarters halted while the advance guard felt the Russian front.

The 30th opened threateningly, and found the Japanese army deployed under cover of the crops facing the seven hills which the Russians held.

It was evident from the outset that General Oku's recent successes had caused him to despise the staying power of the enemy, for without waiting for adequate preparation he pushed his infantry down to the limit of the standing crops. The Russians from their rocky eminence could get occasional glimpses of the Japanese infantry columns, and they opened an accurate shrapnel fire from four gun positions which throughout the two days' fighting remained masked.

The Russian tactics at Liaoyang were a revelation, for which General Oku had to pay dearly. As the Russian guns opened, the Japanese batteries, distributed all along the front, began to shell the crests, which looked likely to be gun positions, but the shelling that day had no effect upon the defender's fire beyond increasing its intensity. After an artillery duel lasting all day, more serious to the attack than to the defense, the divisional commanders were ordered to press the infantry forward. At dusk the movement was prepared by a heavy artillery fire, in which the Japanese had 160 field guns and 60 howitzers engaged. Against this the Russians returned a spirited fire from probably forty-eight field guns, the fire of which was indirect.

The result of this infantry advance was abortive. Gallantly the little infantrymen responded to the order in groups of twelve, their formation for such an attack, and they pressed up toward the inferno prepared for them.

The leading battalions of the Fourth and Sixth Divisions essayed to approach the rock entrance, but a sheet of lead from the loopholed village at the base of the eminence and from the supporting trenches swept them back, and they were fain to dig themselves into soft mud on the fringe of the standing corn. The Third Division, with the gallant Thirty-fourth Regiment

JAPANESE TROOPS CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENT.

leading, made a similar attempt nearer the centre, but the result was the same harrowing slaughter. The Fifth Division had made better progress, though this was little to them, considering the disparity in the rival forces. The laurels rested with the Russians, but the Japanese art of war counsels persistency. In spite of the failure of the first attack, another was ordered to begin at 2 o'clock the following morning. The cold, gray morning witnessed another scene of slaughter on the Russian right as the defenders again hurled the attack back. An enfilading fire on every salient point swept each rush away before the men could even lay their hands on the entanglements.

The Fifth Division had more success against the Russian left. The position here was composed of brush, covered like a hog's back, sloping to the east and defended by a triple line of trenches, with a glacis protected by a ten-foot entanglement covering a honeycomb of pits containing spikes at the bottom. The lower feature of this hill was a salient hut. The upper works were flanked by a conical hill in front, which acted as a bastion, and was cunningly entrenched. In the semi-darkness of the morning the Forty-first Regiment carried this under feature after losing seventy-five of the 100 pioneers who hacked a way through the entanglements with axes, the men rushing through the gap, overpowering the sentries in the trenches before their support, still sleeping in the splinter proofs behind, could reinforce them. But daybreak brought to light a tragedy of the kind common in modern war. Heavy shell fire, believed to be from the Japanese guns, drove this gallant storming party from its hold, filling the Russian trenches with Japanese dead. Thus, an hour after sunrise, the position of the defense and the attack on this point was practically in status quo.

All the preceding day the sound of the Fifth Division's guns, and more muffled booming to the northeast, had been heard, which came from General Kuroki's guns; but it would seem certain that Kuropatkin had concentrated his main force previously in an endeavor to crush Kuroki, and that thereby the main feature of the Japanese strategical plan had failed.

Neither the Tenth Division nor Kuroki had made any percept-

ible progress in the five days' fighting, and after the second day the Russians only held Oku and Nodzu with rear guard. On the 31st the weather was fine and the energy of the southern attack all the morning was concentrated in the artillery fire on Bushy Hill, that had been won and lost. At 10 o'clock the Fifth Division moved against the Russian left. The slow, creeping work of the division had enabled them to approach within a nearer range of the enemy, and their little hand howitzers, which weapons accompanied every infantry brigade, were now brought up to support the firing line. They massed against the rocky excrescences, which gave cover from the Russian artillery fire until the preparations were complete. Then they extended down the inner and outer slope of the ridge in company columns, single file, shoulder to shoulder, lying down.

At a quarter to 12 the advanced lines broke into groups of twelve and began a series of movements according to the usual method of Japanese infantry attack. After making a short rush the men lay down. They did not fire a rifle.

No support coming from the supports in the rear in this case, the firing line was thrown out along the actual crest, which divided the two attacking lines. There was a moment of intense excitement, while the summit of the Russian position resembled a miniature Mount Pelee in eruption, owing to the bursting of dozens of Shimose shells. The head of the assault was in a gap in the entanglements. The artillery was supporting the assault. Three or four ground mines exploded in the midst of the leading assaulting groups, then, as the smoke cleared, the black-coated Russians were seen leaving their position.

In a moment the Japanese were in, and the whole of the lines in support on the crest fired down the slope into the retreating Russians.

But one swallow does not make a summer. Although the under feature of the Bushy Hill was carried, the rest of the assault failed miserably. No Japanese could live within 500 yards of the bastion hill, and though the Japanese groups were as numerous as swarming bees, it was only to be swept backwards into cover again, leaving behind a heavy price for their valor.

The handful of men who seized the hill were able to hold it, but they could not advance an inch, and thus the afternoon wore on. All along the line no movement could be traced except the moving nearer in of some few Japanese batteries. The artillery duel, however, continued unabated. Along the fringe of the Japanese front individual infantrymen had crept forward and dug themselves in where the mountain watercourses made it possible to escape the searching fire of the Russian rifles, while all the time the Russian shrapnel was causing hundreds of casualties in the flats.

But Oku was growing desperate. From the position of the Fifth Division it was evident that the Tenth Division and Kuroki were making no headway, so Oku determined upon a third general assault that night, the third assault in twenty-four hours! But all day he had been moving his reserves up into the firing line.

At 7 o'clock the whole strength of the Japanese artillery began a rapid fire against the whole position, taking it in sections. This continued for an hour, and afterward, for a third time, the infantry was hurled against the position.

This general assault was a repetition of all the previous assaults. There was gruesome evidence the following morning to show how like hares in snares the heroic Japanese infantry had struggled into the barbed-wire entanglements to die; how, blundering in darkness, sections had thrown themselves down thirty yards from the flaring line of muzzles whose goal they were never to win.

But the first battalion of the Thirty-fourth Regiment, which for forty-eight hours had been lying in the scrub at the foot of the green glacis on the central hill, broke through the abatis and entanglements, and in spite of a flanking fire, which swept away group after group, had enough endurance to reach the first trench.

What happened there none knows, but in the morning Russians and Japanese were lying intermingled waist deep in the ditch, while from parapet to entanglement, perhaps 150 yards, a thick trail of prostrate khaki told a tale of horror.

Everywhere again the assault had failed.

The divisional telephone told headquarters the desperate news, but the Japanese infantry motto is not to know failure.

When Oku's infantry began to move against the town they found that the enemy by no means intended to abandon it without a struggle.

As the infantry began the advance, the Russian artillery opened fire from three positions in front of the town, and by 9 o'clock it was realized that the two forces had settled down to another stubborn battle.

The progress made by General Oku during the day was slow. The Fifth Division and part of General Nodzu's command made better progress.

Again the rearguard, having completed its duty, retired, and General Oku again ordered one of those terrific artillery preparations which preceded the Japanese infantry assaults. It seemed that everything before it must be annihiliated and that nothing could live.

Just as the fire reached its zenith all along the line the three Russian artillery positions burst into answering flame, and the Japs were surrounded with bursts of rapid shrapnel fire. The Russians were not done with yet.

That night the attaches were informed that General Oku had ordered a general attack, which was destined to be final. The promised atttack did not take place until just before sunrise no September 3. It was desperate, but it failed with considerable loss. It was evident from the increase in the vehemence of the Japs' artillery fire at 9 o'clock that morning that General Oku had received information which determined him to roll up the Russian line no matter at what cost. The Russians still maintained fire from their three groups of guns.

The Japs concentrated their fire on each Russian battery position in turn, and they seemed to turn their immediate vicinity into a Hades of bursting shell, raising dense columns of smoke and dust. Out of the smoke, however, still came answering flashes, as, despite everything, the Russian gunners doggedly returned fire with fire. With fast work from their quick-fires, the Japanese artillery fire ceased, and it was evident that another

A LAST GALLANT STAND OF RUSSIAN GUNNERS.

attempt at a general advance was to be made. The infantry had howitzers supporting the advance until the last moment, when the fire in the background gave evidence that Kuroki's Tenth Division was endeavoring to complete the ruin upon which General Oku was so intent.

But General Oku's attempt was only a repetition of the ghastly carnage. The Fifth Division, however, made better headway. In a moment it seemed that the Japanese infantry would be upon the Russian battery on the left, but the line of Russian trenches stayed the Japanese rush, and their gallantry only went to swell the tale of casualties. General Oku, however, would not brook failure. Shortly before 11 the artillery preparation began.

This time it was the severest concentrated artillery fire that the world has ever seen. Every gun belonging to the Japanese corps concentrated a rapid fire on the left of Kuropatkin's position, namely, on the section immediately in front of the Russian settlement in the angle of the city wall. It was a magnificent, yet awful and awe-inspiring spectacle. The Shimose shells burst and threw great columns of black and yellow smoke into the air.

In a moment the roofs of the Russian station buildings shot up into flame and pillars of dense cloud formed as a pall above the settlement. Yet the blackness of this sombre canopy was relieved by countless sparkling flashes and white puffs from the bursting of shrapnel till the whole of the mottled mass obscured the view of the town behind. Nothing could live under this, and the end of the Russian resistance had come.

Satisfied themselves, the Japanese gunners rested from the work of devastation and slaughter, when suddenly out of the midst of the smoke and murky dust left from the reeking shrapnel came the counter flashes from two or three heroic Russian batteries.

This was the Russians' last effort—a magnificent farewell to the enemy they had balked so long. A heavy rifle fire continued all the afternoon, and it was effective, if one could judge by the constant passing toward the firing line of the strings of Chinese stretcher bearers. There was evidence that Liaoyang would be abandoned, but it seemed certain that, though defeated and

forced by superior numbers, superior artillery and to some extent by superior troops, General Kuropatkin had in turn defeated the Japanese strategy, for, as far as we could learn, General Kuroki was still fighting to get astride, but instead of his being astride the Russians' communications that evening the remaining Russians in the trenches still kept the Japanese at bay. But the iron-minded Oku, little reckoning that his fierce assaults had already cost him close to 20,000 men, determined upon a final enveloping assault. The last reserves were pushed in and at 3 A. M. the Japanese army, after five days of the fiercest fighting the world has seen since the American Civil War, seized the railway bridge and were in occupation of Liaoyang. General Kuropatkin, with the last of the Siberian Rifles, had left Liaoyang at 1.30 A. M.

Strategy had finally turned the tide against Kuropatkin. On the last day of August, General Kuroki's missing right flank effected a crossing by pontoon bridges over the Taitse, twenty miles above Liaoyang and began to turn the Russian flank. The news paralyzed the Russian resistance south of the river. Within six hours the first retrograde movement was made and thereafter through three memorable days withdrawal followed withdrawal, the Japanese hotly pressing at the rear, until Liaoyang was the Russian rear and then the Taitse was crossed and finally the whole battlefield and twenty-five miles more were under the Japanese flag.

Kuroki's flanking movement turned the tide. It became necessary for General Kuropatkin to meet this movement, and moving part of his forces north of the river the Russians attacked with furious determination. So furious indeed was the attack that for three days Kuroki's fate hung in the balance. He had been discovered with but half of his force across the river and only his success in finally uniting his army north of the Taitse prevented a disaster to this wing of Oyama's army, which might have changed the whole story of the struggle. Failing to crush Kuroki, Kuropatkin was compelled to acknowledge himself flanked and began the retreat, and on Sunday, September 4, the Japanese armies entered Liaoyang, with Kuropatkin's army ten

miles away, fleeing northward, and Kuroki on his flank too exhausted to strike.

The flight and pursuit make a memorable closing chapter to the story of this gigantic struggle. Several times the Russian rearguard was threatened with being cut off and General Stakelberg narrowly saved his force again and again, one of the wings of his force under General Orloff having been practically annihilated. The Russian forces by September 8 had reached the Yentai coal mines. Here Kuroki, after a three days' rest, attacked and compelled a continuation of the retreat further north, Russia thus losing one of her three sources of coal supply in Manchuria. The battle of Liaoyang and rearguard fighting which followed it came to an end with the fighting at Yentai mines. In the ten days' fighting ending September 3, the Rusloss of 17,000 killed and wounded. General Kuropatkin by marvellous management saved his baggage and his baggage trains and succeeded in destroying all the stores in Liaoyang before the city fell into the hands of the Japanese. Marshal Oyama, on the other hand reported that he secured vast and valuable stores in the city.

SHAKHE RIVER.

1904 A. D.

BY G. W. HOBBS, JR.

THE Battle of the Shakhe River was a desperate effort on the part of General Kuropatkin to redeem the disastrous loss of Liaoyang and aside from adding another to the memorable military struggles of history is the longest continuous battle ever fought, having continued from October 5, 1904, until October 20. Fully 400,000 men fought in the two armies, the line of actual battle extending for fifty-two miles. The fighting was even more desperate than at Liaoyang and the losses on both sides far heavier. Not less than 70,000 men were killed and wounded, of which number fully 50,000 were Russians. Victory hung in the balance until the closing days of the battle, when the Japanese, by furious infantry flank and centre assaults, broke the Russian lines, and with the exception of a single position, Lone Tree Hill, became masters of the field. The long struggle has so exhausted Oyama's troops that no advantage could be taken of the triumph. As at Liaoyang there was no decisive result beyond proving once more the wonderful skill of Japan's generals and the superb fighting qualities of her soldiery. The Russians, despite ultimate defeat, gave also a splendid exhibition of determination and valor and though defeated were not vanquished.

For nearly three weeks after the terrible battle of Liaoyang the Russians and Japanese seemed to have suspended operations for much needed rest and a rearrangement of their lines. The Russians were centered at Mukden, 40 miles north of Liaoyang, while a strong force had continued 20 miles farther north to Tie

Pass, a strategical position commanding the gateway to the vast central Manchurian plain, of which Harbin is the centre. The three Japanese armies had pushed on in pursuit of the Russians to Yentai and the Yentai coal mines and thence ten miles northward to the Shakhe River, spelled also Shako and Chako, the "ho" being a Chinese termination meaning river. It was this stream that divided the Japanese vanguard and the Russian rearguard and became the centre of the great battle which followed.

On October 2 General Kuropatkin announced that a new battle was to be fought. What prompted the announcement will perhaps never be known. Political enemies were at work against the Russian general at St. Petersburg and it may have been a desperate move to regain failing prestige. It is more probable that the Tsar himself commanded the advance to quiet rising storms in Russia through the appeal to national patriotism that would have followed a great victory. General Kuropatkin's announcement of impending battle was made in an order of the day, October 2. He complimented his troops on their bravery and declared that "heretofore we have not been numerically strong enough to defeat the Japanese army," and concluded thus:

"Heretofore the enemy, in operating, has relied on his great forces and disposing his armies so as to surround us, has chosen as he deemed fit, his time for attack, but now the moment to go to meet the enemy, for which the whole army has been longing, has come, and the time has arrived for us to compel the Japanese to do our will, for the forces of the Manchurian Army are strong enough to begin forward movement."

The proclamation is remarkable inasmuch as it gave complete warning to the Japanese and deserves a place in history as an effective factor in determining the outcome of the succeeding memorable battle. Warned of the enemy's plan, Field Marshal Oyama was ready. Kuropatkin, it will be seen, literally put his head in the jaws of the lion. The full text of this remarkable proclamation was as follows:

"More than seven months ago the enemy treacherously fell upon us at Port Arthur before war had been declared. Since

then, by land and sea, the Russian troops have performed many heroic deeds, of which the Fatherland may justly be proud. The enemy, however, is not only not overthrown, but in his arrogance continues to dream of complete victory.

"The troops of the Manchurian Army, in unvarying good spirits, hitherto have not been numerically strong enough to defeat the Japanese Army. Much time is necessary for overcoming all of the difficulties of strengthening the active army so as to enable it to accomplish with complete success the arduous but honorable task imposed upon it. It is for this reason that, in spite of the repeated repulse of Japanese attacks on our positions at Tatchekiao, Liandiansian and Liaoyang, I did not consider that the time had arrived to take advantage of these successes and to begin a forward movement, and I therefore gave the order to retreat.

"You left the positions you had so heroically defended, covered with piles of the enemy's dead, and without allowing yourselves to be disturbed by the foe and in full preparedness for a fresh fight. After a five days' battle at Liaoyang you retired on new positions which had been prepared previously. After successfully defending all advanced and main positions, you withdrew to Mukden under most difficult conditions.

"Attacked by General Kuroki's army, you marched through almost impassable mud, fighting throughout the day and extricating guns and carts with your hands at night and returned to Mukden without abandoning a single gun, prisoner or wounded man, and with the baggage train entirely intact.

"I ordered the retreat with a sorrowful heart, but with unshaken confidence that it was necessary in order to gain complete and decisive victory over the enemy when the time came.

"The Emperor has assigned for the conflict with Japan forces sufficient to assure us victory. All difficulties in transporting these forces over a distance of 10,000 versts are being overcome in a spirit of self-sacrifice and with indomitable energy and skill by Russian men of every branch and rank of the service and every social position to whom has been entrusted this work, which for difficulty is unprecedented in the history of warfare.

"In the course of seven months hundreds of thousands of men and tens of thousands of horses and carts and millions of pounds of stores have been coming uninterruptedly by rail from European Russia and Siberia to Manchuria.

"If the regiments which already have been sent out prove insufficient, fresh troops will arrive, for the inflexible will of the Emperor that we should vanquish the foe will be inflexibly fulfilled.

"Heretofore the enemy, in operating, has relied on his great forces, and, disposing his armies so as to surround us, has chosen as he deemed fit his time for attack; but now the moment to go to meet the enemy, for which the whole army has been longing, has come, and the time has arrived for us to compel the Japanese to do our will, for the forces of the Manchurian Army are strong enough to begin a forward movement. Nevertheless, you must be unceasingly mindful of the victory to be gained over our strong and gallant foe.

"In addition to numerical strength in all commands, from the lowest to the highest, the firm determination must be to prevail, to gain victory. Whatever be the sacrifice necessary to this end, bear in mind the importance of victory to Russia; and, above all, remember how necessary victory is—the more speedily to relieve our brothers at Port Arthur, who for seven months have heroically maintained the defense of the fortress entrusted to their care.

"Our army, strong in its union with the Emperor and all Russia, performed great deeds of heroism for the Fatherland in all wars and gained for itself well-merited renown among all nations. Think at every hour of the defense of Russia's dignity and rights in the Far East, which have been entrusted to you by the Emperor's wish. Think at every hour that to you the defense of the honor and fame of the whole Russian Army has been confided.

"The illustrious head of the Russian land, together with the whole of Russia, prays for you, blesses you for your heroic deeds. Strengthened by this prayer and the consciousness of the importance of the task that has fallen to us, we must go forward

FIGHT IN STREET OF LIN-SHIN-PU, BATTLE OF SHAK-KE RIVER.

fearlessly, with a firm determination to do our duty to the end, without sparing our lives.

"The will of God be with us all."

Three days after the proclamation had been issued the Russian's advance began and at first it seemed to find the Japanese unprepared. Several important outposts, notably General Kuroki's strongly fortified position at Bentsiaputze, had been captured by the Russians with small loss. The Russians were full of enthusiasm, eager for battle, roused almost to a frenzy by skillful appeals to their patriotism. In the first impetus of their forward movement they drove in the scattered outposts of the Japanese armies with but little difficulty and along all of the fifty-two miles of the front the early days found the Japanese falling back, and the Russians, mile by mile nearing the midground of the huge battlefield, the Shakhe River. On the west they bid fair to blanket the Japanese and penetrated to points due west from Yentai. They swept over the Hun River, and pressed on until finally after innuemrable small engagements the actual Japanese position was reached and the struggle began in earnest.

But the Russian successes were veritable will-o'-the-wisps, leading them on to disaster.

The Japanese retreats had served to concentrate their armies in three great units. The extreme right, under General Kuroki, rested at Pensihu. The centre was at Yentai, and the line extended thence westward to the Hun River. Field Marshal Oyama strongly reinforced General Kuroki since the Russian plan was to turn the Japanese right, and sent a column still farther eastward to flank in turn the Russians, a strategic move which ultimately turned the flank of the Russian flankers and changed the whole course of the battle.

Meantime Kuropatkin with his centre army crossed the Hun, southward, and advanced along the railroad to give battle to the Japanese centre at Yentai Here he was faced by General Oku and General Nodzu. The brunt of the eleven days' fighting which followed was borne by these centre armies, numbering in all 300,000 men, and the fury of attack and counter attack added a new page to the horrors of war. Day after day, column on

column, advancing and retreating swept back and forth across the field, leaving thousands of dead and dying under the glare of bursting shrapnel and the pall of powder smoke. Three thousand machine guns and cannon fairly littered the plain with fragments of steel, furrowed the countryside, and fields of grain, and mowed down whole companies of both armies in an awful rain of death. Single positions changed hands a dozen times a day and always freshly strewn corpses told of one more attack and retreat. And so the struggle waged, a deadlock at the centre, until the outgeneraled, outflanked Russian army after eleven days of fruitless attack and awful carnage began the retreat north of the Shakhe, which by October 20 had brought the battle to a close. General Kuroki remained master of the position on the Japanese right only after fighting as severe as that at the centre. When the eleven days fighting was over, his troops buried 5,000 Russian dead. Only one feature of the realignment was disadvantageous to the Japanese. They had lost Lone Tree Hill, a position commanding the entire range of territory covered by the armies when the long struggle came to an end. Lone Tree Hill is a rugged eminence, 200 feet high, east of the railroad bridge crossing the Shakhe River. The Japanese in their onward rush in the eighth day of the battle had swept up its slopes and the sun flag supplanted the Russian. General Oyama failed to sufficiently reinforce the victors holding the hill. Kuropatkin appreciated its importance both as a site for artillery and for purposes of observation. When night fell the Siberian riflemen were called upon to storm and retake the lost position. One thousand of them with fixed bayonets toiled up the northern slopes of the hill. Above them the exhausted enemy, 500 in all, lay lost in sleep, and even the sentinels failed to note the foe stealthily creeping nearer and nearer. The Russians were within one hundred yards before the alarm was given. There was barely time for the surprised Japanese to seize their arms before the Siberians were upon them Then followed a hand to hand struggle rarely if ever equalled, in ferocity or valor. Until daylight the clash of steel rang from end to end of the hill. Not a shot was fired. Quarter was neither asked nor given. Like

wild beasts the two forces struggled, the Japanese, outnumbered two to one, battling with the fanatic fatalism for which they have been famous for centuries, the Russians striving with that dogged determination and mad abandon which has immortalized the name Cossack. At daylight a half hundred Japanese survivors, not one unwounded, were finally overpowered. The Russian flag was unfurled, to remain. Oyama sent force after force to retake the hill but Kuropatkin not making the error of his opponent, doubled the number of defenders, packed the summit with machine guns and field artillery and again and again the Japanese advanced only to immolate themselves on hillsides already littered with a thousand of their dead. The struggle was finally abandoned. The exhausted Japanese shrank from further assaults and Lone Tree Hill remained the dearly bought possession of Kuropatkin, its story the one bright chapter in Russia's long series of defeats.

RUSSIAN PRIEST IN THE TRENCHES, WITH GENERAL STAKELBERG'S ARMY.

PORT ARTHUR.

1904 A. D.

BY G. W. HOBBS, JR.

IN the siege of Port Arthur, the Russian-Japanese War has contributed one of the most remarkable military episodes of history. There have been longer sieges, and costlier sieges to human life, but never before have weapons of such awful destructiveness been brought to bear on fortresses so vastly strong. All of the capabilities of modern engines of battle there faced each other. Impregnability versus irresistibility seemed almost to have been realized when the Titans began their struggle. In the end the Gibraltar of the East fell, but not before its defenders had won an immortal name, nor before the besiegers had proved themselves among the mightiest of the earth. The perspective of time will bring the events of the siege into more accurate relative relations. The material events will be segregated from the immaterial; credit will be accorded to whom credit is due, but Time itself will never rob either the Spartan defence, nor the fanatically desperate atttack of a place among history's most remarkable military achievements.

The taking of Port Arthur culminated what may be regarded as the primary purpose of Japan in beginning the war with Russia. In 1894 this natural fortress had been captured by Japan in her war with China. Possession of it had been wrested from her by the Powers, their action having been inspired by Russia. Four years later Russia secured from China a lease of the peninsula on which Port Arthur stands. A wave of anger swept over Japan and the decision to have revenge, then formed, was as the distant rumbling of thunder before the breaking of a

storm. Russia saw this as all the world saw it. With feverish haste hundreds of millions were spent in fortifications to make of this position the Gibraltar of the East, Russian influence meantime spread throughout Southern Manchuria, but this fact became of significance when the Yalu River was reached and Russian tradesmen undertook to extend their activities into Korea. Then followed the diplomatic exchanges between Japan and Russia. Japan demanded a definite statement of the zones of influence of the two countries, asking nothing in Manchuria but insisting that Korea be not encroached upon. Freedom for commercial activity was demanded for all of the territory in dispute. Russia dallied and amended the Japanese proposals until that memorable February 6, 1904, when diplomatic relations were ended and war was on.

As truly as that from the moment Russia leased Port Arthur, war was inevitable, so was it inevitable that Japan's land and sea campaign should centre around this stronghold. Every act on land and sea in the first twelvemonth of the war was part of a gigantic, cruel drama which culminated, gloriously for Japan, on Sunday, January 1, 1905, with the proffer of surrender by General Stoessel, commander of the garrison of Port Arthur. Japan had avenged 1894 and 1898.

The siege of Port Arthur falls naturally into three divisions: the attacks on the Russian fleet and the bombardment of the city by Admiral Togo; the land operations, leading to investment; and the siege proper.

Admiral Togo, commander of Japan's united fleets, struck the first blow on February 8-9. The first attack disabled seven Russian ships, reducing the effective naval force so far below that of the Japanese that it was impossible to give battle at sea. To bottle up the harbor then became Admiral Togo's task. The first attempt was made February 24, and similar attempts, alternated with tremendous bombardments, continued throughout February, March, April and until May 3, when four merchant ships were run under the guns of the batteries and were sunk, seeming to seal the harbor.

Subsequent events proved, however, that the Japanese dash and valor had accomplished no actual results.

The first actual battle of the fleets took place April 13, a battle which resulted in disaster to Russia. Admiral Makaroff was lured from the harbor by a ruse, a weak Japanese squadron having appeared off the harbor, the bulk of the fleet remaining under the horizon. After a long range battle the Russians saw the trap and ran for the harbor. The flagship Petropavlovsk struck a mine, and sank with more than 600 men on board, Admiral Makaroff among them, as well as the famous painter Verastchagin.

The beginning of May found the land campaign converging toward Port Arthur and the navy doubled its vigilance. So thoroughly was the Russian fleet bottled by incessant bombardment and show of aggressive force that, on May 30, Dalny fell into Japan's hands with the Port Arthur fleet powerless to interfere, its last offensive act having been a bombardment of the Japanese at Nanshan Hill, May 26.

The second sortie of the Russian fleet took place June 23-24. Admiral Wirenius reached a point ten miles off the harbor, then turned and fled, reaching the harbor with several ships badly damaged. The Japanese resumed bombardment, and on August 1 repulsed a sortie of Russian torpedo boats.

On August 10 took place the greatest incident in the naval operations. The Russian fleet left the harbor and, after a great battle, was defeated and dispersed. Five battleships were damaged, the Russian Admiral, Withoft, was killed. Most of the ships got back to Port Arthur. Others sought refuge in ports on the China coast. This was the fleet's valedictory. The blockade was thereafter rigorously drawn and bombardments followed at intervals, but Togo's fleet was only called on to maintain a blockade. The final crushing blow was delivered by the army from 203-Metre Hill. The Russian battleship Sevastopol escaped the land batteries, and once more the Japanese destroyers were called on. With old time valor they attacked and left the last of Russia's big ships a wreck on the beach of the outer harbor. With the Russian fleet effectually destroyed, Admiral Togo, on December 25, 1904, released most of his fleet, and himself returned to Japan.

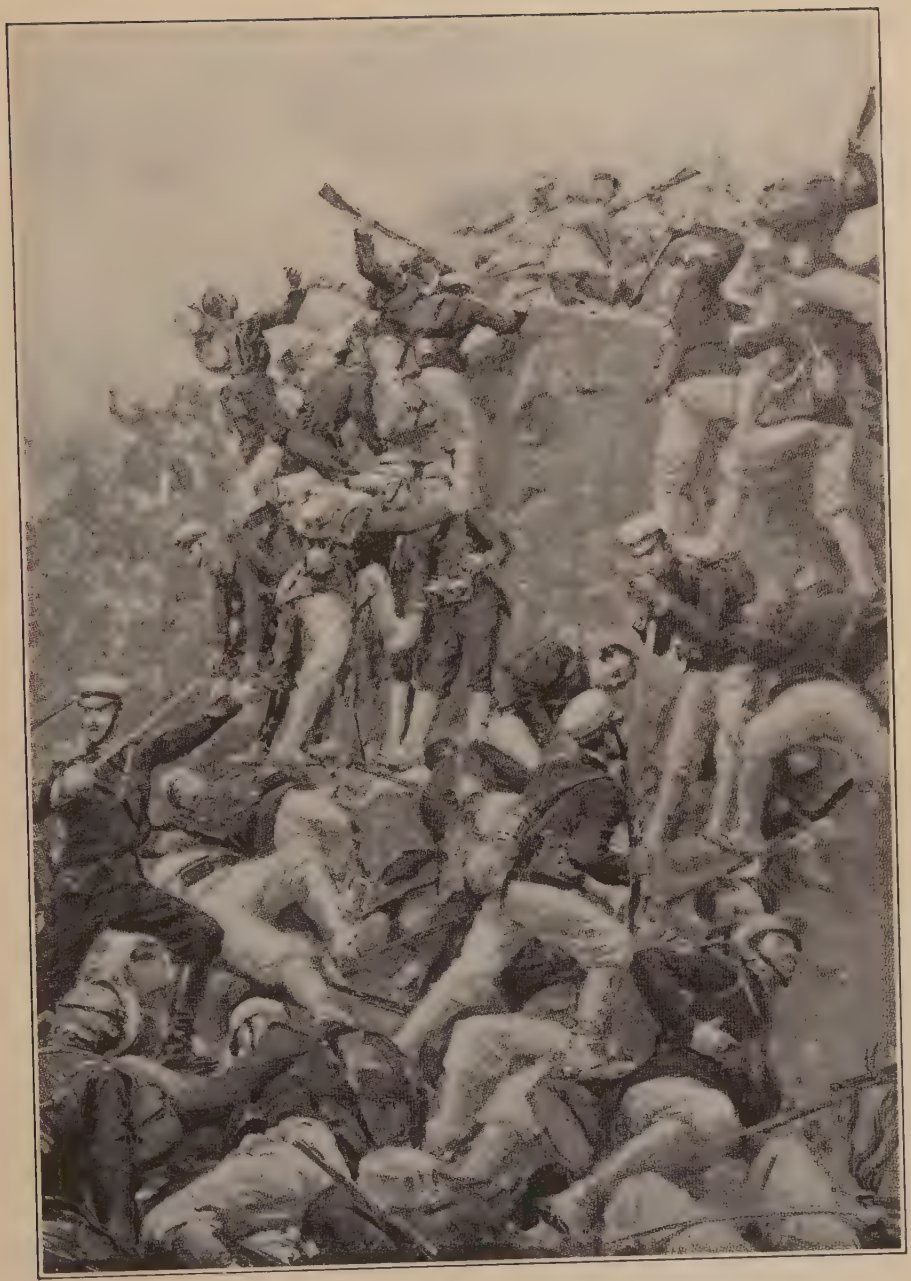
The investment of Port Arthur followed the capture and occupation of Dalny after a campaign on land which opened with the victory at the Yalu, May 1. A second Japanese army, under General Oku, landed at Takushan when the Yalu had been crossed, and a third, under General Nodzu, landed almost simultaneously at Pitsewo. Each army won a preliminary victory and advanced toward Kinchow, thirty-two miles north of Port Arthur, commanding a narrow neck of land joining the Liaotung Peninsula with the Manchuria mainland. From sea to sea extend Kinchow heights, with Nanshan Hill just south of them. The Japanese took the ridges and Nanshan Hill by a desperate frontal attack lasting six days. A bayonet charge in the face of machine gun fire was the marvelous feat which finally swept the Russians in flight toward Port Arthur. The Japanese losses were 4,300 men, and the Russians lost as many more. The Japanese swept on into the peninsula and by the capture of Dalny made possible the landing of the fourth Japanese army under General Nogi, the besiegers now numbering 90,000 men .

After the battle of Nanshan Hill, on May 27, the Japanese pursued the retreating Russians to the southwest. Before their retreat the Russians evacuated Dalny. In their retirement the Russians swept past Dalny to a position on the heights six miles to the southeast.

On the right flank, along the railway, the Japanese drove the Russians as far as Anshu Mountain, eighteen miles northeast of Port Arthur, where they made a stand. The Russian line extended across the peninsula to Socho Mountain, on the east coast, ten miles northeast of Port Arthur. The centre rested on two hills, Waito Hill, which is 1,100 feet high, and Fing Hill, renamed Ken Hill by the Japanese, which is 1,200 feet high.

The position was a strong one; but, owing to the great height of the hills, the Russians left many dead on the ground, the regular line of the Russians making the approach of the Japanese comparatively easy.

The Russian force consisted of remnants of the Fifth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Twenty-eighth Regiments of sharpshooters, but was later increased by some troops from Port Arthur,



JAPANESE SCALING FORT AT PORT ARTHUR.

the number of which was unknown The Japanese occupied the lower range of hills, and held a line in front of the Russians across the peninsula from Daishe Mountain east of Anshu Mountain to the west coast. The distance between the two forces was from a mile to a mile and a half. These relative positions were occupied from May 28 to June 26, during which period there was no fighting, with the exception of occasional skirmishes between scouts in the valley which separated the two armies. Dalny was entered by the Japanese on May 29. Many public and private buildings there had been destroyed by the Russians previous to the evacuation, and the city was looted by the Chinese before the Japanese troops arrived. In the reorganization of the second and third armies after the arrival of General Nogi, the first division, which pursued the Russians after the battle of Nanshan Hill, was made part of the third army. On June 26, General Nogi advanced against the Russian position. The advance was begun by the left wing, and before daylight the outposts of the Russians were easily driven in. White Mountain was taken at 9 o'clock, as it was easily outflanked.

An advance guard, consisting of one regiment and one battery of mountain guns, attacked Ken Mountain at 12 o'clock. The position was a very difficult one, but up the steep and pathless mountain the Japanese infantry went, scaling the heights with unexampled bravery under a withering fire from the mountain top. The Russians exploded electrical mines on the mountainside as the lines advanced, but they did little damage. The Russian force, consisting of two battalions of infantry, with four rapid-fire guns and some machine guns fought with great determination, but the Japanese captured the position and two of the rapid-fire guns at 5 o'clock in the evening. The casualties were 150 on each side. The capture of Ken Mountain enabled the Japanese to swing to the left and to occupy Socho Mountain, and later in the evenng the whole line of the Russian position. During the afternoon three cruisers and four gunboats of the Russian Port Arthur fleet shelled the Japanese left flank from the shore near Shaopingtao. The Japanese fleet arrived, and after a short sea fight the Russian ships were forced back to the har-

bor at Port Arthur. On the morning of July 3, a whole division of Russians advanced against the Japanese left with bands playing and banners flying. The division carried many machine guns. The Russians attacked with great spirit and fought until they were within 300 yards of the Japanese, when they were forced to retire with heavy casualties. On the next night a company of Russians climbed the slopes of Ken Mountain and came close to the permanent works which had been erected at the top of the mountain by the Japanese after its capture, and but for meeting with an unexpected obstruction the Russians would have captured the works. A desperate fight followed at close quarters, and there were several fierce bayonet charges before the Russians were repulsed and driven down the slope of the mountain.

On the following day the Russians again attacked the whole line of the Japanese left, and on the same night made another attempt to surprise the Japanese. Both of the attacks were repulsed. The Russian casualties during the three days' fighting were 800 and those of the Japanese 300. By the middle of July the Japanese Navy had cleared Talien Bay of Russian mines, and Dalny was made the depot and base of the third army. At the same time the force was increased by the arrival of a division consisting of independent brigades of the second reserve infantry.

From July 5 to July 26, there was no fighting, and the time was employed by the Russians in making semi-permanent fortifications upon their naturally strong position, with a line extending across the peninsula from Swangtaikou, on the west coast, through the Anshu and Ojikei mountain ranges to Lootduo Mountain, on the east coast and south to the Tai Creek. On the morning of July 26, the Japanese advanced and bombarded the Russian positions on Anshu and Ojikei Mountains. That night the Japanese attack on the Russian centre was repulsed with heavy losses. The next morning the attack was renewed on Ojikei Mountain, under cover of a heavy and concentrated artillery fire. The advance of the infantry was enormously difficult, as the mountain sides were almost precipitous. The Russians remained in the trenches until the last moment, and were only driven out by several bayonet charges. Many Japanese were

wounded. The Japanese were struck by loose stones which were hurled at them by the Russians above when they were climbing the slopes. There was also hard fighting on the left flank, where the positions were very difficult to take. A body of Russian troops held on to Laotzu Hill long after the rest of the line had retired. The Japanese made a desperate effort to outflank them, but during the night the force escaped.

On the morning of July 28, the Russians evacuated their positions along the entire line and retreated to a new line from Taku Mountain, on the east coast, through Fenghoan range to a point on the west coast. The Japanese advanced before daylight or the 30th, and surprised the Russian outposts, who retired, leaving their kits, blankets and rifles piled in their bivouacs. A short fight followed with the Russian main position, but the Russians soon retired within the line of permanent fortifications on the west and centre, but held on to Taku and Shonku Mountains and the hills close to the east coast. The Japanese line was now as close to the Russian line of forts as possible, except on the east coast, where Taku and Shonku Mountains, strong strategic points, were held by the Russians. The Russians only fought rear-guard actions during the two months they held these positions, deciding to wait until they could inflict more serious losses on the Japanese and then retire in good order to their next natural positions. General Stoessel was evidently unwilling to sacrifice his men by holding these positions, though they were strong ones, and he was also evidently afraid of being outflanked by a superior force.

The Japanese successes were purchased dearly, but they were wonderful, considering the tremendous difficulties the Japanese encountered in a country which is a series of natural fortresses almost impregnable. Nevertheless they had accomplished the first necessity of every siege, they had driven the enemy within his permanent works. Every blow hereafter counted toward the ultimate purpose. Blow on blow was struck. So successful had been these earlier efforts that both the Japanese generals and troops expected a speedy termination of the struggle. Nevertheless, an heroic army was to immolate itself on those mountain sides before victory became a fact.

June 14-16 the battle of Telissu was fought and General Stakelberg, who had been sent southward by Kuropatkin to relieve Port Arthur, was defeated after three days of awful carnage. This victory left the besiegers undisturbed, and they began at once to spread their front westward to complete the investments. Wolf Hills were the first obstacle. July 30, after a tremendous struggle, these were taken, a week later the line had been stretched all the way across the peninsula and Louisa Bay became a landing place for Japanese reinforcements. With the aid of Japanese warships a foothold was gained on the shores of Pigeon Bay, August 14-16, so that the Japanese lines now spread in a great semi-circle parallel with the outer line of the Russian fortifications. The investment was complete, the Russians were within the actual fortifications, the siege had begun.

By mid-August the Japanese were in position to attack the outer or secondary fortifications of Port Arthur. On the eve of the opening of the struggle a demand to surrender was refused by General Stoessel. The fighting at once developed along lines pursued throughout by the Japanese. The main attack centred upon the triple group of the fort-crowned heights, northeast of the city. These were the Urlungshan and Sungshushan Forts, and the Kikwanshan Forts, a mile and a half east of them. Besides enormously strong main forts, each was the centre of a complete group of strong minor forts, redoubts and protected trenches, and the first task of the besiegers was to silence and capture these vantage points.

While this frontal attack was in progress the second task of the Japanese was developing. This was to drive a wedge into the Russian defenses eastward from Pigeon Bay toward the town, thus isolating the group of forts on the extremity of Liaotieshan Promontory.

The brunt of the early work fell on the artillery. The minor forts were fairly crumbled by the awful rain of shell. The first notable success was the capture of Fort Kuropatkin, September 7. One after another of these outer positions were stormed, so that by September 19 the Japanese believed they were in position to storm the main northeastern forts, in the hope of carrying

lunettes and protected galleries under their walls. On September 20, after scaling the heights of Urlung, in the face of Urlungshan, a foothold was secured there, and the siege had now progressed to the point when its final success or failure depended upon the miner and sapper rather than upon infantry.

So also west of Port Arthur. The infantry, after furious artillery attacks, had slowly advanced there and in a score of bloody struggles won the foot of the slopes of 203-Metre Hill. September 20, therefore, marked the beginning of a new chapter in the siege. The mountains around Port Arthur are of limestone, thinly thatched with soil. Through this Japan's sappers drove their parallels, zigzagging up precipitous mountain sides. Their operations went on under a continual rain of steel and lead. Behind them crept the infantry, eager to inch on toward the crests that must be taken. Overhead were hurled tons of shells and shrapnel from Japan's artillery. The Russians ceaselessly struggled to prevent the advance, and bayonet struggles reddened every slope on which the contest waged. The sap work went on tirelessly on Kikwanshan, Urlungshan, Sungshushan and 203-Metre Hill throughout October and November.

The Metre range included the main fort on 203-Metre Hill, two outer forts, occupying positions southeast and northeast from the main height, together with three supplemental forts, sweeping the approaches to the three chief positions. The position was enormously strong, naturally, and the highest engineering skill had designed the six forts which defended it.

The range is composed chiefly of a hard limestone with only a meagre soil layer. This fact added tremendously to the difficulties confronting the Japanese sappers, who were often compelled to blast a way through the limestone as the parallels were opened along the slopes of the hills.

These parallels, or trenches, dug parallel to the outlines of the forts, tier after tier up the slopes, offering protection as the Japanese crept closer and closer, were but fifty yards from the outer works of the main forts. The attack was made by three regiments. The first dashed from the parallels in groups up to the Russian lines and despite terrible losses, one company effected

a lodgement on dead ground, directly under the southeastern secondary fort. Here it passed the night of September 19. The second regiment gained the foot of the slope of 203-Metre Hill at 11 A. M., September 20. The third attacked the southeastern slopes of the position. At 5 P. M., September 20, the entire first regiment joined its advanced company, and drove the Russians back from the first line of trenches and at night the whole line was carried by an extended attack. At 10 P. M., the third regiment took the trenches on the southwestern slope, but next day was driven out by the fire of the two supporting forts, and retired down the hill, its ranks decimated by shrapnel. The Japanese had gained two footholds on the range however, which during October were strengthened by extensive sapping operations which continued tirelessly until November 30, when the infantry assault was made. Victory here meant that by a single stroke a Japanese wedge would separate the northwestern group of forts from the Liaotieshan group, cut off the retreat of the Russians to Liaotieshan, where it was planned to make a last stand, and supply a vantage point from which the Russian fleet could be destroyed.

No wonder then each Japanese fastened his eyes on Golden Hill and an unresistible stream of troops poured on and on, over ground sodden with blood, then over heaped bodies of their comrades, defying death with fanatical bravery. 203-Metre Hill was captured. The name will remain forever high among Japan's stories of the valor of her sons. The Russians, crushed, in retreat, left 5,000 bodies strewing the slopes of the hill. Appalled by what its loss meant to them, they charged again and again. The Japanese could not be supplanted. 203-Metre Hill was theirs. Within twenty-four hours siege guns had been dragged up its bloody slopes and with mechanical precision were sending deadly eleven-inch shells, first among the Russian ships and then in every part of the fortress and against the Russian forts. The capture of this position sounded the doom of the entire citadel.

After the Japanese, on November 28, began their attack on 203-Metre Hill, the fighting became continuous. The steep and sandy slopes of the hill were streaked and dotted with snow

when the Japanese began the battle, which was destined to furnish so many deeds of heroism that they became commonplace. There was so much slaughter that even Port Arthur's war-hardened veterans shuddered at the sight.

The Japanese were compelled to clamber up the slopes of the hill, in many cases without firing, in the face of one of the most murderous deluges ever poured from rifles and machine guns. It seemed that flesh and blood would be unable to stand the fire for a minute.

The Japanese went down in squads and companies, but there were always others grimly coming forward. Their bravery was beyond praise, as was that of the Russians. Sometimes the fighting was hand to hand, with the muzzles of the rifles at the breasts of the contestants, the bayonets being used as swords.

The sides of the hill were strewn with bodies and the snow was crimsoned with the blood of the wounded, some of whom had crawled into it, seeking in its coldness surcease for their dying agonies.

Eventually, as in similar instances which were to follow, the Russians retired, leaving the work of driving the enemy from the summit to the resistless guns of the neighboring forts, notably those of Liaoti Mountain.

One incident of this assault will remain forever in Russian history. When a Japanese standard bearer reached the summit and planted his flag, a gigantic Russian corporal left his retreating comrades, and, rushing back, seized the flag, which he was tearing with his hands and with his teeth when he fell, pierced with several bullets

When the Japanese retired under an artillery fire the Russians re-occupied the summit.

The second and third assaults were replicas of the first, although the second was the most ferocious, being nearly all hand-to-hand fighting, in which mercy was neither asked nor given.

A remarkable incident occurred in the third assault as the Russians, still facing the enemy, retreated. A Japanese standard bearer, holding his flag aloft, climbed the pinnacle and fell dead clutching the colors. In his tracks another arose with

the colors, only to fall instantly with a dozen wounds in his body. Six others followed and met the same fate. At last, when the ninth man appeared, a Russian officer exclaimed:

"Don't shoot that fellow with the flag; it will be planted anyhow."

It was planted, and as its folds were flung out to the breezes, the hope of the defenders was gone. It proved only a matter of time that 203-Metre Hill was to mean more than slaughter and defeat at this one point. Disaster final and complete was the final outcome.

The next step toward victory was the capture of Urlungshan Fort, north of Port Arthur. After many weeks of patient toil by a regiment of the centre division, the making of mine tunnels under the north wall of Urlung Mountain Fort through solid rock was completed and the mines laid on December 28.

Without warning seven mines containing two tons of dynamite were exploded at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 28th. The spectacle was magnificent. The entire front walls of the fort seemed to be lifted into the air in a tremendous opaque curtain of earth and debris of all kinds. There was no preliminary bombardment to give the Russians a hint of what was in store for them. Half the garrison of this fort perished as the result of the explosions and the subsequent charge of the Japanese.

In anticipation of a stubborn resistance by a large garrison, the Japanese before daylight pushed a large force into the trenches, where they remained concealed until the explosions took place. The moment the mines were fired, a whole park of siege guns opened a concentrated fire upon the fort which was obscured from view from the bursting shells.

Under cover of this wonderful practice a large force in the nearest *saps* charged over the filled-in moat and attacked the first line of Russian trenches, behind which were machine guns.

The Russians were thrown into the greatest confusion and many of them were killed by the explosions. Nevertheless they fought desperately, but were not able to withstand the number and determination of the Japanese, who passed over the broken walls like rats, in the face of a fire from the machine guns. The

HAULING GUNS UP A CAPTURED HILL AT PORT ARTHUR.

first line of trenches was captured after twenty minutes of awful fighting. The fort was arranged in two levels. In the lower level there were infantry in the trenches and upon the walls, and in the rear were machine-gun trenches, with a deep interior. In the centre of the highest level there were quick-firing guns and there were heavier guns in the emplacements. In the rear of the higher level masonry were the barracks, the magazines, and the kitchens of the garrison. When the Japanese captured the lower level in the first spirited charge they were not able to advance further. With splendid courage, however, the black masses of troops maintained their position, notwithstanding an awful concentrated fire from the fortress and from artillery in the forts of Antse and Etz Mountains, across the gorge of the Shuishi Valley, and made a trench line from the broken walls to capture the machine gun trenches and the lower section of the fort .

On December 29 after a tremendous bombardment, the Japanese infantry swarmed into the last lines of the fort's defences and after hours of a desperate struggle occupied the entire position. This victory broke the back of the defense. Within twelve hours the Japanese with only slight losses had taken four other fortified positions. One of these, Sungshu Fort, occupied a commanding position overlooking all of Port Arthur, the very key to the whole system of defense. The assault was made from Urlung, after hasting entrenching operations. Here again dynamite mines tunnelled under the powerful walls of the structure made breaches through which the Japanese stormed to triumph. The explosion buried hundreds of Russians under debris but despite this a desperate defense was made. Meantime, Parlungshan Fort, the Chair Hill Forts and three other minor forts had been taken. Only isolated forts offered resistance. The Japanese, flushed with splendid victories, were eager for the attack. They saw a vision of the accomplishment of a task the world's greatest military experts had declared impossible.

But their work was done.

Port Arthur lay prostrate, and on Sunday, January 1, 1905, General Stoessel, the Russian commander, sent the word across the lines that brought the bloody struggle to an end after eight

months of the most awful warfare the world has ever known. Further resistance was useless, he declared, and asked General Nogi, the Japanese commander, to arrange a meeting when terms of surrender might be made.

Marshal Yamagata, Chief of the General Staff, under orders from the Emperor, dispatched the following cablegram to General Nogi:

"When I respectfully informed his Majesty of General Stoessel's proposal for capitulation, his Majesty was pleased to state that General Stoessel has rendered commendable service to his country in the midst of difficulties, and it is his Majesty's wish that military honors be shown to him."

The following report from General Nogi told briefly of events leading up to this conference:

"At 5 in the afternoon, January 1, the enemy's bearer of a flag of truce came into the first line of our position south of Shuishiying and handed a letter to our officers. The same reached me at 9 o'clock at night. The letter is as follows:

"'Judging by the general condition of the whole line of hostile positions held by you, I find further resistance at Port Arthur useless, and for the purpose of preventing needless sacrifice of lives, I propose to hold negotiations with reference to capitulation. Should you consent to the same, you will please appoint commissioners for discussing the order and conditions regarding capitulation and also appoint a place for such commissioners to meet the same appointed by me.

" 'I take this opportunity to convey to your Excellency assurances of my respect.

" 'STOESSEL."

"Shortly after dawn to-day I will dispatch our bearer of a flag of truce with the following reply addressed to Stoessel:

" 'I have the honor to reply to your proposal to hold negotiations regarding the conditions and order of capitulation. For this purpose I have appointed as commissioner Major General Ijichi, chief of staff of our army. He will be accompanied by some staff officers and civil officials. They will meet your commissioners January 2, noon, at Shuishiying. The commissioners

of both parties will be empowered to sign a convention for the capitulation without waiting for ratification, and cause the same to take immediate effect. Authorization for such plenary powers shall be signed by the highest officer of both the negotiating parties, and the same shall be exchanged by the respective commissioners.

"'I avail myself of this opportunity to convey to your Excellency assurances of my respect.

"'NOGI.'"

Commissioners of the two armies met, January 2, and agreed to the terms. On January 3 the Japanese Rising Sun flag was flung out over Russia's erstwhile Gibraltar of the East. On January 5, the Russian officers, bearing side arms and with full honors of war, gave their parole and left the fortress, free to go where they would. Twenty-five thousand prisoners of war, non-commissioned officers and privates, remained. Of these, 20,000 were in hospitals, so enormous had been the proportion of the garrison victims of wounds or disease. The terms of capitulation were these:

"Article 1. All Russian soldiers, marines, volunteers, also Government officials at the garrison and harbor of Port Arthur, are taken prisoners.

"Article 2. All forts, batteries, warships, other ships and boats, arms, ammunition, horses, all materials for hostile use, Government buildings and all objects belonging to the Russian Government shall be transferred to the Japanese army in their existing condition.

"Article 3. On the preceding two conditions being assented to, as a guarantee for the fulfilment thereof the men garrisoning the forts and the batteries on Itzeshan, Sungshushan, Antzeshan and the line of eminences southeast therefrom shall be removed by noon of January 3, and the same shall be transferred to the Japanese army.

"Article 4. Should Russian military or naval men be deemed to have destroyed objects named in Article 2, or to have caused alteration in any way in their condition at the existing time, the signing of this compact and the negotiations shall be annulled, and the Japanese army will take free action.

"Article 5. The Russian military and naval authorities shall prepare and transfer to the Japanese army a table showing the fortifications of Port Arthur and their respective positions, and maps showing the location of mines, underground and submarine, and all other dangerous objects; also, a table showing the composition and system of the army and naval services at Port Arthur; a list of army and navy officers, with names, rank and duties of said officers; a list of army steamers, warships and other ships, with the numbers of their respective crews; a list of civilians, showing the number of men and women, their race and occupations.

"Article 6. Arms, including those carried on the person; ammunition, war materials, Government buildings, objects owned by the Government, horses, warships and other ships, including their contents, excepting private property, shall be left in their present positions, and the commissioners of the Russian and Japanese armies shall decide upon the method of their transference.

"Article 7. The Japanese army, considering the gallant resistance offered by the Russian army as being honorable, will permit the officers of the Russian army and navy, as well as officials belonging thereto, to carry swords and take with them private property directly necessary for the maintenance of life. The previously mentioned officers, officials and volunteers who will sign a written parole pledging that they will not take up arms and in nowise take action contrary to the interests of the Japanese army until the close of the war, will receive the consent of the Japanese army to return to their country. Each army and navy officer will be allowed one servant, and such servant will be specially released on signing the parole.

"Article 8. Noncommissioned officers and privates of both army and navy and volunteers shall wear their uniforms, and, taking portable tents and necessary private property, and commanded by their respective officers, shall assemble at such places as may be indicated by the Japanese army. The Japanese commissioners will indicate the necessary details therefor.

"Article 9. The sanitary corps and the accountants belonging to the Russian army and navy shall be retained by the Japanese

while their services are deemed necessary for the caring for sick and wounded prisoners. During such time such corps shall be required to render service under the direction of the sanitary corps and accountants of the Japanese army.

"Article 10. The treatment to be accorded to the residents, the transfer of books and documents relating to municipal administration and finance, and also details found necessary for the enforcement of this compact, shall be embodied in a supplementary compact. The supplementary compact shall have the same force as this compact.

"Article 11. One copy each of this compact shall be prepared for the Japanese and Russian armies, and it shall have immediate effect upon signature thereof."

No more pathetic incident of the capitulation will go down to history than the final message to the Tsar from General Stoessel. On December 31, he decided further resistance useless. Thus he broke the news to his Emperor:

"We shall be obliged to capitulate, but everything is in the hands of God. We have suffered fearful losses.

"Great sovereign, pardon us. We have done everything humanly possible. Judge us, but be merciful. Nearly eleven months of uninterrupted struggles have exhausted us. Only one-quarter of the garrison is alive, and of this number the majority are sick, and, being obliged to act on the defensive without even short intervals for repose, are worn to shadows."

Within the fortress the Japanese found 48,000 survivors. Of these, as has been said, 25,000 were fighting men. Japan freely gave liberty to all who had not shared in the fighting. No vast booty fell to the victors. The city had practically been destroyed. Not a public building remained. The Russian fleet, shell riddled, lay at the bottom of the harbor. Docks, wharves and equipment were destroyed either by the Japanese shellfire or by the Russians themselves. Eighty thousand tons of coal was the most valuable trophy, so completely had war accomplished the work of destruction. Japan's moral and political victory was enormous. The whole future of the Orient was involved when the Russian flag was hauled down.

All Japan rejoiced at news of the victory. Fifty thousand of their countrymen had given their lives to this end. The whole nation joyously shouted its "banzais" counting even this great cost not too dear for the triumph that had ended the memorable siege of Port Arthur.

All great battles become associated with the personality of the commanders. Thus Grant defeated Lee, we hear, and Wellington crushed Napoleon. The taking of Port Arthur enters the pages of history as the achievement of Nogi. Few great chieftains of all time have accomplished what this intrepid Japanese commander achieved. Certainly no greater or more difficult problem ever confronted a soldier than the reduction of a fortress defended by every possible modern appliance of war devised by man, these only supplementing natural defences not equalled around any fortified city the world over. Gibraltar is perhaps less accessible, offering less field for attack, but would fall far more readily than a Port Arthur surrounded by fifty cunningly devised forts crowning as many bare, steep eminences.

General Nogi commanded the entire operations from the investment to the surrender of the fortress. His army originally was associated with those of Generals Oku and Nodzu until after the battle of Nanshan Hill, when the Russian relief force was driven northward. At that moment the Port Arthur campaign became entirely independent. Generals Oku and Nodzu pursued the Russians northward, joining forces with General Kuroki to prevent any interference with Nogi at Port Arthur. As these forces moved northward into Manchuria, Nogi moved southward with his army, then numbering 50,000 men and subsequently increased by reinforcements landing at Dalny, to 90,000 men. He directed the investment, completed May 5, 1904, and in co-operation with the Council of War, his was the master mind that planned the details of the attack, chose the vulnerable points in the Russian defences, and ordered the incessant battering by artillery, sapping by miners, charges by infantry that ultimately made his name imperishable as the victor in the siege and capture. For 242 days of unceasing activity Nogi overlooked no detail of the struggle. In the ranks he became an idol. His

name, his iron personality, his unconquerable spirit, united to inspire gunners and troops, and, as the Russians testified, caused tens of thousands to fall, with eyes still bent on Golden Hill, the point they would not be denied.

General Nogi is of the Saumaurai, that warlike clan of Japan which for centuries supplied the nation's fighting men. He won distinction in the Japanese revolution, and in the Chinese-Japanese war, and was well chosen for the great and crowning task, to take Port Arthur. With him went two sons into the war. The elder died in the tremendous struggle when Nanshan Hill was taken, the prelude to the capture of Port Arthur. The younger fell in the capture of 203-Metre Hill, the culminating event of the siege. With a stoicism characteristic of the Japanese, General Nogi received the news of the loss of these youthful heroes. "I am proud," he said, "that they died so well."

In the purely administrative duties devolving upon General Nogi, on the surrender of the fortress he manifested abilities only second to his skill as a soldier. The exchange of Russian possessions there went on with order and dispatch; prisoners were well cared for; the hospitals were soon under Japan's efficient medical corps; a rigorous government was organized and quickly brought order out of chaos, and indeed in every department was manifest the working of a master. Imperturbable, with ability amounting to military genius, tireless, indomitable, and, above all, chivalrous and fearless, in General Nogi Japan contributes a man and a name well worthy a place in the roster of the world's conquerors.

MUKDEN.

1905 A. D.

BY G. W. HOBBS, JR.

NOT only the climax of the Japan-Russia War, but a climax to all wars was reached in the battle of Mukden, fought February 19 to March 13, 1905. This memorable struggle, resulting in a sweeping victory for Japan, was practically a campaign in itself. The results, a cataclasm which overwhelmed the Russian army, were not merely what had been expected for this one battle, but comprehended all that the Japanese had hoped for a year's campaign. It was more than rout. It remains a grisly monument to the potentiality of war to write horror on the pages of world history. It was more than defeat, retreat, disaster—it was practical annihilation for Russia's power of resistance in the Far East. Her vaunted military power was trailed in the dust, was obliterated. When the smoke of the contest had rolled away Oyama stood master of Manchuria, with only a demoralized horde of the enemy "without form and void" fleeing in panic with no thought but to shake off a foe to whom no resistance could be offered.

No nation in the world's history has faced a greater blow to its military prestige, and from the standpoint of the Japanese no military force has achieved for its nation a more sweeping or more complete victory. The battle of Mukden is destined to occupy a unique place in the story of the nations for these and other reasons. In point of the territory involved, in point of the number of men engaged, in point of the duration of the struggle, in point of the losses, the authentic history of the world has no peer for its record.

General Kuropatkin, the Russian commander in chief, had at the beginning of the struggle an army of 300,000 infantry, 26,700 cavalry and 1,368 guns. This is the estimate of the Japanese intelligence bureau. On the other hand, the German Military Review credited Kuropatkin with a total of 370,790 men, of whom 36,790 were cavalry. The Germans estimate that the Russians had a total of 1,598 field guns and 72 heavy guns. Somewhere between these two estimates the actual figures, carefully concealed by the Russians, may be taken to lie. Marshal Oyama had 500,000 men of all arms and artillery equal to that of the Russians, with a preponderating number of big guns, a great many having been moved from Port Arthur to the northern battleground. In the two armies therefore there were in round numbers a total of about 800,000 men.

The battle developed into a struggle for possession of Mukden, the ancient Manchu capital, near which lie the Imperial Tombs of the founders of the Manchu dynasty, a spot sacred throughout the length and breadth of China. The battle lines around this city stretched for one hundred miles. The fighting began on February 19th. On March 7th the Russians, already seeing disaster in the advances made by the Japanese under General Nogi, toward cutting off the line of retreat north of Mukden, fell back from the center along the Sha-ho River, and on March 10th evacuated Mukden, beginning a retreat that was turned into a disastrous rout by the desperate flank attacks of the Japanese from both sides.

The Russian losses to March 13th, when the battle of Mukden actually came to a close, were 175,000 men killed, wounded and prisoners, 60 guns, 25,000,000 rounds of small arm ammunition and immense quantities of stores.

The Japanese casualties to March 12th were 41,222 killed, wounded and missing, and several hundred of the missing were recovered in the capture of Mukden. The Japanese sent 43,000 prisoners to Japan as one of the results of the victory.

Mukden, round which the greatest battle in history raged, is, without exception, the most interesting place in the whole of Northern China. In the eyes of all Manchurians it is the

one holy city in the world, for it is here that the tombs of the founders of the Manchu dynasty are situated.

For this reason the Chinese Government demanded that the sacred precincts of the imperial tombs must not be violated by foul warfare, and both sides engaged in the horrible work of killing entered into solemn undertakings to respect the sanctity of the famous burial grounds.

The great city stands in the middle of a vast alluvial plain, surrounded by rich and highly cultivated land. The population of Mukden is over a quarter of a million, and the city is modelled on a similar plan to that of Peking, presenting an imposing appearance, in spite of the decay into which many of the ancient buildings have been allowed to fall.

The railway, which runs north to Harbin, does not pass within a mile of the city, the Chinese having refused to allow the neighborhood of the sacred tombs to be desecrated by the construction of an iron road in the immediate vicinity. The station is consequently about a mile away from the city, but on alighting from the train, one is immediately struck by the sight of the tremendous brick walls, 60 feet high, which surround the inner town. This is built in the form of a square a mile wide, and entrance is gained through eight enormous brick gates, surmounted by watch-towers and batteries. Outside this, suburbs extend for about a mile in every direction, and the whole is surrounded by a mud rampart from ten to twenty feet in height.

A little to the north of the city is the sacred shrine of Nan Ta, and a mile to the east of this is the Temple of Heaven, where sacrifices of black cattle and white sheep are offered up in the Emperor's name. To the east of this pagoda, buried in the midst of a grove of fir trees, is the famous tomb of the great Chinese conqueror, Tai Tsung. Access to the tomb is gained through a great gateway, roofed with red and yellow tiles, down a long avenue flanked by colossal stone figures of animals, great marble columns, and stretches of high wall.

The other great tomb lies due east of the city, in the heart of a great forest. Here, amid similar walls, figures of animals,

and decayed marble columns, lie the remains of Nao Chu, the father of Tai Tsung. The fact that both these sacred relics were surrounded by acres of forest made it likely that no violation, either by Russian or Japanese, would take place, though the possible misdirection of a shell from one of their heavy guns might very easily have ruined either of them. Such an accident would very probably have stirred the somnolent Chinese to their very depths.

For an Eastern city Mukden is extremely clean and well kept. The Manchus are well known for their cleanly habits, which are often in striking contrast with those of the Southern Chinese. The streets are well scavengered, and there are many most imposing, if not beautiful, private mansions belonging to wealthy mandarins. There are also a great number of handsome shops, and the center of the city is always busy with the incessant movement and bustle which are only to be found in prosperous trading centres.

For Mukden is the centre of an enormous trade between the North and the South of China. From the North come enormous quantities of fur, and from the South millions of bushels of all sorts of grain, while in the immediate vicinity wheat, barley, tobacco, melons and cucumbers are grown in the fertile plain which stretches away on all sides. The silkworm, too, is cultivated all round Mukden, so that there is never any lack of trade from one source or another, whatever the season. Mukden in the Manchu language means "flourishing," and for centuries the city has lived up to its name.

Two miles to the south of the city is a wide sandy stretch of ground, twenty miles long, through which runs the Hun River, which can be forded almost anywhere. This approach to Mukden, forming the Russian center, was strongly held with sandbag batteries. On the West of the town the very high railway embankment, running north and south of the river for many miles, was used to protect Mukden against attack from the west. The most vulnerable point in this line was the bridge over the Hun River, against which the Japanese delivered incessant attacks.

Mukden was strongly fortified by General Kuropatkin. The fortifications extended for nine miles, with forts and redoubts at intervals of a mile. The redoubts were all cleverly masked, and the line of fortification was protected by deep ditches and pits, all with stakes at the bottom, by wire entanglements, land mines and a line of felled trees.

There was a prelude to the actual battle fought early in January by a portion of the Russian right flank under General Gripenberg, which is chiefly interesting for its effect in the Russian ranks. Whatever may have been the purpose of the attack, it failed. Heikotau, a town in the angle of the Hun and Liao Rivers, was the scene of the opening attack. Here the Japanese had an outpost in sight of the Russian lines. Resistance was made to the advance until it was seen that the Russians were in earnest and that a large force was actully about to give battle. Thereupon the Japanese outpost fell back on the main position at Sandiapu, three miles away, the Russians following. For two days a severe fight waged around this position and General Gripenberg made enough gains on the first day to give rise to the belief that he was in position to break the entire Japanese line, divide their army, flank the centre and compel a retreat. He sent an urgent representation of the situation to General Kuropatkin, asking for reinforcements, and, taking for granted that these would be sent, he plunged in on the second day to win, at least, a victory for Russia. The force against which he had thrown three divisions consisted of a single division of the Japanese who counted on stopping the advance by dint of the earthworks protecting Sandiapu. Before morning of the second day General Oku, exhibiting the rare initiative and resourcefulness common to all of the Japanese generals, was ready to deal a crushing blow to Gripenberg, and the Russian general, in his eagerness to take advantage of the opportunity which he believed had been opened by the apparent advantages of the first day of the fight, fell into one of the most deadly of the many traps from time to time set for Russian commanders.

To make sure that the Russian would not fail to renew the

attack General Oku caused a decoy battery of useless guns to sweep into position in full view of the Russian lookouts. The bait was too tempting. Gripenberg advanced on the dummy battery into a triangle of death. Batteries on three sides held their fire until the Russian lines had swept into practically point blank range. Then there burst over them a rain of shrapnel and a deadly sweep of rifle fire which spread confusion as hundreds were mowed down. Retreat from the death zone became rout, and General Gripenberg, with Oku's men in full pursuit, left ten thousand dead and wounded behind him in their flight to safety within the main Russian lines north of the Sha-ho. The fight was unimportant in itself, but it led to a personal encounter between Generals Kuropatkin and Gripenberg, which added to the demoralization already existing among the officers of the Russian army. General Gripenberg bitterly assailed Kuropatkin for having failed to send reinforcements. Kuropatkin declared the only possible value of attack at that time and place was to uncover the strength of the enemy and to reconnoitre his positions, that a general engagement was folly and could not hope to achieve anything. For, be it known, the initial advance had been made in a driving blizzard. General Gripenberg gave up his command and left the front for St. Petersburg to lay charges of incapability against the commander in chief and to join the group at the Russian capital engaged in intrigue for the downfall of Kuropatkin.

In the army the line and staff officers took sides in the bitter controversy that followed, and possibly the fight at Sandiapu, itself so insignificant, did more in the end to bring the disaster of Mukden and Tie Pass than can be estimated. A commander in chief without the confidence of the officers of staff and line can hardly hope to command the confidence of the men in the ranks. To say the least, the incident, coming so soon before the army was to be locked in a life and death struggle, was not calculated to add to the chances that victory would crown Russian arms.

The battle was actually begun on the initiative of the Jap-

anese. By February 19th Marshal Oyama believed he was ready to begin the struggle for Mukden. He prefaced the battle by the prophecy that Mukden would be occupied by his army on March 10th, a prophecy which caused only merriment in Russia but which was literally fulfilled. To General Kuroki was given the honor of firing the first guns of the renewal of the campaign. General Kuroki after the battle of the Sha-ho River had wintered on the southern bank of the Taitze River, the center of his army resting in the neighborhood of Bensihu, thirty-five miles east of Yentai. The Russian line was ten miles north and the first place to be taken was Tsinkhetchen, at a point where the level river country began to rise to the Tie range of mountains, running in a generally northwest-southeast direction across all of Manchuria, into Mongolia northward and into Korea southward, passing along the eastern side of the Russian triangle. The task assigned to Kuroki was to drive the Russians from Tsinkhetchen into the foothills to the passes of the mountains, then to take these and to debouch his army on the plains of the Hun River, twenty miles east of Mukden, and eastward of Fushun, then to strike northwestward toward the railroad and line of retreat of the Russian army northward from Mukden, joining at the railroad the forces under Oku and Nogi which were to attack from the west.

Kuroki's army got under way February 19th, crossing the first of the rivers, the Taitse, without opposition. Then the advance was made northward to the Sha-ho, and here the Russian lines were encountered. A surprise night attack cleared away the Russians guarding the Sha-ho at Vanupudza, ten miles east of the railroad. Kuroki then bent northeastward toward the outermost position of the Russian left, avoiding the forces commanding the hills north of the Sha-ho.

On February 24th his army delivered a tremendous assault on the Russian positions at Tsinkhetchen, preceding the infantry advance by a bombardment of great force and effectiveness. Three lines of entrenchments were literally destroyed by the fire of siege guns which had been brought from Port

'Arthur, and despite the tremendous difficulty involved had been emplaced within range of the Tsinkhetchen positions. The Russian defence was stubborn, but the Japanese were irresistible and after a few hours of awful carnage General Rennenkampff, commanding the Russians, ordered a retreat. Kuroki failed in an effort to envelop the position, and the Russians reached in safety their main position on this flank at Da Pass. Here one of the bloodiest struggles of the war followed, opening on February 28th and continuing until March 1st, when, despite one of the most gallant resistances credited to the Russians, General Kuroki flanked the Pass notwithstanding the apparently insuperable obstacles offered by the rugged nature of the country. Then followed a retreat and pursuit, every step of which was marked by fighting of the most desperate nature, thousands of bodies carpeting the gradually rolling country which finally became the plains along the Hun. Fushun was the Japanese objective. Kuroki bent every energy to roll back the front which Rennenkampff presented, but for ten days after the plain had been reached his army was fought to a standstill. General Linevitch, commanding the division of which Rennenkampff's command was part, checkmated every attempt made to cross the Hun and flank him, while at his front he rolled back as many as thirteen infantry assaults in a single day. This section of the field was remote from the main battle line and few of the details reached the world. With the slow filtering of the story of this fighting it has become apparent that here was waged a struggle even more desperate than that which made history, west of Mukden. Kuropatkin appreciated the vital necessity of preventing the turning of his left flank at Fushun, and it must be said to the credit of the Japanese that they were fighting here a force twice the size of their own, and one that was continually being reinforced by every battalion that could be spared from the west. The marvel is that Kuroki's army was not utterly annihilated. It was the tremendous fight he made that compelled Kuropatkin to weaken his right to support Line-

vitch, and it was the fact that the right had been so weakened that made possible the brilliant victories won by the Japanese on the west. Hence, in addition to credit for the great fight he made in carrying out his own share in the battle, Kuroki stands for credit in drawing strength from other positions which materially aided in the ultimate outcome. Nevertheless, until fateful March 10th, his army had been fought to a standstill within five miles of Fushun, its objective. The outcome here even encouraged Kuropatkin in the belief that the battle was going his way.

It is necessary, in recording the story of the battle, to leave Kuroki, still fighting in vain to take Fushun and open the road to the Russian rear, and to record events on other parts of the field. The battle line, when both armies had actually been joined, extended for a distance between eighty and one hundred miles. Every event at every position dovetailed into the whole strategy of the battle, yet a vast difficulty is imposed in collating all of the scattered events into a continuous story. No one observer, possibly not the generals in chief themselves, could follow all of the swift moving events, and the best and at that a most difficult achievement was to follow the main trend of event, interpreting separate achievements, advances, retrogressions, as they bore on the grand object of each army.

The battle of Mukden was in fact four battles in one. One of those battles was fought between Kuroki and Linevitch on the east. The second battle within the battle of Mukden was fought between the center armies and focused in the beginning of the conflict at Lone Tree, or Putiloff, Hill just east of the railroad, forty-five miles south of Mukden. Here General Nodzu commanded the Japanese, and General Kuropatkin in person and General Zassulitch, divisional commander, directed the Russian defence. The battle here began on February 24th, the date on which General Kuroki delivered the attack on Tsinkhetchen. General Nodzu's immediate task was to keep the Russian center too well occcupied and in fear of a general assault, thus preventing the sending of reinforcements to the flank where Kuroki was at his important work. The artillery

duel which waged around the center positions has never been equalled in the history of war. The Russians had, at this point alone, 530 guns, fifty of them siege guns on permanent emplacements, firing eight-inch shells. Putiloff and Novgorod Hills bristled with field and machine guns, and these commanding hills were flanked east and west by fortifications upon which five months' work had been expended and which are perhaps the finest defensive works ever erected on a battlefield.

The Russian center was the hope of the Russian commander. He claimed impregnability for it, and impregnable it proved. Nevertheless Nodzu sent scores of assaults at its steep slopes and the later advances were made by the Japanese over the bodies of comrades who had fallen in earlier efforts. The Russian center resisted without a break and only left its position, March 7th, when events elsewhere resulted in the order to fall back north of the Sha-ho. The story of the struggle here is an exact replica of many which waged in the bloody days of the siege of Port Arthur, though here the loss of life was heavier, since none of the protective engineering devices used at Port Arthur were resorted to. The assaults were simply dashes by Japanese infantry up the bare slopes of a hill rising five hundred feet in the air. It was man, unprotected, against steel in armor, and the man lost. Behind the Russians was the Sha-ho River. Their second line of defences were sunk in the hillsides and hilltops there. With the river in front, the ice weakened until it was questionable whether men in any numbers could make safe crossing, this position was only a little less strong than the first. All in all, it is little wonder that the Japanese commander elected only to feint here and deal his blow at other positions. The second line, however, availed the Russians little except to hold in check the pursuit and leave General Nodzu to be only a minor factor in the culmination of the disaster that finally befell the Russians. The center army, while it played no conspicuous part in the battle, while it was not called upon to repel and was not expected to take the Russian positions as

a vital part of the Japanese strategy, possibly even greater credit belongs to these men who died in droves, knowing that they were being sacrificed as a matter of secondary importance, that upon others elsewhere, miles and miles away, was falling the really great events, and upon whom would fall the glory. Whether they knew it or not, there was no faltering. With cries of "Banzai" they stormed up Putiloff Hill, up Novgorod Hill, by regiments they fell, and regiments as loyal and heroic took their places, apparently satisfied that all the sacrifice was only to prevent reinforcements from the center from being sent to the lines northeast, northwest, where their brothers were writing victory in blood across Manchuria's plains. War is essentially waste: waste of men, waste of money. Here the spirit of waste was fully exemplified, yet the waste was a factor if victory was to be won, and Oyama sent his armies to their work bent on victory as perhaps never an army was bent on victory.

The battle of Mukden, as the whole struggle has been officially called, had its climax on the west. The strategy of Marshal Oyama, as has been explained, culminated in the attack by the army of Port Arthur veterans commanded by General Nogi. This attack was but part of the assault on the Russian right. The actual Japanese left army was commanded by General Oku, and during the long winter season had occupied a position extending westward from the Sha-ho River to the Hun, upon which at the front the Russian right rested, though when the battle had gotten under way this line was extended fifteen miles farther west to the banks of the Liao River. General Oku's lines, and also the Russian lines which he opposed, occupied a series of unmapped villages, most of them only occupied during the spring, summer and fall when the fertile river valleys are in cultivation, the products of the region being similar to those of the Northern Central United States, east and west from Chicago as a center. The village huts are built of rough hewn stone, the walls being of primitive build and oftentimes twelve inches thick. Stone walls around fields are of common occurrence, so that, while the

country generally was level, it had in these houses and walls many features offering protection to soldiery. To-day not a wall or fence in the whole region but shows the signs of the struggle that waged around them. Immediately after the battle heaps of dead marked every one of these shelters, showing where hand-to-hand struggles had taken place as the Japanese, foot by foot, from house to house, from wall to wall, from village to village, had advanced across the plain.

General Oku's attack was ferocious. To him had been assigned the task of turning the Russian right back upon Mukden at the center to make it impossible for this force to assume an offensive initiative and swing northward to cut off Nogi when the culminating attack had been delivered. Sandiapu, that had been the scene of the desperate failure of Gripenberg, was the pivot for the Japanese attack. General Oku avoided the Russian right center just left of the railroad, because these positions were in part commanded by Putiloff Hill and the taking of the Russian fortifications here would only mean a falling back under the protection of Russia's impregnable center. With Sandiapu as a pivot, however, Oku drove the attack in a northeasterly direction, rather than northward, parallel to the Russian lines. His assaults began simultaneously with Kuroki's attack at Tsinkhetchen, and in one tremendous dash the Russian line was broken, crumbled in the plain five miles north of Sandiapu, and the struggle had begun which after ten days' fighting had doubled the Russian flank back until its line, beginning at a point five miles west of the railroad, was bent back at right angles to the line it had occupied at the opening of the battle. This achievement had been accomplished in the face of a determined resistance. Throughout the struggle the artillery was rendered useless for hours at a time while the infantry engaged in hand-to-hand struggles. The story of the attack on a single of the score or more of villages is typical of all of them.

There was a brief lull just at dawn. Then for an hour field guns roared all along the line searching for the infantry lines and batteries of the enemy. Houses and walls were the targets.

RUSSIAN SUFFERING AT THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN.

Shells in deadly showers ground walls to dust, ploughed the fields, shaved the crowns from broken ground that might hide creeping lines of troops. An hour of systematic, sweeping bombardment, then the army was ready for the business of the hour. From cover on every side little squads of Japanese troops dashed into the open. Ten yards they sped, then threw themselves prone on the ground wherever any approach to protection could be found.

Now it was the turn of the Russian guns to bark. From all along their lines in the dusk of dawn resounded the din of artillery. The open, when the advance had begun, instantly grew lividly aflame with bursting shrapnel. It seemed that nothing could live under that awful baptism of steel. Then the din subsided before the Japanese glasses, glued to their eyes, could catch the telltale feathers of smoke that even the smokeless powder sends out from big guns. The echoes of the guns are still reverberating far away among the foothills when up from the ground again spring those lithe, invincible shadows that speed once more ten yards or more and then vanish as they hug the earth. Where there were five, three have survived; here and there a single one gets up to continue the advance where a group had been. But, from behind, others now are making these short dashes, too. The plain finally is fairly alive with troops, dashing forward, taking cover, dashing forward again. Five hundred yards away when they started, their numbers are already thinning when the first hundred yards have been crossed. Others fill the gaps and two hundred yards are crossed, and in the growing light it can be seen that, strewn all along the line of the advance, are forms that lie stark and still when the living spring to action for those unhalting sprints.

Now Russian riflemen are heard from. Rifles crackle from every side and then death begins high carnival. But the advance goes on. No rising now and speeding those few yards; the Japanese are crawling. The living use the bodies of the dead for protection. Often pushing these before them they cover yard by yard, the zone of death. Now only a hundred

yards divides them from the outermost huts of the village. Hotter and hotter becomes the fire of the defenders. In a moment the assault has begun. A hundred, two hundred are on their feet. Bullets eat holes in their ranks, but only the dead falter. Presently with the ring of steel on steel the ranks close. The rifle fire is fitful in the disorder of hand-to-hand fighting. Then up from all parts of the open rise scores of Japanese. They sweep into the midst of the fray, whole companies, still coming, press the fight. Back through the village from house to house, from wall to wall, goes on the hand-to-hand, man-to-man duel. Never once did the Japanese fail in the early days of the struggle to drive back the Russian defenders, for when one such attack failed there were countless others eager to begin again the same tactics.

The Russians seemed demoralized by the apparent impotency of their artillery to prevent these advances. Often the Russian lines suffered by their shrapnel so thoroughly was the ground in front of their positions searched by their gunners. Nevertheless the guns had hardly hushed before men seemed to spring from the ground and speed on toward them. To the more superstitious there was something uncanny about this little foe. The only solution was the open ranks, the each-man-for-himself, the use of every fragment of shelter. Russian solid formations fairly melted as they rushed into the Japanese shrapnel fire. A single shell mowed down a score. It took ten shells at least to disable a single Japanese because of the way they scattered out over the field.

Just behind the final advance of the main force, which never moved until the skirmish attack had engaged the Russians too closely for either artillery or a destructive rifle fire, came the engineers with telegraph and telephone equipment. Bamboo poles were swiftly in place and yard by yard the wire followed the advance. Presently at Oku's headquarters, usually the shelter of a hut within a mile of the actual fighting, would come the click, click of the telegraph or the jingle of the telephone. "We have taken the village," was usually the message.

Thus village after village was taken in this memorable

struggle until, as has been told, the Russian line had been driven from miles of positions upon which months of labor had been expended and in the closing days of the battle were paralleling the railroad from the Sha-ho to a point five miles northwest of Mukden. Oku had done his part.

Thus we have told the story of the battle on the Japanese right, center and rear up to the time when the assault of the Port Arthur army was to be launched. The battle had continued without intermission from February 24 to March 5. The Japanese on the right or east front had driven back the enemy from his advanced positions across the rugged hills of the Tie range and was battling to drive back that flank on the railroad and to effect an advance to reach a position in the rear of Mukden. At the center a struggle had gone on without decisive result because, largely the Japanese only planned to keep this part of the enemy's line busy with fighting until the flank attack armies achieved positions, either in the rear of Mukden or near enough to strike, and strike hard at the foe should he be compelled to retreat. Oku's army, we have seen, came nearest to accomplishing this task. So far as the actual results of the fighting of these three armies was concerned, while the Japanese everywhere had outfought and had outgeneralled the Russians there was nothing accomplished which made the situation particularly alarming to Kuropatkin. His left flank, eastward had been driven in twenty miles but with the aid of heavy reinforcements he had checked the enemy five miles away from Fushun and when March 5 drew to a close the reports from that direction to the commander-in-chief not only recounted that every assault by the Japanese had been repulsed but that after thirteen bloody reverses on March 4, Kuroki seemed to be drawing away from the south.

Hope rose high in the mind of the Russian general. He believed that this attack on the east had been the real strength of the Japanese attack. He perceived that the Japanese had not been in earnest at the center and he attributed reverses on his right to the fact that he had withdrawn a full division

from Lieutenant General Kaulbars, commanding there and he hoped, now that Kuroki seemed to have given up the struggle that he could withdraw a force from the east, throw it into the fight west of the railroad, turn the tide against Oku and win a negative victory by defeating the manifest purpose of the Japanese to drive him from the Sha-ho River positions. While his right flank had been bent back through an arc of ninety degrees from the original positions on the Hun River they still held a strong line five miles west of the railroad. The falling back of these troops had resulted in a loss of ground, but had also resulted in a strong concentration and his lines were capable of greater resistance as a result. Then, too, the Japanese had been fighting continuously for twelve days and must be near the limits of human endurance. All together when the sun went down on the field, the Russian commander felt that victory was near. He did not expect a decisive, positive victory, but after so long a series of disasters even that sort of victory which consisted only in having prevented the enemy from forcing the abandonment of a position, would have sent a thrill of joy and hope through the army and the Russian nation. It would have inspired the army with confidence for its work. It would have been a weapon at home against the revolutionists, the opponent of the war, the foes of the dynasty. For the general himself it meant a return of confidence in his leadership on the part of the army, on the part of the Emperor. It would go far toward wiping out the record of unbroken defeat, retreat, disaster which had marked the entire campaign. Victory was more vital to Kuropatkin, personally than to Russia. The general was fighting as much for personal vindication as for the glory of Russian arms. To him, therefore, the outlook for even a negative success was charged with personal happiness.

This was the outlook when the day dawned, March 5, 1905. By nightfall of that same day, a cloud no larger then than a man's hand was rising in the west that was to break in a storm, crushing the Russian defense, banishing the dreams of Kuroptkin. That cloud was the army of General Nogi.

The tale must be told from the beginning.

Port Arthur capitulated January 2, 1905. A week later General Nogi stood within the heart of the Russian settlement there and reviewed companies from the various army units that had participated in the siege. Out to the world went the message that Nogi's great task was accomplished. But there was other work for Nogi. Within three weeks after the Gibraltar of the Orient had fallen, 80,000 troops, released by that event were bound northward to join the armies under Marshal Oyama, then in winter quarters facing Kuropatkin. The army had been reinforced largely from Japan with fresh troops who had not known the smell of smoke. Enough of these had been sent to equal any possible reinforcement that could be sent to Kuropatkin, as nearly as this number could be estimated. Nogi's army meant reinforcement of an entirely different kind. Here were men inured to the rigors of campaigning by eleven months of as arduous fighting as ever fell to troops in all of the history of war. By the first week in February the entire army had reached its new position west of Liao-yang, ready for whatever mission might be assigned to it. That task was the actual capture of Mukden. More than that, Nogi's men were called upon to break the defense on the east, to strike the railroad north of Mukden, to intercept the line of retreat and to join with Kuroki in the enveloping of the Russian army. It was the crowning work of the battle. It was a tribute to the bravery and skill of the men who had humbled Port Arthur. It was one that meant hardship, all but superhuman exertion, but if they succeeded it meant that chief credit for another great victory would belong to this army of veterans.

Nogi's work did not begin until the battle had been well developed on every front. His was to take up the work begun against the Russian right flank by Oku and with a fresh army carry it to a conclusion. As has been shown, Oku prepared the way in a splendid manner. He broke the Russian lines and rolled back the flank from the plains east and west of the Hun River. When this had been accomplished, Nogi's army got under way. Leaving their positions west of Liao-yang, the

veterans sped northward. They crossed the Hun at a point a few miles above the junction of the Hun and Liao Rivers where two days before Oku had begun forcing back the Russians. His army, after the crossing, was divided, one small detachment, amply supplied with artillery, moving swiftly northwestward to the Liao thence northward to Sinmintin, thirty-five miles due west of Mukden. This city was outside the limits of the war zone as laid down by the Powers in their agreement to preserve the neutrality of China. Nevertheless, it had been a veritable supply depot for the Russians, caravans of food stuffs of all kinds and even of ammunition coming from Chinese points on the Siberian border and from southern coast cities to deliver contraband here to waiting bands of Cossacks. As a result of this use of the city by the Russians the Japanese did not hesitate to enter there. They found a few Cossacks and a great horde of Russian civil officials together with great stores of supplies, most of it in carts as it had reached the city ready to start westward for the Russian base at Mukden. Some prisoners were taken but no goods that were not actually in the possession of Russian civil and military officials were seized.

The detachment then began the dash westward along the Sinmintin-Mukden road toward Mukden. On the morning of January 5, they formed a junction with the main force that had marched northward on a line parallel with the railroad, twenty miles west of the Russians and, of course, had met no opposition so effectively had Oku prepared the way. The news of the arrival of the Japanese at Sinmintin, March 5, was the first intimation of this movement and General Kuropatkin ignored the news imagining that the force had only been a handful of Japanese cavalry raiders. They were raiders, in fact, but there were 80,000 of them and they were under orders from Marshal Oyama to enter Mukden as conquerors on March 10.

In their four days' march northward Nogi's army covered 30 miles the first day, 25 miles the second day, 23 miles the third day and 28 miles the fourth day, and after that tremendous feat their real work was before them. The army turned

eastward at the Sinmintin-Mukden road, twenty miles from Mukden, and five miles nearer Mukden they met the first resistance. As a protection to Mukden Kuropatkin had thrown three lines of protective works westward. Nogi's army came upon the first of these March 6. His troops swept over the Russian defenders like the sea over a sunken wreck, so swiftly had come the overwhelming attack. March 7, the veterans covered the distance to the second line of defenses. In the meantime Kuropatkin had awakened. He saw that he was in danger of being overwhelmed from this unexpected quarter. His visions of victory of March 4, were already fleeting and only two days had gone by. Every available squadron from center and left were ordered posthaste to meet the danger. The Russian lines that up to this time had only been called upon to concentrate by orderly retrograde movements were called upon to reform the whole line, falling back from this impregnable position at the center, south of the Sha-ho. There was movement everywhere. On the east regiment after regiment moved out and the remaining regiments realigned themselves. This fact is important because it brought Kuroki's opportunity to fulfil the mission that had been entrusted to him and will be told later. Meantime Nogi's veterans rushed on unchecked until March 8, when the Russian resistance showed the strength that had come with the reinforcements. Baron General Kaulbars took immediate command, met and placed the arriving Russian regiments and displayed finer generalship than any general in the entire Russian line throughout the battle. On the east Rennenkampff had splendid plans for offensive movements until General Kuroki made a move, then his plans crumbled like houses of cards and he fought only a defensive fight from start to finish, brilliant though his resistance may have been. But Kaulbars, when his force had been completed, met Nogi manfully and the duel between these great captains forms a notable addition to the history of miiltary achievement.

For all the magnificent offensive ability of the Russian gen-

eral, however, Nogi's veterans would not be denied. The first fifteen miles of their advance was like the rush of a hurricane. Then came the real fighting. This continued March 8, 9, 10, in which time the Russians had been forced back literally step by step on Mukden. Calmly the Japanese general ordered assault after assault on the Russian lines ignoring the heaps of the dead that, when the third day of the battle had brought decisive victory, numbered 20,000 choked into the narrow line of advance through those last five miles to Mukden. The shells from his artillery swept the railroad and the Trade Road that runs beside the railroad over which the Russian center was retreating. If Nogi, in those three days saw 20,000 of his brave men fall and if this imperturbable soldier felt any pang there was balm in the fact that he had inflicted a loss on the enemy of three for every one of his own men who had fallen.

In the course of the three days whole new chapters were written into books of strategy. The Japanese general and troops answered once for all the accusation that they were mere imitators of Western methods. Among the uncanny tricks that they successfully used many have no equal in military annals. Taking advantage of the first dust which began to rise on the second day and played an important part in the whole of the battle, a Japanese force turned their backs on the Russians and fired into the ranks of their own men pushing on behind them. The Russians took the force thus engaged for reinforcements and valorously aided them in holding off the Japanese pursuit. Meantime, back, back, step by step, this mock Russian battle line drew nearer and nearer the duped Russians. Presently when only a few yards separated them they turned with the savage battlecry that had carried them over the ramparts of Rihlung fort and practically annihilated the victims of the ruse. This was only one of many unheard of acts which marked the path of Nogi to victory. When shells from his artillery began to reach the railroad his battle front turned as on a pivot around the little town of Tatchekiao and the advance was directed not directly toward Mukden but to a point five miles north of that city as part of the effort to

envelop the Russians and more particularly to cut off the retreat. Thereupon the Russian resistance was redoubled in fury. With reinforcements that had been sent to this danger point the Russians outnumbered the Japanese two to one. But just as it was of more and more importance for the Russians to hold Nogi in check so it was more and more important for Nogi to crush the resistance and to drive his wedge in on Mukden. The struggle at every moment was hand to hand. The artillery on both sides fired into the indiscriminate masses of struggling men. Absolute frenzy marked the struggle as waged on both side.

Slowly but surely the Russian resistance weakened and with dismay Kuropatkin saw that his flank could not withstand the weight of the incessant attack. If the flank should be broken it meant annihilation or surrender for his entire force. Retreat would be impossible except at inhuman sacrifice of life. Already shells were reaching the railroad while the battle was swinging northeastward toward the line of retreat and every possible man had been thrown into the defense. There was only one thing to be done—retreat, and the order went forth on the evening of March 7. Under cover of darkness every available car had been loaded with stores, guns, whatever could be saved. Troops in Mukden piled into miles of box cars that soon after midnight began the dash northward. The rearguard was organized of the troops then opposing Nogi and such of these from the center as could be made available. These retreated eastward from Mukden leaving as the last of the center army passed northward toward Tie Pass, the next position. The flank that had so long opposed Kuroki in the last crumbling of the Russian defense was completely cut off. The disorder along the front occasioned by the hasty withdrawal of reinforcements for the hard-pressed right flank west of Mukden has been mentioned. Kuroki, who amazed the Russians by the readiness with which he interpreted every move that they made, saw in this disorder his oportunity. He had been battling for an opportunity to pierce the Russian line and

join with Nogi, but fairly had been checked and held by the tremendous resistance of Rennenkampff. A brigade fell back from in front of the left flank of his army. Another stood ready to fall into its place. But while the very manœuvre was being carried out Kuroki struck hard directly between the two forces. His wedge went deep into the Russian ranks and the Japanese general threw in behind them every available unit of his army. Desperately the Russians struggled to crush the foe and rejoin their broken lines, but the Japanese, every man of them, knew that their hour had come. Thousands fell, but thousands took their places. Mile by mile went Kuroki's wedge and by March 10, when on the west Nogi was forcing the vanguard of his fighting line into Mukden, Kuroki at last had won a position from which to strike the long line of Russians now surging northward in a retreat that had become a rout.

Mukden had been taken. Nogi had fulfilled Oyama's prophecy. So far as the long struggle had been for possession of the Sha-ho River position and Mukden it was over. The Japanese had won a momentous victory. Vast spoils had fallen into their possession. Fully twenty thousand prisoners had surrendered when Kuroki had broken through the Russian left, completing the circle of steel around whatever of the Russian army had not already made good its escape north of the line from Fushun to Mukden. There were hundreds of thousands of shells, millions of rounds of small ammunitnon; there were stores enough to feed the army for months, there was Russian property valued at millions, there were guns, horses, wagons, railroad material, enough for one hundred and fifty miles of track. There was also the knowledge that a loss in men had been inflicted three times as great as the Japanese had suffered. Mukden and Fushun and a score of smaller towns and cities had been taken, invaluable coal mines were now within the Japanese lines practically the last upon which the Russians could rely for fuel with which to operate the railroad. The victory, indeed, from every standpoint, save one, was complete.

The Russian army had escaped.

This escape had been effected because despite the wonderful extent of their victory the Japanese armies had failed to meet across the north of the Russian position before the bulk of Kuropatkin's army had swept out of the mouth of the bottle. Nature herself save them. When on the evening of March 7, Kuropatkin ordered the retreat the great battlefield had already become enveloped in tremendous clouds of blinding dust and snow swirled up from the dry plains by a tremendous gale. Beginning on March 7, this veritable cyclone increased in fury throughout the night of March 8 and continued with unbroken severity during March 9, 10 and 11, days vital to the Russian army. In the main the Japanese suffered most from the storm. Their object was to find the foe and attack, the Russian object was simply to plunge northward toward safety. Ultimately the storm had reached a degree of violence which made sight impossible and the Japanese pursuit was halted at a moment when it seemed that the full purpose of their general's strategy was to be realized. When two days later they were able to take up the pursuit the possibility of complete success had passed. But there was still opportunity to strike the fleeing army and the horrors of that flight and pursuit, from March 12 to March 15, will never adequately be told. The Japanese forced a way parallel to the line of pursuit on both sides and clung relentlessly to the routed army. Here a company was annihilated by furious cavalry charge. Here a regiment was cut off, surrounded and compelled to surrender after awful slaughter. Forty thousand prisoners were taken in the four days of this carnival of slaughter and when the remnants of the Russian army had reached Tie Pass, forty-three miles away, Kuropatkin had lost 170,000 men, killed, wounded and missing. His army had lost fifty per cent. of its strength, a slaughter not equalled in the history of civilization. No parallel exists until the half mythological days of Asian conflicts are reached.

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